

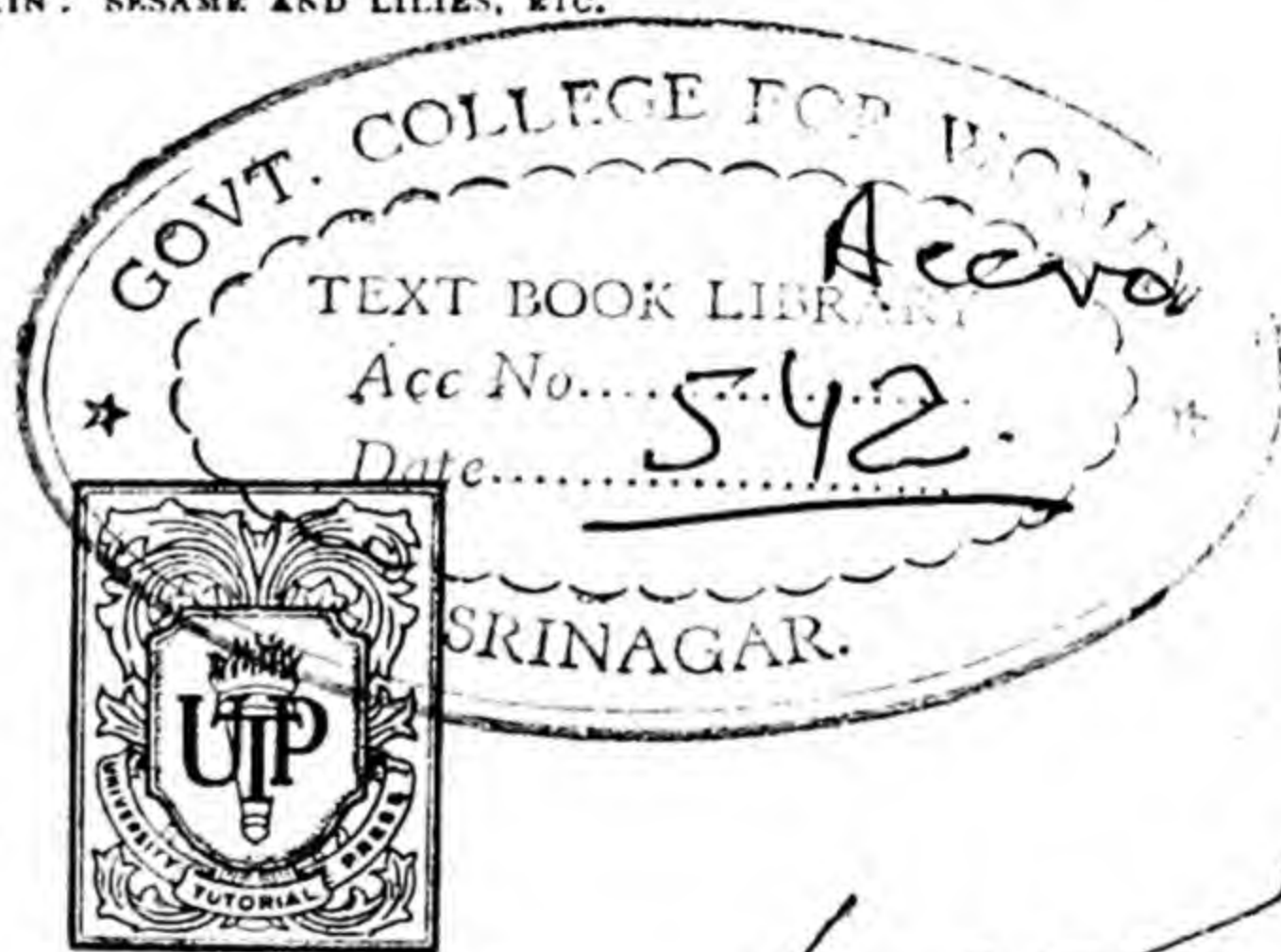
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LAMB THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA

EDITED BY

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PREFATORY NOTE.

LAMB wrote to delight and to amuse his readers, and his style, notwithstanding its peculiarities, which indeed largely constitute its charm, is clear and easy. Hence his Essays provide an excellent means of introducing the upper forms of schools, candidates for examinations, and the general reader, to English life a century ago.

But in order that they may be profitably so used, there is a need for a certain amount of explanation which the present edition supplies in its Introduction and Notes. These will prove interesting, and though short, will be found sufficiently full both for general purposes and when the book is used in preparation for examinations, such as Matriculation and School Certificate.

Thanks are due to E. S. Olszewska, B.A., for permission to insert in this book the Introduction—with certain modifications—from the First Series of the *Essays of Elia* published by the UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL PRESS.

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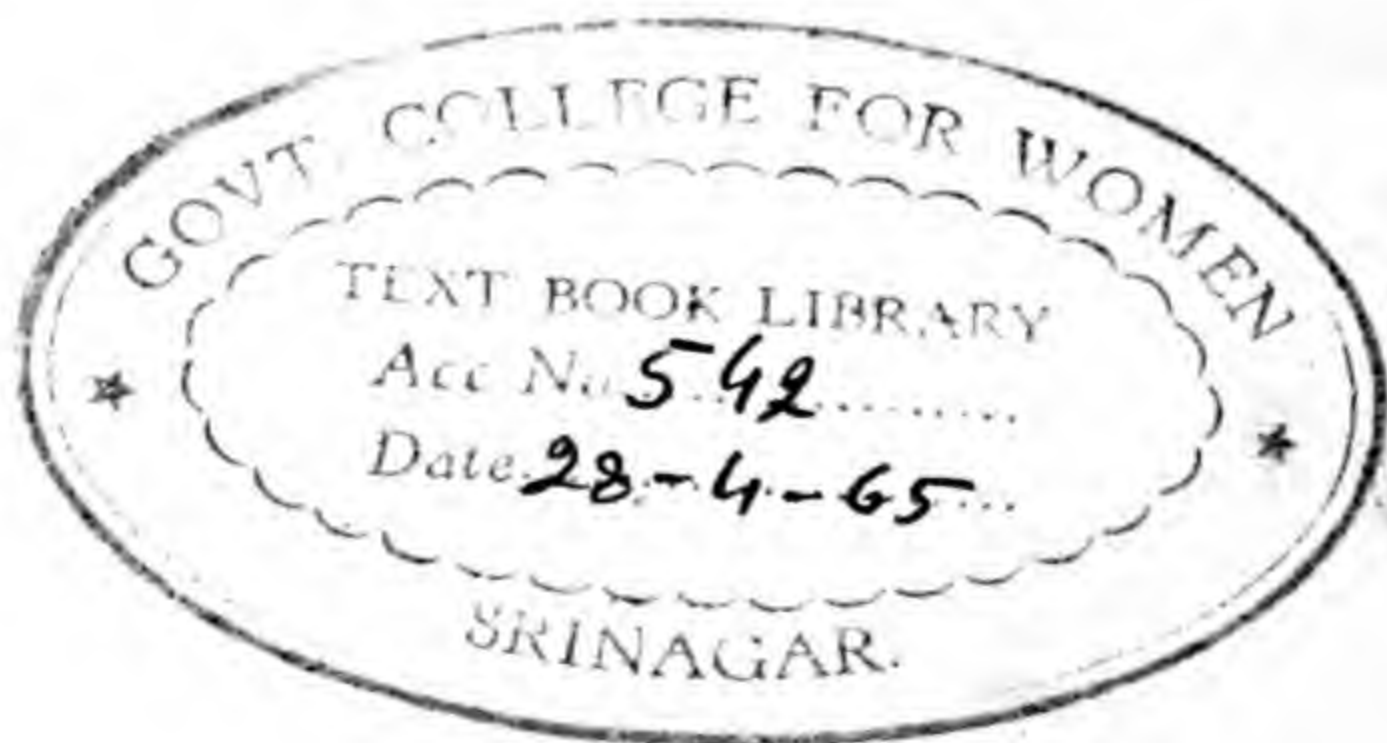
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INTRODUCTION.

1. **Life and Works of Lamb.**—Charles Lamb, the most lovable figure in English literature, was born in 1775 in rooms in the Temple, London's famous Inns of Courts, then as now a quiet backwater in the stir of the city. He was the youngest child of John Lamb, who as confidential clerk to Samuel Salt, a Bencher of the Inner Temple, lived in chambers there with his family. There had been six other children, but of these only John and Mary survived childhood.

Although he was a middle-aged man when he wrote the *Essays of Elia*, in many of them Lamb tells of his early experiences. These pages of reminiscence show us a gentle and imaginative little boy, who delighted in the quiet old-world atmosphere of the Temple, where he spent his childhood and where, later in his life, he again lived with his sister Mary. The essay in the first series on *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple* gives us a picture of its pleasant gardens with the stately figures who walked there, among whom was Samuel Salt, his father's employer. Lamb also describes his father; for in the sympathetic passage beginning "I knew this Lovel," he sketches the character of the elder John Lamb, hiding his identity under the name Lovel. "He was a fellow of an incorrigible and losing honesty." Elsewhere in the *Essays* we meet other members of the family circle. Lamb's sister Mary, whom he always mentions as his cousin Bridget Elia, often appears. Their relationship was a very dear and tender one, and the description he gives of her in *Mackery End* (in the first series) and in *Old China* is supplemented by a number of intimate little references throughout the essays. None of Lamb's friends saw much to be admired in his brother John, characterising him as selfish (as indeed he seems to have been) and boorish. In *My Relations*, however, where Lamb describes

his "inexplicable cousin" James Elia, we are shown a more pleasing aspect of his character, and the most beautiful of all Elia's essays, *Dream Children*, was inspired by Lamb's grief at his brother's death. One of the great joys of Lamb's childhood was the holidays which he spent with his grandmother at Blakesware, the *Blakesmoor in H—shire* of this collection.

Lamb's schooldays were spent at Christ's Hospital. This famous old school, better known as the Blue-Coat School, is pictured in the first series of Lamb's *Essays*, where the school life is described partly from his own experiences and partly from those of his friend Coleridge. Lamb's life-long friendship with Coleridge began when they were both Blue-Coat boys together. Throughout his life the friendships he formed during his seven years at school were among his greatest delights, for Lamb was one of the most sociable of men.

Lamb's family were in very poor circumstances, so that his schooldays were cut short. He always regretted that he could not enter one of the Universities. Later in his life he visited both Oxford and Cambridge, where he could feel himself a student with the glamour of antiquity around him. He writes in *Oxford in the Vacation*—"To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities." Instead of following more congenial pursuits, however, Lamb had to enter the offices of the South Sea Company when he was fifteen. He only stayed there a few months, and it was as a clerk in the Accountant's Office of the East India Company that he spent the working years of his life, from 1792 to 1825, when the Company gave him an annual pension of £450.

It was in 1796 that the tragic event took place that was to shape the course of Lamb's life. Insanity was in the Lamb family; his mother had been ill and needing constant care for several months, while his father was old and querulous. These trials affected the reason of Mary Lamb, Charles' elder sister, and in an attack of madness she killed her mother and

wounded her father. John Lamb, a prosperous clerk who was living away from home, washed his hands of his family's affairs and left it to his younger brother, who was only twenty-one, to provide a home for his father, for his old aunt, and for his sister Mary, who all her life was subject to periodical attacks of insanity. Lamb shouldered this responsibility. He looked after his father and aunt until their deaths, and was throughout his life a devoted companion to his sister. The fits of insanity which attacked Mary with increasing frequency as she got older debarred Lamb from thinking of marriage for himself. In the *Essays* the reader will often meet with Alice Winterton who, in all probability, is an Ann Simmons whom Lamb met as a boy, when he was staying with his grandmother in Hertfordshire. His brief romance had ended when he was only nineteen, but he always looks back wistfully on his early love.

After his father's death in 1799, Lamb and his sister led a quiet life together. He was at his office only from ten to four each day. It is told of him that when one of his superiors rebuked him for coming late in the morning he responded, "But see how early I leave"! Consequently Lamb could spend long evenings in the pursuits he loved best. His recreations were shared by Mary or else were those in which she could feel him near her. He wrote in a letter of 1800, "I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasures I take without her." They used to go together to the theatre, often in the gallery; the essays on Elliston, *Stage Illusion* and *Barbara S—*, the allusions in *Old China* in this collection, and several essays in the first series show what an interest Lamb took in plays, the actors, and their favourite parts. Lamb delighted also in all the changing sights of city life—a walk through the London he loved gave him food for a thousand fancies.

Reading, was, however, always Lamb's favourite pursuit. He writes of himself and Bridget in *Mackery End*, "We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging

over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure." *Old China* describes his joy when he had bought some rare copy of an old favourite at a London bookstall. Lamb's interest, indeed, lay rather with the writers of the past than in the work of those then bringing the Romantic Revival into English literature. With some of his contemporaries he had little sympathy—we know, for instance, that he did not appreciate Shelley—but with others he was in constant intercourse. Animated discussions took place at his house, where every week some of the best known figures in the literary history of the time—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Southey—used to meet for "cards, conversation, and cold supper." One account of these celebrated literary evenings reads, "I saw a greater number of excellent persons than I had ever seen collected together in one room."

During these years Lamb engaged in many different sorts of literary work. He wrote an unsuccessful tragedy and comedy, poems, and a sentimental romance *Rosamund Grey*. His critical essays were known to the public before he wrote the *Essays of Elia*. The essays on Shakespeare had shown the keenest appreciation of Shakespeare's genius for creating characters and interpreting mental states. His reputation as a critic, however, depends mainly on his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Contemporary with Shakespeare*, which was published in 1808. In this Lamb gives extracts from the works of Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster and others, prefacing each extract by short critical notes. In these he points out to the general reader the beauties of the Elizabethan playwrights whose merits had hitherto been overshadowed by Shakespeare. But Lamb did not write merely for the adult; with his sister Mary he produced the *Tales from Shakespeare* and *Poetry for Children*.

Lamb's works were published in a collected form in 1818; but it was not until 1820 when, a man of forty-five, he began

the *Essays of Elia*, that he produced work of outstanding quality. He contributed these essays fairly regularly to the *London Magazine*, and the collected *Essays of Elia* was published in 1823. The present series, *The Last Essays of Elia*, appeared a year before his death, which occurred in 1834, after only a short illness. Although she was eleven years his senior, Mary survived him until 1847.

2. Lamb's Style.—As we read the *Essays of Elia*, we immediately feel the charm of their peculiar old-world flavour. Sometimes this is due to the reminiscences of which Lamb is fond, the description of events in the past, set among scenes now changed. More often, however, the reason lies deeper than this, in Lamb's own habit of mind. By nature Lamb feared the future but revered the past. Moreover, as a writer he is singularly uninfluenced either by the stirring events of the time—for he lived during the Napoleonic Wars—or by current literary movements.

Influence of Lamb's Reading.—More than any other modern English writer, Lamb shows in his style the influence of his reading, and the authors he loved all belonged to earlier times. He writes in *The Old and the New Schoolmaster*, "Odd, out of the way, old English plays and treatises have supplied me with most of my notions and ways of feeling." Sometimes his familiarity with our older literature is shown by an actual quotation, often refreshingly unexpected, as when, in *The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers*, he says that the chimney sweeper's smile is as when

"A sable cloud
Turns forth her silver lining on the night."

Sometimes his borrowing is confined to the chance appearance of a word or phrase with an unusual meaning. Sometimes it is the general tone of a description which shows that Lamb has in mind a passage linked to his theme by some whimsical train of reasoning.

Lamb has drawn liberally on the storehouse of the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton. His unexpected allusions to episodes in the Bible have laid him under the charge of irreverence. Lamb, however, who had an extraordinarily receptive memory, assimilated phrases and episodes apart from their sacred context, and they probably found their way into his essays half-unconsciously. He often quotes also from the Elizabethan writers, the study of whose plays had led to his *Specimens*. Far greater in influence than any we have mentioned, however, are the works of the prose writers of the early years of the seventeenth century, whom in many ways Lamb resembled in temperament. He was especially fond of the *Religio Medici* and the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and his style owes a great debt to their authors, Sir Thomas Browne and Robert Burton. Much that attracts us in his style is found in their writings. We may instance Lamb's unexpected allusions and comparisons, as when he refers in *The Convalescent* to the bed-curtains of the sick man as his "Mare Clausum"; in the *Religio Medici*, Sir Thomas Browne similarly adds to the magic of his prose by some unexpected image, drawn from his wide reading. Out of his familiarity with these authors, Lamb unconsciously imitates the rhythm of their sentences. His use of archaic words, of words in their original Latinised meaning, and his introduction of scraps of Latin into his English may also be traced to them.

Lamb's Interests.—These influences and his quotations from other writers paradoxically enough give Lamb a style that is absolutely individual. He uses his borrowings light-heartedly, and adds to them the charm and beauty of his own personality. He writes on the subjects that appeal to him, and his changing moods are reflected in his essays. Because his interests lie in the pleasures of everyday life, he has a universal appeal. He writes of himself in *Imperfect Sympathies*, "I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, antiquities, and a thousand whimwhams." He has no flights of

fancy, as has Coleridge for instance, but throughout his essays shows sympathy with the common lot of mankind. As he writes in *New Year's Eve* "I am in love with this green earth, the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes and the sweet security of streets."

Lamb's Humour and Pathos.—Lamb's quiet fund of humour is apparent in all his essays, especially in the amusing character-sketches of his friends. Sometimes it breaks out irresistibly in puns and absurdities even in the midst of a serious passage. Often it shows itself by playing with the reader and deliberately misleading him, or, on the other hand, by drawing attention to the writer's own amusing infirmities and idiosyncrasies. Sometimes, though happily rarely, this humour is a little forced. Some of Lamb's acquaintances who were not in sympathy with him were constantly jarred by his habit of breaking in on a serious conversation with jokes and bad puns. He puts forward his own defence in the ninth of his *Popular Fallacies*, *That the Worst Puns are the Best*.

Lamb's life was darkened by the constant shadow of his sister's madness; but though there is an undercurrent of pessimism in many of his essays, this is melancholy rather than bitter. There is a rather pathetic clinging to the quiet pleasures of the present, with little hope for the future, which finds expression in the fourteenth of his *Popular Fallacies*—"We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed grey before our hairs . . . We once thought life to be something; but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time." We see a more pleasing and retrospective melancholy, however, in *Dream Children*, which in all English literature is the most poignant reverie of what might have been.

3. The Essay-Form.—Lamb's genius found in the essay its congenial form. An essay deals with some subject that is

of immediate interest to the writer, and his own likes and dislikes predominate, so that it reveals his character and is the most personal form of literature. Some of our English essayists have certainly aimed more at giving solid information than at delineating their own characters; but their works are hardly essays in the original sense of the word. The Frenchman Montaigne, the first great essayist, used the name *essai* for his short discourses—full of digressions and interruptions—in which he aired his views on the world around him. Bacon, whose essays are formal and seem lacking in freedom and ease, is the first English essayist of note. He was followed by others, including the “Character” writers, but it was not until the eighteenth century that the essay became a dominant force in English literature. Then appeared the essays of Addison and Steele, which deal for the most part with the life and manners of the time and so combine the character study and the essay. Though they are more conversational than Bacon’s, the personal aspect is often not so apparent.

Lamb’s contemporary, Hazlitt, is in the direct line of descent from Addison and Steele. His essays, well written in the prose of his day, are less personal, and apparently more premeditated than Lamb’s, whose essays seem more like informal talks than literary compositions. Hazlitt is lacking in charm for some readers because they feel little sense of sympathetic companionship, whereas Lamb is the most companionable of essayists. Lamb has, indeed, much in common with Montaigne; his essays essentially reveal his own personality and give expression to the fleeting thoughts that often break a logical chain of reasoning,—the reader finds it hard to follow as Lamb darts from point to point. The essay at its best, in short, expresses the personality of its writer; and to the sweetness of Lamb’s disposition the *Essays of Elia* owe their abiding charm.

THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA.

PREFACE.

BY A FRIEND OF THE LATE ELIA.

THIS poor gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, had at length paid his final tribute to nature.

To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humour of the thing, if there ever was much in it, was pretty well 5 exhausted; and a two years' and a half existence has been a tolerable duration for a phantom.

I am now at liberty to confess, that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well-founded. Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite 10 things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him. Egotistical 15 they have been pronounced by some who did not know, that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true only (historically) of another; as in a former Essay (to save many instances)—where under the *first person* (his favourite figure) he shadows forth the forlorn estate of a country-boy placed at a London 20 school, far from his friends and connections—in direct opposition to his own early history.

If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the griefs and affections of another—making himself many, or reducing many unto himself—then is the skilful novelist, 25 who all along brings in his hero or heroine, speaking of themselves, the greatest egotist of all; who yet has never, therefore,

been accused of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist escape being faulty, who, doubtless, under cover of passion uttered by another, oftentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story 5 modestly.

My late friend was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in 10 whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a freethinker; while the other faction set down him for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments.

15 Few understood him; and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure—irony. He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred.—He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not 20 quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator; and he seemed determined that no one else should play that part when he was present.

25 He was *petit* and ordinary in his person and appearance. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good company, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent, and be suspected for an odd fellow; till some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether 30 senseless perhaps, if rightly taken), which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but nine times out of ten, he contrived by this device to send away a whole company his enemies. His conceptions rose kindlier than his utterance, and his happiest *impromptus* had 35 the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation.

He chose his companions for some individuality of character which they manifested.—Hence, not many persons of

science, and few professed *literati*, were of his councils. They were, for the most part, persons of an uncertain fortune; and, as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a great miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake. His *intimados*, to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society; and the colour, or something else in the weed pleased him. The burrs stuck to him—but they were good and loving burrs for all that. 5 10

He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalised (and offences were sure to arise), he could not help it. When he has been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, what one point did these good people ever concede to him? 15

He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness. Only in the use of the Indian weed he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a solvent of speech. Marry—as the friendly vapour ascended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it! the ligaments which tongue-tied him, were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statist! 20

I do not know whether I ought to bemoan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discouraging with him latterly on this subject, he expressed himself with a pettishness, which I thought unworthy of him. 30

In our walks about his suburban retreat (as he called it) at Shacklewell, some children belonging to a school of industry had met us, and bowed and curtseyed, as he thought, in an especial manner to *him*. “They take me for a visiting governor,” he muttered earnestly. He had a horror, which he carried to a foible, of looking like anything important and parochial. He thought that he approached nearer to that stamp daily. He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and kept a wary eye 35

upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. He did not conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession. His manners lagged behind 5 his years. He was too much of the boy-man. The *toga virilis* never sate gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses; but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.

1. BLAKESMOOR IN H—SHIRE.

I do not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy: and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions, incompatible with the bustle of modern occupancy, and vanities of foolish present aristocracy. The same difference of feeling, I think, attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention, 10 on the part of some of the auditory—or a trait of affectation, or worse, vain-glory, on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonising the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, 15 traverse the cool aisles of some country church: think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the place, 20 till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

Journeying northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road to look upon the remains of an old great house with which I had been impressed in this way in 25 infancy. I was apprised that the owner of it had lately pulled it down; still I had a vague notion that it could not all have perished, that so much solidity with magnificence could not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it. 30

The work of ruin had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to—an antiquity.

I was astonished at the indistinction of everything. Where had stood the great gates? What bounded the 35

courtyard? Whereabout did the out-houses commence? a few bricks only lay as representatives of that which was so stately and so spacious.

Death does not shrink up its human victim at this rate.

5 The burnt ashes of a man weigh more in their proportion.

Had I seen these brick-and-mortar knaves at their process of destruction, at the plucking of every pannel I should have felt the varlets at my heart. I should have cried out to them to spare a plank at least out of the cheerful store-room, in
10 whose hot window-seat I used to sit and read Cowley, with the grass-plot before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it about me—it is in mine ears now, as oft as summer returns; or a pannel of the yellow room.

Why, every plank and pannel of that house for me had
15 magic in it. The tapestried bed-rooms—tapestry so much better than painting—not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots—at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid (replaced as quickly) to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those
20 stern bright visages, staring reciprocally—all Ovid on the walls, in colours vivider than his descriptions. Actaeon in mid sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana; and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coolness of Dan Phoebus, eel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas.

25 Then, that haunted room—in which old Mrs. Battle died—whereinto I have crept, but always in the day time, with a passion of fear; and a sneaking curiosity, terror-tainted, to hold communication with the past.—*How shall they build it up again?*

30 It was an old deserted place, yet not so long deserted but that traces of the splendour of past inmates were everywhere apparent. Its furniture was still standing—even to the tarnished gilt leather battledores, and crumbling feathers of shuttlecocks in the nursery, which told that children had once
35 played there. But I was a lonely child, and had the range at will of every apartment, knew every nook and corner, wondered and worshipped everywhere.

The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought, as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration.

So strange a passion for the place possessed me in those years, that, though there lay—I shame to say how few roods distant from the mansion—half hid by trees, what I judged some romantic lake, such was the spell which bound me to the house, and such my carefulness not to pass its strict and proper precincts, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty brawling brook had been the *Lacus Incognitus* of my infancy. Variegated views, extensive prospects—and those at no great distance from the house—I was told of such—what were they to me, being out of the boundaries of my Eden?—So far from a wish to roam, I would have drawn, methought, still closer the fences of my chosen prison; and have been hemmed in by a yet securer cincture of those excluding garden walls. I could have exclaimed with that garden-loving poet—

Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines;
 Curl me about, ye gadding vines;
 And oh so close your circles lace,
 That I may never leave this place;
 But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
 Ere I your silken bondage break,
 Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
 And, courteous briars, nail me through.

20

I was here as in a lonely temple. Snug firesides—the low-built roof—parlours ten feet by ten—frugal boards, and all the homeliness of home—these were the condition of my birth—the wholesome soil which I was planted in. Yet, without impeachment to their tenderest lessons, I am not sorry to have had glances of something beyond; and to have taken, if but a peep, in childhood, at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune.

To have the feeling of gentility, it is not necessary to have been born gentle. The pride of ancestry may be had on cheaper terms than to be obliged to an importunate race of ancestors; and the coatless antiquary in his unemblazoned cell, revolving the long line of a Mowbray's or De Clifford's pedigree, at those sounding names may warm himself into as gay a vanity as those who do inherit them. The claims of

35

birth are ideal merely, and what herald shall go about to strip me of an idea? Is it trenchant to their swords? can it be hacked off as a spur can? or torn away like a tarnished garter?

What, else, were the families of the great to us? what 5 pleasure should we take in their tedious genealogies, or their capitulatory brass monuments? What to us the uninterrupted current of their bloods, if our own did not answer within us to a cognate and corresponding elevation?

Or wherefore else, O tattered and diminished 'Scutcheon 10 that hung upon the time-worn walls of thy princely stairs, BLAKESMOOR! have I in childhood so oft stood poring upon the mystic characters—thy emblematic supporters, with their prophetic "Resurgam"—till, every dreg of peasantry purging off, I received into myself Very Gentility? Thou 15 wert first in my morning eyes; and of nights, hast detained my steps from bedward, till it was but a step from gazing at thee to dreaming on thee.

This is the only true gentry by adoption; the veritable change of blood, and not, as empirics have fabled, by trans- 20 fusion.

Who it was by dying that had earned the splendid trophy, I know not, I inquired not; but its fading rags, and colours cobweb-stained, told that its subject was of two centuries back.

25 And what if my ancestor at that date was some Damoetas—feeding flocks, not his own, upon the hills of Lincoln—did I in less earnest vindicate to myself the family trappings of this once proud Aegon?—repaying by a backward triumph the insults he might possibly have heaped in his life-time upon 30 my poor pastoral progenitor.

If it were presumption so to speculate, the present owners of the mansion had least reason to complain. They had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer trifle; and I was left to appropriate to myself what images I could pick 35 up, to raise my fancy, or to soothe my vanity.

I was the true descendant of those old W——s; and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places.

Mine was that gallery of good old family portraits, which

as I have gone over, giving them in fancy my own family name, one—and then another—would seem to smile—reaching forward from the canvas, to recognise the new relationship; while the rest looked grave, as it seemed, at the vacancy in their dwelling, and thoughts of fled posterity.

That Beauty with the cool blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb—that hung next the great bay window—with the bright yellow H——shire hair, and eye of watchet hue—so like my Alice!—I am persuaded she was a true Elia—Mildred Elia, I take it.

Mine too, BLAKESMOOR, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its Twelve Caesars—stately busts in marble—ranged round: of whose countenances, young reader of faces as I was, the frowning beauty of Nero, I remember, had most of my wonder; but the mild Galba had my love. There they stood in the coldness of death, yet freshness of immortality.

Mine too, thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority, high-backed and wickered, once the terror of luckless poacher, or self-forgetful maiden—so common since, that bats have roosted in it.

Mine too—whose else?—thy costly fruit-garden, with its sun-baked southern wall; the ampler pleasure-garden, rising backwards from the house in triple terraces, with flower-pots now of palest lead, save that a speck here and there, saved from the elements, bespake their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering; the verdant quarters backward still; and, stretching still beyond, in old formality, thy firry wilderness, the haunt of the squirrel, and the day-long murmuring wood-pigeon, with that antique image in the centre, God or Goddess I wist not; but child of Athens or old Rome paid never a sincerer worship to Pan or to Sylvanus in their native groves, than I to that fragmental mystery.

Was it for this, that I kissed my childish hands too fervently in your idol worship, walks and windings of BLAKESMOOR! for this, or what sin of mine, has the plough passed over your pleasant places? I sometimes think that as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revived.

2. POOR RELATIONS.

A poor Relation—is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity,—an unwelcome
 5 remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your 'scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,
 10 —a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

15 He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. ———." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back
 20 again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table.

He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with
 25 some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. ——— will drop in to-day." He remembereth birthdays—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He
 30 sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Everyone speculateth upon his
 35 condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide waiter.

He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is 5 too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one.

He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on 10 the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as 15 “he is blest in seeing it now.” He reviveth past situations to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture: and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the 20 more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on 25 vellum yet; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of 30 two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. “He is an old humourist,” you may say, 35 “and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one.” But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No

woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must
 out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L——s;
 or what does she at their house?" She is, in all probability,
 your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the
 5 case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a
 beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most
 provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferi-
 ority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando*
sufflaminandus erat—but there is no raising her. You send
 10 her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the
 gentlemen. Mr. —— requests the honour of taking wine with
 her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the
 former—because he does. She calls the servant *Sir*; and
 insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The house-
 15 keeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon
 her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for a
 harpsichord.

Richard Amlet, Esq., in the play, is a noticeable instance
 of the disadvantages, to which this chimerical notion of *affinity*
 20 *constituting a claim to an acquaintance*, may subject the spirit
 of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt
 him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually
 crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who
 persists in calling him "her son Dick." But she has where-
 25 withal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him
 again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her
 seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men,
 besides, are not of Dick's temperament. I knew an Amlet in
 real life, who wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed. Poor
 30 W—— was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classic, and
 a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much
 pride; but its quality was inoffensive; it was not of that sort
 which hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a
 distance; it only sought to ward off derogation from itself.
 35 It was the principle of self-respect carried as far as it could
 go, without infringing upon that respect, which he would have
 every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have
 you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a quarrel
 have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and

our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes, because I would not thread the alleys and blind ways of the town with him to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis.

5

W—— went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion to the society. The servitor's gown (worse than his school array) clung to him with 10 Nessian venom. He thought himself ridiculous in a garb, under which Latimer must have walked erect; and in which Hooker, in his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depths of college shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student shrunk from observa- 15 tion. He found shelter among books, which insult not; and studies, that ask no questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studious pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy 20 man; when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity.

The father of W—— had hitherto exercised the humble profession of house-painter at N——, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now 25 induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some public works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of the young man, the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with 30 our Universities, the distance between the gownsmen and townsmen, as they are called—the trading part of the latter especially—is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W——'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W—— was a little, 35 busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and scraping, cap in hand, to anything that wore the semblance of a gown—insensible to the winks and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose

chamber-fellow, or equal in standing, perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not last. W—— must change the air of Oxford or be suffocated. He chose the former; and let the sturdy
5 moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they can bear, censure the dereliction; he cannot estimate the struggle.

I stood with W——, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine
10 lane leading from the High Street to the back of **** college, where W—— kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him—finding him in a better mood—upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish,
15 had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity, or badge of gratitude to his saint. W—— looked up at the Luke, and, like Satan, “knew his mounted sign—and fled.” A letter on his father’s table the next morning announced that he had
20 accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian.

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so
25 eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter are certainly not attended with anything painful, or
30 very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father’s table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not
35 to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming.

I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. 5

Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive—a stately being, let out of 10 the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. 15

The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill, and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal 20 residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading Mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so were they called), of which 25 party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist 30 upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minster; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important 35 differences.

Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remembered with anguish the thought that came over me: “Perhaps he will never come here again.” He had been

pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigour—when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this
 5 in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season—uttered the following memorable application—“Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.” The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening,
 10 when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—“Woman, you are superannuated.”

John Billet did not survive long, after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace
 15 was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (anno 1781) where he had long held what he accounted a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and
 20 a penny, which were found in his escritoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.

3. STAGE ILLUSION.

A play is said to be well or ill acted in proportion to the
 25 scenical illusion produced. Whether such illusion can in any case be perfect, is not the question. The nearest approach to it, we are told, is, when the actor appears wholly unconscious of the presence of spectators. In tragedy—in all which is to affect the feelings—this undivided attention to his stage
 30 business seems indispensable. Yet it is, in fact, dispensed with every day by our cleverest tragedians; and while these

references to an audience, in the shape of rant or sentiment, are not too frequent or palpable, a sufficient quantity of illusion for the purposes of dramatic interest may be said to be produced in spite of them. But, tragedy apart, it may be inquired whether, in certain characters in comedy, especially those which are a little extravagant, or which involve some notion repugnant to the moral sense, it is not a proof of the highest skill in the comedian when, without absolutely appealing to an audience, he keeps up a tacit understanding with them; and makes them, unconsciously to themselves, a party in the scene. The utmost nicety is required in the mode of doing this; but we speak only of the great artists in the profession.

The most mortifying infirmity in human nature, to feel in ourselves, or to contemplate in another, is, perhaps, cowardice. To see a coward *done to the life* upon a stage would produce anything but mirth. Yet we most of us remember Jack Bannister's cowards. Could anything be more agreeable, more pleasant? We loved the rogues. How was this effected but by the exquisite art of the actor in a perpetual sub-insinuation to us, the spectators, even in the extremity of the shaking fit, that he was not half such a coward as we took him for? We saw all the common symptoms of the malady upon him; the quivering lip, the cowering knees, the teeth chattering; and could have sworn "that man was frightened." But we forgot all the while—or kept it almost a secret to ourselves—that he never once lost his self-possession; that he let out by a thousand droll looks and gestures—meant to us, and not at all supposed to be visible to his fellows in the scene, that his confidence in his own resources had never once deserted him. Was this a genuine picture of a coward? or not rather a likeness, which the clever artist contrived to palm upon us instead of an original; while we secretly connived at the delusion for the purpose of greater pleasure, than a more genuine counterfeiting of the imbecility, helplessness, and utter self-desertion, which we know to be concomitants of cowardice in real life, could have given us?

Why are misers so hateful in the world, and so endurable on the stage, but because the skilful actor, by a sort of sub-

reference, rather than direct appeal to us, disarms the character of a great deal of its odiousness, by seeming to engage *our* compassion for the insecure tenure by which he holds his money bags and parchments? By this subtle vent
 5 half of the hatefulness of the character—the self-closeness with which in real life it coils itself up from the sympathies of men—evaporates. The miser becomes sympathetic; *i.e.* is no genuine miser. Here again a diverting likeness is substituted for a very disagreeable reality.

10 Spleen, irritability—the pitiable infirmities of old men, which produce only pain to behold in the realities, counterfeited upon a stage, divert not altogether for the comic appendages to them, but in part from an inner conviction that they are *being acted* before us; that a likeness only is going
 15 on, and not the thing itself. They please by being done under the life, or beside it; not *to the life*. When Gatty acts an old man, is he angry indeed? or only a pleasant counterfeit, just enough of a likeness to recognise, without pressing upon us the uneasy sense of a reality.

20 Comedians, paradoxical as it may seem, may be too natural. It was the case with a late actor. Nothing could be more earnest or true than the manner of Mr. Emery; this told excellently in his Tyke, and characters of a tragic cast. But when he carried the same rigid exclusiveness of attention to
 25 the stage business, and wilful blindness and oblivion of everything before the curtain into his comedy, it produced a harsh and dissonant effect. He was out of keeping with the rest of the *Personae Dramatis*. There was as little link between him and them as betwixt himself and the audience. He was a
 30 third estate, dry, repulsive, and unsocial to all.

Individually considered, his execution was masterly. But comedy is not this unbending thing; for this reason, that the same degree of credibility is not required of it as to serious scenes. The degrees of credibility demanded to the two
 35 things may be illustrated by the different sort of truth which we expect when a man tells us a mournful or a merry story. If we suspect the former of falsehood in any one tittle, we reject it altogether. Our tears refuse to flow at a suspected imposition. But the teller of a mirthful tale has latitude

allowed him. We are content with less than absolute truth. 'Tis the same with dramatic illusion. We confess we love in comedy to see an audience naturalised behind the scenes, taken into the interest of the drama, welcomed as by-standers however. There is something ungracious in a comic actor 5 holding himself aloof from all participation or concern with those who are come to be diverted by him. Macbeth must see the dagger, and no ear but his own be told of it; but an old fool in farce may think he *sees something*, and by conscious words and looks express it, as plainly as he can speak, to pit, 10 box, and gallery.

When an impertinent in tragedy, an Osric, for instance, breaks in upon the serious passions of the scene, we approve of the contempt with which he is treated. But when the pleasant impertinent of comedy, in a piece purely meant to 15 give delight, and raise mirth out of whimsical perplexities, worries the studious man with taking up his leisure, or making his house his home, the same sort of contempt expressed (however *natural*) would destroy the balance of delight in the spectators. To make the intrusion comic, the actor who 20 plays the annoyed man must a little desert nature; he must, in short, be thinking of the audience, and express only so much dissatisfaction and peevishness as is consistent with the pleasure of comedy. In other words, his perplexity must seem half put on. If he repel the intruder with the sober set 25 face of a man in earnest, and more especially if he deliver his expostulations in a tone which in the world must necessarily provoke a duel; his real-life manner will destroy the whimsical and purely dramatic existence of the other character (which to render it comic demands an antagonist comicality on the 30 part of the character opposed to it), and convert what was meant for mirth, rather than belief, into a downright piece of impertinence indeed, which would raise no diversion in us, but rather stir pain, to see inflicted in earnest upon any worthy person. A very judicious actor (in most of his parts) seems to 35 have fallen into an error of this sort in his playing with Mr. Wrench in the farce of *Free and Easy*.

Many instances would be tedious; these may suffice to show that comic acting at least does not always demand from the

performer that strict abstraction from all reference to an audience which is exacted of it; but that in some cases a sort of compromise may take place, and all the purposes of dramatic delight be attained by a judicious understanding, 5 not too openly announced, between the ladies and gentlemen—on both sides of the curtain.

4. TO THE SHADE OF ELLISTON.

Joyousest of once embodied spirits, whither at length hast thou flown? To what genial region are we permitted to conjecture that thou hast flitted?

10 Art thou sowing thy WILD OATS yet (the harvest time was still to come with thee) upon casual sands of Avernus? or art thou enacting ROVER (as we would gladlier think) by wandering Elysian streams?

This mortal frame, while thou didst play thy brief antics 15 amongst us, was in truth anything but a prison to thee, as the vain Platonist dreams of this *body* to be no better than a county gaol, forsooth, or some house of durance vile, whereof the five senses are the fetters. Thou knewest better than to be in a hurry to cast off those gyves; and had notice to quit, 20 I fear, before thou wert quite ready to abandon this fleshy tenement. It was thy Pleasure-House, thy Palace of Dainty Devices: thy Louvre, or thy White Hall.

What new mysterious lodgings dost thou tenant now? or when may we expect thy aërial house-warming?

25 Tartarus we know, and we have read of the Blessed Shades: now cannot I intelligibly fancy thee in either.

Is it too much to hazard a conjecture, that (as the schoolmen admitted a receptacle apart for Patriarchs and unchrisom 30 Babes) there may exist—not far perchance from that store-house of all vanities, which Milton saw in visions—a LIMBO somewhere for PLAYERS? and that

Up thither like aërial vapours fly
 Both all Stage things, and all that in Stage things
 Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame ?
 All the unaccomplish'd works of Authors' hands,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,
 Damn'd upon earth fleet thither—
 Play, Opera, Farce, with all their trumpery.—

5

There, by the neighbouring moon (by some not improperly
 supposed thy Regent Planet upon earth) mayst thou not still be
 acting thy managerial pranks, great disembodied Lessee ? but 10
 Lessee still, and still a Manager.

In Green Rooms, impervious to mortal eye, the muse
 beholds thee wielding posthumous empire.

Thin ghosts of Figurantes (never plump on earth) circle thee
 in endlessly, and still their song is *Fie on sinful Phantasy*. 15

Magnificent were thy cappriccios on this globe of earth,
 ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON ! for as yet we know not thy new
 name in heaven.

It irks me to think, that, stript of thy regalities, thou
 shouldst ferry over, a poor forked shade, in crazy Stygian 20
 wherry. Methinks I hear the old boatman, paddling by the
 weedy wharf, with raucid voice, bawling "SCULLS, SCULLS:"
 to which, with waving hand, and majestic action, thou deignest
 no reply, other than in two curt monosyllables, "No: OARS."

But the laws of Pluto's kingdom know small difference 25
 between king, and cobbler; manager, and call-boy; and, if
 haply your dates of life were conterminant, you are quietly
 taking your passage, cheek by cheek (O ignoble levelling of
 Death) with the shade of some recently departed candle-
 snuffer. 30

But mercy ! what strippings, what tearing off of histrionic
 robes, and private vanities ! what denudations to the bone,
 before the surly Ferryman will admit you to set a foot within
 his battered lighter.

Crowns, sceptres; shield, sword, and truncheon; thy own 35
 coronation robes (for thou hast brought the whole property
 man's wardrobe with thee, enough to sink a navy); the judge's
 ermine; the coxcomb's wig; the snuff-box *à la Foppington*
 —all must overboard, he positively swears—and that ancient
 mariner brooks no denial; for, since the tiresome monodrame 40

of the old Thracian Harper, Charon, it is to be believed, hath shown small taste for theatricals.

Aye, now 'tis done. You are just boat weight; *pura et puta anima*.

5 But bless me, how *little* you look !

So shall we all look—kings and keysars—stript for the last voyage.

But the murky rogue pushes off. Adieu, pleasant and thrice pleasant shade ! with my parting thanks for many a heavy
10 hour of life lightened by thy harmless extravaganzas, public or domestic.

Rhadamanthus, who tries the lighter causes below, leaving to his two brethren the heavy calendars—honest Rhadamanth, always partial to players, weighing their parti-coloured
15 existence here upon earth,—making account of the few foibles, that may have shaded thy *real life*, as we call it (though, substantially, scarcely less a vapour than thy idlest vagaries upon the boards of Drury), as but of so many echoes, natural re-percussions, and results to be expected from the assumed
20 extravagances of thy *secondary* or *mock life*, nightly upon a stage—after a lenient castigation, with rods lighter than of those Medusean ringlets, but just enough to “ whip the offending Adam out of thee,” shall courteously dismiss thee at the right-hand gate—the o. p. side of Hades—that con-
25 ducts to masques, and merry-makings, in the Theatre Royal of Proserpine.

PLAUDITO, ET VALETO.

5. ELLISTONIANA.

My acquaintance with the pleasant creature, whose loss we all deplore, was but slight.

30 My first introduction to E., which afterwards ripened into an acquaintance a little on this side of intimacy, was over a counter in the Leamington Spa Library, then newly entered upon by a branch of his family. E., whom nothing mis-

became—to auspicate, I suppose, the filial concern, and set it a-going with a lustre—was serving in person two damsels fair, who had come into the shop ostensibly to inquire for some new publication, but in reality to have a sight of the illustrious shopman, hoping some conference. With what an air did he reach down the volume, dispassionately giving his opinion of the worth of the work in question, and launching out into a dissertation on its comparative merits with those of certain publications of a similar stamp, its rivals! his enchanted customers fairly hanging on his lips, subdued to their authoritative sentence. So have I seen a gentleman in comedy *acting* the shopman. So Lovelace sold his gloves in King Street. I admired the histrionic art, by which he contrived to carry clean away every notion of disgrace, from the occupation he had so generously submitted to; and from that hour I judged him, with no after repentance, to be a person, with whom it would be a felicity to be more acquainted. 5 10 15

To descant upon his merits as a Comedian would be superfluous. With his blended private and professional habits alone I have to do; that harmonious fusion of the manners of the player into those of everyday life, which brought the stage boards into streets, and dining parlours, and kept up the play when the play was ended.—“I like Wrench,” a friend was saying to him one day, “because he is the same natural, easy creature, *on* the stage, that he is *off*.” “My case exactly,” retorted Elliston—with a charming forgetfulness, that the converse of a proposition does not always lead to the same conclusion—“I am the same person *off* the stage that I am *on*.” The inference, at first sight, seems identical; but examine it a little, and it confesses only, that the one performer was never, and the other always *acting*. 20 25 30

And in truth this was the charm of Elliston’s private deportment. You had spirited performance always going on before your eyes, with nothing to pay. As where a monarch takes up his casual abode for the night, the poorest hovel which he honours by his sleeping in it, becomes *ipso facto* for that time a palace; so wherever Elliston walked, sate, or stood still, there was the theatre. He carried about with him his pit, boxes, and galleries, and set up his portable play- 35

house at corners of streets, and in the market places. Upon flintiest pavements he trod the boards still; and if his theme chanced to be passionate, the green baize carpet of tragedy spontaneously rose beneath his feet. Now this was hearty, and showed a love for his art. So Apelles *always* painted—in thought. So G. D. *always* poetises.

I hate a lukewarm artist. I have known actors—and some of them of Elliston's own stamp—who shall have agreeably been amusing you in the part of a rake or a coxcomb, through the two or three hours of their dramatic existence; but no sooner does the curtain fall with its leaden clatter, but a spirit of lead seems to seize on all their faculties. They emerge sour, morose persons, intolerable to their families, servants, &c. Another shall have been expanding your heart with generous deeds and sentiments, till it even beats with yearnings of universal sympathy; you absolutely long to go home, and do some good action. The play seems tedious, till you can get fairly out of the house, and realise your laudable intentions. At length the final bell rings, and this cordial representative of all that is amiable in human breasts steps forth—a miser. Elliston was more of a piece. Did he *play* Ranger? and did Ranger fill the general bosom of the town with satisfaction? why should *he* not be Ranger, and diffuse the same cordial satisfaction among his private circles? with *his* temperament, *his* animal spirits, *his* good nature, *his* follies perchance, could he do better than identify himself with his impersonation? Are we to like a pleasant rake, or coxcomb, on the stage, and give ourselves airs of aversion for the identical character, presented to us in actual life? or what would the performer have gained by divesting himself of the impersonation? Could the man Elliston have been essentially different from his part, even if he had avoided to reflect to us studiously, in private circles, the airy briskness, the forwardness, and scape-goat trickeries of his prototype?

“But there is something not natural in this everlasting *acting*; we want the real man.”

Are you quite sure that it is not the man himself, whom you cannot, or will not see, under some adventitious trappings, which, nevertheless, sit not at all inconsistently upon him?

What if it is the nature of some men to be highly artificial? The fault is least reprehensible in *players*. Cibber was his own Foppington, with almost as much wit as Vanbrugh could add to it.

“My conceit of his person,”—it is Ben Jonson speaking of Lord Bacon,—“was never increased towards him by his *place* or *honours*, but I have, and do reverence him for the *greatness*, that was only proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever one of the *greatest* men, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that heaven would give him strength; for *greatness* he could not want.” 5 10

The quality here commended was scarcely less conspicuous in the subject of these idle reminiscences than in my Lord Verulam. Those who have imagined that an unexpected elevation to the direction of a great London Theatre, affected the consequence of Elliston, or at all changed his nature, knew not the essential *greatness* of the man whom they disparage. It was my fortune to encounter him near St. Dunstan's Church (which, with its punctual giants, is now no more than dust and a shadow), on the morning of his election to that high office. Grasping my hand with a look of significance, he only uttered,—“Have you heard the news?”—then with another look following up the blow, he subjoined, “I am the future Manager of Drury Lane Theatre.”—Breathless as he saw me, he stayed not for congratulation or reply, but mutely stalked away, leaving me to chew upon his new-blown dignities at leisure. In fact, nothing could be said to it. Expressive silence alone could muse his praise. This was in his *great* style. 15 20 25

But was he less *great* (be witness, O ye Powers of Equanimity, that supported in the ruins of Carthage the consular exile, and more recently transmuted for a more illustrious exile, the barren constableness of Elba into an image of Imperial France), when, in melancholy after-years, again, much near the same spot, I met him, when that sceptre had been wrested from his hand, and his dominion was curtailed to the petty managership, and part proprietorship, of the small Olympic, *his Elba*? He still played nightly upon the boards of Drury, but in parts alas! allotted to him, not 30 35

magnificently distributed by him. Waiving his great loss as nothing, and magnificently sinking the sense of fallen *material* grandeur in the more liberal resentment of depreciations done to his more lofty *intellectual* pretensions, "Have you heard" 5 (his customary exordium) — "have you heard," said he, "how they treat me? they put me in *comedy*." Thought I—but his finger on his lips forbade any verbal interruption—"where could they have put you better?" Then, after a pause—"Where I formerly played Romeo, I now play 10 Mercutio,"—and so again he stalked away, neither staying, nor caring for, responses.

O, it was a rich scene,—but Sir A—— C——, the best of story-tellers and surgeons, who mends a lame narrative almost as well as he sets a fracture, alone could do justice to 15 it,—that I was a witness to, in the tarnished room (that had once been green) of that same little Olympic. There, after his deposition from Imperial Drury, he substituted a throne. That Olympic Hill was his "highest heaven"; himself "Jove in his chair." There he sat in state, while before him, on 20 complaint of prompter, was brought for judgment—how shall I describe her?—one of those little tawdry things that flirt at the tails of choruses—a probationer for the town, in either of its senses—the pertest little drab—a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamps' smoke—who, it seems, on some disapproba- 25 tion expressed by a "highly respectable" audience,—had precipitately quitted her station on the boards, and withdrawn her small talents in disgust.

"And how are you," said her manager,—assuming a censorial severity, which would have crushed the confidence 30 of a Vestris, and disarmed that beautiful Rebel herself of her professional caprices—I verily believe, he thought *her* standing before him—"how dare you, Madam, withdraw yourself, without a notice, from your theatrical duties?" "I was hissed, Sir." "And you have the presumption to decide 35 upon the taste of the town?" "I don't know that, Sir, but I will never stand to be hissed," was the subjoinder of young Confidence—when gathering up his features into one significant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation—in a lesson never to have been lost upon a creature less forward

than she who stood before him—his words were these: “They have hissed *me*.”

’Twas the identical argument *à fortiori*, which the son of Peleus uses to Lycaon trembling under his lance, to persuade him to take his destiny with a good grace. “I too am mortal.” And it is to be believed that in both cases the rhetoric missed of its application, for want of a proper understanding with the faculties of the respective recipients. 5

“Quite an Opera pit,” he said to me, as he was courteously conducting me over the benches of his Surrey Theatre, the last retreat, and recess, of his every-day waning grandeur. 10

Those who knew Elliston, will know the *manner* in which he pronounced the latter sentence of the few words I am about to record. One proud day to me he took his roast mutton with us in the Temple, to which I had superadded a preliminary haddock. After a rather plentiful partaking of the meagre banquet, not unrefreshed with the humbler sort of liquors, I made a sort of apology for the humility of the fare, observing that for my own part I never ate but one dish at dinner. “I too never eat but one thing at dinner,”—was his reply—then after a pause—“reckoning fish as nothing.” 20 The manner was all. It was as if by one peremptory sentence he had decreed the annihilation of all the savoury esculents, which the pleasant and nutritious food-giving Ocean pours forth upon poor humans from her watery bosom. This was *greatness*, tempered with considerate *tenderness* to the feelings of his scanty but welcoming entertainer. 25

Great wert thou in thy life, Robert William Elliston! and *not lessened* in thy death, if report speak truly, which says that thou didst direct that thy mortal remains should repose under no inscription but one of pure *Latinity*. Classical was thy bringing up! and beautiful was the feeling on thy last bed, which connecting the man with the boy, took thee back to thy latest exercise of imagination, to the days when, undreaming of Theatres and Managerships, thou wert a scholar, and an early ripe one, under the roofs builded by the munificent and pious Colet. For thee the Pauline Muses weep. In elegies, that shall silence this crude prose, they shall celebrate thy praise. 35

6. DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING.

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own.

Lord Foppington in the Relapse.

5 An ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time
10 to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for
15 me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books*—*biblia abiblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books,
20 Draught Boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which “no gentleman's library should be without”: the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew),
25 and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers
30 of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then,

opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of blockheaded Encyclopaedias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia, or Morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymund Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these imposters, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils. 5

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of Magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding (with 15 Russia backs ever) is *our* costume. A Shakespeare, or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no 20 tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's Seasons, again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn, and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves, and worn-out appearance, nay, the very odour (beyond Russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in 25 fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library" Tom Jones, or Vicar of Wakefield! How they speak of the thousand thumbs, that have turned over their pages with delight!—of the lone sempstress, whom they may have cheered (milliner, or hard-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle- 30 toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill-spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethean cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in? 35

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret,

because we know the copies of them to be “*eterne.*” But where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when *that* perishes,

5 We know not where is that Promethean torch
 That can its light relumine—

such a book, for instance, as the Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem
10 hopeless ever to be reprinted; but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sydney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose-works, Fuller—of whom we *have* reprints, yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know, have not endenized themselves (nor possibly
15 ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books—it is good to possess these in durable and costly covers. I do not care for a First Folio of Shakespeare. I rather prefer the common editions of Rowe and Tonson without notes, and with *plates*, which, being so execrably bad, serve as maps, or
20 modest remembrancers, to the text; and without pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakespeare gallery *engravings*, which *did*. I have a community of feeling with my countrymen about his Plays, and I like those editions of him best, which have been oftenest
25 tumbled about and handled.

On the contrary, I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in Folio. The Octavo editions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them. If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet, I should prefer them in
30 that shape to the older one. I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the Anatomy of Melancholy. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? what hapless stationer could
35 dream of Burton ever becoming popular?—The wretched Malone could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him white-wash the painted effigy of old Shakespeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion

depicted, to the very colour of the cheek, the eye, the eyebrow, hair, the very dress he used to wear—the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. By —, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapt both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets. 5

I think I see them at their work—these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess, that the names 10 of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakespeare? It may be, that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, 15 Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the *Fairy Queen* for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' sermons? 20

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts, and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony 25 the gentle Shakespeare enters. At such a season, the *Tempest*, or his own *Winter's Tale*—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience. 30

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some of the 35 Bank offices it is the custom (to save so much individual time) for one of the clerks—who is the best scholar—to commence upon the *Times*, or the *Chronicle*, and recite its entire contents aloud *pro bono publico*. With every advantage of lungs and

elocution, the effect is singularly vapid. In barbers' shops and public-houses a fellow will get up, and spell out a paragraph which he communicates as some discovery. Another follows with *his* selection. So the entire journal transpires at length by piece-meal. Seldom-readers are slow readers, and without this expedient, no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

10 What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's, keeps the paper! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, "the Chronicle is in hand, Sir."

Coming in to an inn at night—having ordered your supper what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-
15 seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest—two or three numbers of the old Town and Country Magazine, with its amusing *tête-à-tête* pictures—"The Royal Lover and Lady G——"; "The Melting Platonic and the Old Beau,"—and such like antiquated scandal?
20 Would you exchange it—at that time, and in that place—for a better book?

Poor Tobin, who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading—the *Paradise Lost*, or *Comus*, he could have *read* to him—but he missed the
25 pleasure of skimming over with his own eye a magazine, or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone and reading *Candide*.

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having
30 been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclining at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her Cythera), reading *Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I
35 could have wished it had been—any other book. We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph

or the swain in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I cannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow Hill (as yet Skinner's Street *was not*), between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a bread basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points. 5 10

There is a class of street-readers, whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they “snatch a fearful joy.” Martin B——, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of *Clarissa*, when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work. M. declares, that under no circumstance in his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint poetess of our day has moralised upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas. 15 20 25 30

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read, as he'd devour it all;
Which when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call, 35
“You, Sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look.”
The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need. 40

Of sufferings the poor have many,
 Which never can the rich annoy:
 I soon perceived another boy,
 Who look'd as if he had not any
 5 Food, for that day at least—enjoy
 The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.
 This boy's case, then thought I, is surely harder,
 Thus hungry, longing, thus without a penny,
 Beholding choice of dainty-dressed meat:
 10 No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learn'd to eat.

7. THE OLD MARGATE HOY.

I am fond of passing my vacation (I believe I have said
 so before) at one or other of the Universities. Next to these
 my choice would fix me at some woody spot, such as the
 neighbourhood of Henley affords in abundance, on the banks
 15 of my beloved Thames. But somehow or other my cousin
 contrives to wheedle me once in three or four seasons to a
 watering-place. Old attachments cling to her in spite of
 experience. We have been dull at Worthing one summer,
 duller at Brighton another, dullest at Eastbourn, a third, and
 20 are at this moment doing dreary penance at—Hastings!—
 and all because we were happy many years ago for a brief
 week at Margate. That was our first sea-side experiment,
 and many circumstances combined to make it the most
 agreeable holyday of my life. We had neither of us seen the
 25 sea, and we had never been from home so long together in
 company.

Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy weather-
 beaten, sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations—
 ill-exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the
 30 modern steam packet? To the winds and waves thou com-
 mittedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magic
 fumes, and spells, and boiling cauldrons. With the gales of
 heaven thou wentest swimmingly; or, when it was their

pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not forced, as in a hot-bed; nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphureous smoke—a great sea-chimaera, chimneying and furnacing the deep; or liker to that fire-god parching up Scamander.

Can I forget thy honest, yet slender crew, with their coy reluctant responses (yet to the suppression of anything like contempt) to the raw questions, which we of the great city would be ever and anon putting to them as to the uses of this or that strange naval implement? 'Specially can I forget thee, thou happy medium, thou shade of refuge between us and them, conciliating interpreter of their skill to our simplicity, comfortable ambassador between sea and land!—whose sailor-trowsers did not more convincingly assure thee to be an adopted denizen of the former, than thy white cap and whiter apron over them, with thy neat-fingered practice in thy culinary vocation, bespoke thee to have been of inland nurture heretofore—a master cook of Eastcheap? How busily didst thou ply thy multifarious occupation, cook, mariner, attendant, chamberlain: here, there, like another Ariel, flaming at once about all parts of the deck, yet with kindlier ministration—not to assist the tempest, but, as if touched with a kindred sense of our infirmities, to soothe the qualms which that untried motion might haply raise in our crude land-fancies. And when the o'er-washing billows drove us below deck (for it was far gone in October, and we had stiff and blowing weather) how did thy officious ministerings, still catering for our comfort, with cards, and cordials, and thy more cordial conversation, alleviate the closeness and the confinement of thy else (truth to say) not very savoury, nor very inviting, little cabin!

With these additaments to boot, we had on board a fellow-passenger, whose discourse in verity might have beguiled a longer voyage than we meditated, and have made mirth and wonder abound as far as the Azores. He was a dark, Spanish-complexioned young man, remarkably handsome, with an officer-like assurance, and an insuppressible volubility of assertion. He was, in fact, the greatest liar I had met with then, or since. He was none of your hesitating, half story-tellers

(a most painful description of mortals) who go on sounding your belief, and only giving you as much as they see you can swallow at a time—the nibbling pickpockets of your patience—but one who committed downright, day-light depredations upon his neighbour's faith. He did not stand shivering upon the brink, but was a hearty, thorough-paced liar, and plunged at once into the depths of your credulity.

I partly believe, he made pretty sure of his company. Not many rich, not many wise, or learned, composed at that time to the common stowage of a Margate packet. We were, I am afraid, a set of as unseasoned Londoners (let our enemies give it a worse name) as Aldermanbury, or Watling Street, at that time of day could have supplied. There might be an exception or two among us, but I scorn to make any invidious distinctions among such a jolly, companionable ship's company, as those were whom I sailed with.

Something too must be conceded to the *Genius Loci*. Had the confident fellow told us half the legends on land, which he favoured us with on the other element, I flatter myself the good sense of most of us would have revolted. But we were in a new world, with everything unfamiliar about us, and the time and place disposed us to the reception of any prodigious marvel whatsoever. Time has obliterated from my memory much of his wild fablings; and the rest would appear but dull, as written, and to be read on shore. He had been Aide-de-camp (among other rare accidents and fortunes) to a Persian prince, and at one blow had stricken off the head of the King of Carimania on horseback. He, of course, married the Prince's daughter. I forget what unlucky turn in the politics of that court, combining with the loss of his consort, was the reason of his quitting Persia; but with the rapidity of a magician, he transported himself, along with his hearers, back to England, where we still found him in the confidence of great ladies. There was some story of a Princess—Elizabeth, if I remember—having intrusted to his care an extraordinary casket of jewels, upon some extraordinary occasion—but, as I am not certain of the name or circumstance at this distance of time, I must leave it to the Royal daughters of England to settle the honour among themselves

in private. I cannot call to mind half his pleasant wonders; but I perfectly remember, that in the course of his travels he had seen a phoenix; and he obligingly undeceived us of the vulgar error, that there is but one of that species at a time, assuring us that they were not uncommon in some parts of 5 Upper Egypt.

Hitherto he had found the most implicit listeners. His dreaming fancies had transported us beyond the "ignorant present." But when (still hardying more and more in his triumphs over our simplicity), he went on to affirm that he 10 had actually sailed through the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes, it really became necessary to make a stand. And here I must do justice to the good sense and intrepidity of one of our party, a youth, that had hitherto been one of his most deferential auditors, who, from his recent reading, made bold to assure 15 the gentleman, that there must be some mistake, as "the Colossus in question had been destroyed long since"; to whose opinion, delivered with all modesty, our hero was obliging enough to concede thus much, "the figure was indeed a little damaged." This was the only opposition he met with, 20 and it did not at all seem to stagger him, for he proceeded with his fables, which the same youth appeared to swallow with still more complacency than ever,—confirmed, as it were, by the extreme candour of that concession. With these prodigies he wheedled us on till we came in sight of the 25 Reculvers, which one of our own company (having been the voyage before) immediately recognising, and pointing out to us, was considered by us as no ordinary seaman.

All this time sat upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm, 30 and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile; and, if he caught now and then some snatches of these wild legends, it was by accident, and they seemed not to concern him. The waves to him whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one being with us, but not of us. He heard the bell 35 of dinner ring without stirring; and when some of us pulled out our private stores—our cold meat and our salads—he produced none, and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in; provision for the one or two days and

nights, to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their voyage. Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, which he seemed neither to court nor decline, we learned that he was going to Margate, with the hope of being admitted into
 5 the Infirmary there for sea-bathing. His disease was a scrofula, which appeared to have eaten all over him. He expressed great hopes of a cure; and when we asked him, whether he had any friends where he was going, he replied, "he *had* no friends."

10 These pleasant, and some mournful passages, with the first sight of the sea, co-operating with youth, and a sense of holydays, and out-of-door adventure, to me that had been pent up in populous cities for many months before,—have left upon my mind the fragrance as of summer days gone by,
 15 bequeathing nothing but their remembrance for cold and wintry hours to chew upon.

Will it be thought a digression (it may spare some unwelcome comparisons), if I endeavour to account for the *dissatisfaction* which I have heard so many persons confess
 20 to have felt (as I did myself in part on this occasion), *at the sight of the sea for the first time*? I think the reason usually given—referring to the incapacity of actual objects for satisfying our preconceptions of them—scarcely goes deep enough into the question. Let the same person see a lion,
 25 an elephant, a mountain, for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel himself a little mortified. The things do not fill up that space, which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind. But they have still a correspondency to his first notion, and in time grow up to it, so as to produce a very
 30 similar impression: enlarging themselves (if I may say so) upon familiarity. But the sea remains a disappointment.—Is it not, that in *the latter* we had expected to behold (absurdly, I grant, but, I am afraid, by the law of imagination unavoidably) not a definite object, as those wild beasts, or that
 35 mountain compassable by the eye, but *all the sea at once*, THE COMMENSURATE ANTAGONIST OF THE EARTH? I do not say we tell ourselves so much, but the craving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing else.

I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen (as I

then was) knowing nothing of the sea, but from description. He comes to it for the first time—all that he has been reading of it all his life, and *that* the most enthusiastic part of life,—all he has gathered from narratives of wandering seamen; what he has gained from true voyages, and what he cherishes 5 as credulously from romance and poetry; crowding their images, and exacting strange tributes from expectation.—He thinks of the great deep, and of those who go down unto it; of its thousand isles, and of the vast continents it washes; of its receiving the mighty Plate, or Orellana, into its bosom, 10 without disturbance, or sense of augmentation; of Biscay swells, and the mariner

For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape;

of fatal rocks, and the “still-vexed Bermoothes”; of great 15 whirlpools, and the water-spout; of sunken ships, and sumless treasures swallowed up in the unrestoring depths: of fishes and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth—

Be but as bugbs to frighten babes withal,
Compared with the creatures in the sea's entral;

20

of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez; of pearls, and shells; of coral beds, and of enchanted isles; of mermaids' grotts—

I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects to be shown all these wonders at once, but he is under the tyranny of a mighty faculty, which haunts him with confused hints and 25 shadows of all these; and when the actual object opens first upon him, seen (in tame weather too most likely) from our unromantic coasts—a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shows to him—what can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment? Or if he has come to it from the 30 mouth of a river, was it much more than the river widening? and, even out of sight of land, what had he but a flat watery horizon about him, nothing comparable to the vast o'er-curtaining sky, his familiar object, seen daily without dread or amazement?—Who, in similar circumstances, has not been 35 tempted to exclaim with Charoba, in the poem of Gebir,

Is this the mighty ocean? is this *all*?

I love town, or country; but this detestable Cinque Port is neither. I hate these scrubbed shoots, thrusting out their starved foliage from between the horrid fissures of dusty innutritious rocks; which the amateur calls "verdure to the
5 edge of the sea." I require woods, and they show me stunted coppices. I cry out for the water-brooks, and pant for fresh streams, and inland murmurs. I cannot stand all day on the naked beach, watching the capricious hues of the sea, shifting like the colours of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out
10 at the windows of this island-prison. I would fain retire into the interior of my cage. While I gaze upon the sea, I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me in with chains, as of iron. My thoughts are abroad. I should not so feel in Staffordshire. There is no home for me here. There is no
15 sense of home at Hastings. It is a place of fugitive resort, an heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers, Amphitrites of the town, and misses that coquet with the Ocean. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained, a fair honest fishing-town,
20 and no more, it were something—with a few straggling fishermen's huts scattered about, artless as its cliffs, and with their materials filched from them, it were something. I could abide to dwell with Meschek; to assort with fisher-swains, and smugglers.

25 There are, or I dream there are, many of this latter occupation here. Their faces become the place. I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the revenue,—an abstraction I never greatly cared about. I could go out with them in their mackarel boats, or about their
30 less ostensible business, with some satisfaction. I can even tolerate those poor victims to monotony, who from day to day pace along the beach, in endless progress and recurrence, to watch their illicit countrymen—townsfolk or brethren perchance—whistling to the sheathing and unsheathing of
35 their cutlasses (their only solace), who under the mild name of preventive service, keep up a legitimated civil warfare in the deplorable absence of a foreign one, to show their detestation of run hollands and zeal for old England.

But it is the visitants from town, that come here to *say* that

they have been here, with no more relish of the sea than a pond perch, or a dace might be supposed to have, that are my aversion. I feel like a foolish dace in these regions, and have as little toleration for myself here, as for them. What can they want here? if they had a true relish of the ocean, why 5 have they brought all this land luggage with them? or why pitch their civilised tents in the desert? What mean these scanty book-rooms—marine libraries as they entitle them—if the sea were, as they would have us believe, a book “to read strange matter in?” what are their foolish concert-rooms, 10 if they come, as they would fain be thought to do, to listen to the music of the waves? All is false and hollow pretension. They come, because it is the fashion, and to spoil the nature of the place. They are mostly, as I have said, stock-brokers; but I have watched the better sort of them—now and then, 15 an honest citizen (of the old stamp), in the simplicity of his heart, shall bring down his wife and daughters, to taste the sea breezes. I always know the date of their arrival. It is easy to see it in their countenance. A day or two they go wandering on the shingles, picking up cockle-shells, and 20 thinking them great things; but in a poor week, imagination slackens: they begin to discover that cockles produce no pearls, and then—O then!—if I could interpret for the pretty creatures, (I know they have not the courage to confess it themselves) how gladly would they exchange their sea-side 25 rambles for a Sunday walk on the green-sward of their accustomed Twickenham meadows!

I would ask of one of these sea-charmed emigrants, who think they truly love the sea, with its wild usages, what would their feelings be, if some of the unsophisticated aborigines of 30 this place, encouraged by their courteous questionings here, should venture, on the faith of such assured sympathy between them, to return the visit, and come up to see—London. I must imagine them with their fishing-tackle on their back, as we carry our town necessities. What a sensa- 35 tion would it cause in Lothbury! What vehement laughter would it not excite among

The daughters of Cheapside and wives of Lombard Street.

I am sure that no town-bred, or inland-born subjects, can feel their true and natural nourishment at these sea-places. Nature, where she does not mean us for mariners and vagabonds, bids us stay at home. The salt foam seems to nourish
 5 a spleen. I am not half so good-natured as by the milder waters of my natural river. I would exchange these sea-gulls for swans, and scud a swallow for ever about the banks of Thamesis.

8. THE CONVALESCENT.

A pretty severe fit of indisposition which, under the name
 10 of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me this month, reader; I can offer you only sick men's dreams.

15 And truly the whole state of sickness is such; for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed, and draw daylight curtains about him; and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it? To become insensible to all the operations of life,
 20 except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick bed. How the patient lords it there; what caprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flatting, and
 25 moulding it, to the ever varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He changes *sides* oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half-length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of tergiversa-
 30 tion. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his Mare Clausum.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself ! he is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hear 5 not the jarring of them, affects him not.

A little while ago he was greatly concerned in the event of of a law-suit, which was to be the making or the marring of his dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at once, jogging 10 this witness, refreshing that solicitor. The cause was to come on yesterday. He is absolutely as indifferent to the decision, as if it were a question to be tried at Pekin. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he picks up enough to make him understand, 15 that things went cross-grained in the Court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word "friend," and the word "ruin," disturb him no more than so much jargon. He is not to think of any thing but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing 20 consideration !

He has put on his strong armour of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering, he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only. 25

He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself; he yearneth over himself; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself; 30 studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

He makes the most of himself; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals, as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, 35 and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers.

He compassionates himself all over; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.

He is his own sympathiser; and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths, and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

10 To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily call: and even in the lines on that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of
15 himself as *the sick man*. To what other uneasy couch the man is hastening, when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his thin *douceur* so carefully for fear of rustling—is no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same
20 hour to-morrow.

Household rumours touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house, soothes him, while he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know any thing, not to think of any thing. Servants gliding up or down
25 the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exacter knowledge would be a burthen to him: he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the
30 muffled knocker, and closes it again without asking "Who was it?" He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

35 To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives. Compare the silent tread, and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demeanour, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a

little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature ! where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye ? 5

The scene of his regalities, his sick room, which was his presence chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bed-room ! The trimness 10 of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is *made* every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to *make* it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient 15 was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated ; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was a historical 20 record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease ; and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sighs—those groans—so much more awful, while we knew not from what caverns of vast 25 hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean pangs are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved ; and Philoctetes is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical 30 attendant. But how is he too changed with every thing else ! Can this be he—this man of news—of chat—of anecdote—of every thing but physic—can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high meditating 35 party ?—Pshaw ! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the household—the desert-like stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers—the mute attendance—the

inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-attention—the sole and single eye of distemper alone fixed upon itself—world-thoughts excluded—the man a world unto himself—his own theatre—

5 What a speck is he dwindled into !

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the terra firma of established health, your note, dear Editor, reached me, requesting—an article. In *Articulo Mortis*, thought I; but it is something
10 hard—and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of; a gentle call to activity, however trivial; a wholesome weaning from that preposterous dream of self-absorption—the puffy
15 state of sickness—in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines and monarchies of the world alike; to its laws and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding; the acres, which in imagination I had spread over—for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single
20 sufferings, till he becomes a Tityus to himself—are wasting to a span; and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately, you have me once again in my natural pretensions—the lean and meagre figure of your insignificant Essayist.

9. SANITY OF TRUE GENIUS.

So far from the position holding true, that great wit (or
25 genius, in our modern way of speaking) has a necessary alliance with insanity, the greatest wits, on the contrary, will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive a mad Shakespeare. The greatness of wit, by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood,
30 manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one

of them. "So strong a wit," says Cowley, speaking of a poetical friend,

"—did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below."

5

The ground of the mistake is, that men, finding in the raptures of the higher poetry a condition of exaltation, to which they have no parallel in their own experience, besides the spurious resemblance of it in dreams and fevers, impute a state of dreaminess and fever to the poet. But the true poet dreams being awake. He is not possessed by his subject, but has dominion over it. In the groves of Eden he walks familiar as in his native paths. He ascends the empyrean heaven, and is not intoxicated. He treads the burning marl without dismay; he wins his flight without self-loss through realms of chaos "and old night." Or if, abandoning himself to that severer chaos of a "human mind untuned," he is content awhile to be mad with Lear, or to hate mankind (a sort of madness) with Timon, neither is that madness, nor this misanthropy, so unchecked, but that,—never letting the reins of reason wholly go, while most he seems to do so,—he has his better genius still whispering at his ear, with the good servant Kent suggesting saner counsels, or with the honest steward Flavius recommending kindlier resolutions.

25

Where he seems most to recede from humanity, he will be found the truest to it. From beyond the scope of Nature if he summon possible existences, he subjugates them to the law of her consistency. He is beautifully loyal to that sovereign directress, even when he appears most to betray and desert her. His ideal tribes submit to policy; his very monsters are tamed to his hand, even as that wild sea-brood, shepherded by Proteus. He tames and he clothes them with attributes of flesh and blood, till they wonder at themselves, like Indian Islanders forced to submit to European vesture. Caliban, the Witches, are as true to the laws of their own nature (ours with a difference), as Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth.

Herein the great and the little wits are differenced; that if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual existence,



they lose themselves, and their readers. Their phantoms are lawless; their visions nightmares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency. Their imaginations are not active—for to be active is to call something into act and form
 5 —but passive, as men in sick dreams. For the super-natural, or something super-added to what we know of nature, they give you the plainly non-natural. And if this were all, and that these mental hallucinations were discoverable only in the treatment of subjects out of nature, or transcending it, the
 10 judgment might with some plea be pardoned if it ran riot, and a little wantonised: but even in the describing of real and everyday life, that which is before their eyes, one of these lesser wits shall more deviate from nature—show more of that inconsequence, which has a natural alliance with frenzy,—
 15 than a great genius in his “maddest fits,” as Wither somewhere calls them.

We appeal to any one that is acquainted with the common run of Lane’s novels,—as they existed some twenty or thirty years back,—those scanty intellectual viands of the whole
 20 female reading public, till a happier genius arose, and expelled for ever the innutritious phantoms,—whether he has not found his brain more “betossed,” his memory more puzzled, his sense of when and where more confounded, among the improbable events, the incoherent incidents, the inconsistent
 25 characters, or no-characters, of some third-rate love intrigue—where the persons shall be a Lord Glendamour and a Miss Rivers, and the scene only alternate between Bath and Bond Street—a more bewildering dreaminess induced upon him, than he has felt wandering over all the fairy grounds
 30 of Spenser. In the productions we refer to, nothing but names and places is familiar; the persons are neither of this world nor of any other conceivable one; an endless string of activities without purpose, or purposes destitute of motive:—we meet phantoms in our known walks; *fantasques* only christened.
 35 In the poet we have names which announce fiction; and we have absolutely no place at all, for the things and persons of the Fairy Queen prate not of their “whereabout.” But in their inner nature, and the law of their speech and actions, we are at home and upon acquainted ground. The one turns life

into a dream; the other to the wildest dreams gives the sobrieties of everyday occurrences.

By what subtle art of tracing the mental processes it is effected, we are not philosophers enough to explain, but in that wonderful episode of the cave of Mammon, in which the Money God appears first in the lowest form of a miser, is then a worker of metals, and becomes the god of all the treasures of the world: and has a daughter, Ambition, before whom all the world kneels for favours—with the Hesperian fruit, the waters of Tantalus, with Pilate washing his hands vainly, but not impertinently, in the same stream—that we should be at one moment in the cave of an old hoarder of treasures, at the next at the forge of the Cyclops, in a palace and yet in hell, all at once, with the shifting mutations of the most rambling dream, and our judgment yet all the time awake, and neither able nor willing to detect the fallacy,—is a proof of that hidden sanity which still guides the poet in the widest seeming-aberrations.

It is not enough to say that the whole episode is a copy of the mind's conceptions in sleep; it is, in some sort—but what a copy! Let the most romantic of us, that has been entertained all night with the spectacle of some wild and magnificent vision, recombine it in the morning, and try it by his waking judgment. That which appeared so shifting, and yet so coherent, while that faculty was passive, when it comes under cool examination, shall appear so reasonless and so unlinked, that we are ashamed to have been so deluded; and to have taken, though but in sleep, a monster for a god. But the transitions in this episode are every whit as violent as in the most extravagant dream, and yet the waking judgment ratifies them.

10. CAPTAIN JACKSON.

Among the deaths in our obituary for this month, I observe with concern, "At his cottage on the Bath Road, Captain Jackson." The name and the attribution are common enough; but a feeling like reproach persuades me, that this 5 could have been no other in fact than my dear old friend, who some five-and-twenty years ago rented a tenement, which he was pleased to dignify with the appellation here used, about a mile from Westbourn Green. Alack, how good men, and the good turns they do us, slide out of memory, and are recalled 10 but by the surprise of some such sad memento as that which now lies before us!

He whom I mean was a retired half-pay officer, with a wife and two grown-up daughters, whom he maintained with the port and notions of gentlewomen upon that slender profes- 15 sional allowance. Comely girls they were too.

And was I in danger of forgetting this man?—his cheerful suppers—the noble tone of hospitality, when first you set your foot in *the cottage*—the anxious ministerings about you, where little or nothing (God knows) was to be ministered.—Althea's 20 horn in a poor platter—the power of self-enchantment, by which, in his magnificent wishes to entertain you, he multiplied his means to bounties.

You saw with your bodily eyes indeed what seemed a bare scrag—cold savings from the foregone meal—remnant hardly 25 sufficient to send a mendicant from the door contented. But in the copious will—the revelling imagination of your host—the "mind, the mind, Master Shallow," whole beeves were spread before you—hecatombs—no end appeared to the profusion.

30 It was the widow's cruse—the loaves and fishes; carving could not lessen or helping diminish it—the stamina were left—the elemental bone still flourished, divested of its accidents.

"Let us live while we can," methinks I hear the open-handed creature exclaim; "while we have, let us not want"; "here 35 is plenty left"; "want for nothing"—with many more such hospitable sayings, the spurs of appetite, and old concomitants

of smoking boards, and feast-oppressed chargers. Then sliding a slender ratio of Single Gloucester upon his wife's plate, or the daughters', he would convey the remnant rind into his own, with a merry quirk of "the nearer the bone," &c., and declaring that he universally preferred the outside. For 5 we had our table distinctions, you are to know, and some of us in a manner sate above the salt. None but his guest or guests dreamed of tasting flesh luxuries at night, the fragments were *verè hospitibus sacra*. But of one thing or another there was always enough, and leavings: only he would sometimes finish 10 the remainder crust, to show that he wished no savings.

Wine we had none; nor, except on very rare occasions, spirits; but the sensation of wine was there. Some thin kind of ale I remember—"British beverage," he would say. "Push about, my boys"; "Drink to your sweethearts, 15 girls." At every meagre draught a toast must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, with none of the effects wanting. Shut your eyes, and you would swear a capacious bowl of punch was foaming in the centre, with beams of generous Port or Madeira radiating to it from each 20 of the table corners. You got flustered without knowing whence; tipsy upon words; and reeled under the potency of his unperforming Bacchanalian encouragements.

We had our songs—"Why, Soldiers, Why"—and the "British Grenadiers"—in which last we were all obliged to 25 bear chorus. Both the daughters sang. Their proficiency was a nightly theme—the masters he had given them—the "no-expense" which he spared to accomplish them in a science "so necessary to young women." But then—they could not sing "without the instrument." 30

Sacred, and, by me, never-to-be-violated, Secrets of Poverty! Should I disclose your honest aims at grandeur, your makeshift efforts of magnificence? Sleep, sleep, with all thy broken keys, if one of the bunch be extant; thrummed by a thousand ancestral thumbs; dear, cracked, spinnet of dearer Louisa! 35 Without mention of mine, be dumb, thou thin accompanier of her thinner warble! A veil be spread over the dear delighted face of the well-deluded father, who now haply listening to cherubic notes, scarce feels sincerer pleasure than

when she awakened thy time-shaken chords responsive to the twitterings of that slender image of a voice.

We were not without our literary talk either. It did not extend far, but as far as it went, it was good. It was
5 bottomed well; had good grounds to go upon. In *the cottage* was a room, which tradition authenticated to have been the same in which Glover, in his occasional retirements, had penned the greater part of his *Leonidas*. This circumstance was nightly quoted, though none of the present inmates, that
10 I could discover, appeared ever to have met with the poem in question. But that was no matter. Glover had written there, and the anecdote was pressed into the account of the family importance. It diffused a learned air through the apartment, the little side casement of which (the poet's study
15 window), opening upon a superb view as far as the pretty spire of Harrow, over domains and patrimonial acres, not a rood nor square yard whereof our host could call his own, yet gave occasion to an immoderate expansion of—vanity shall I call it?—in his bosom, as he showed them in a glowing summer
20 evening. It was all his, he took it all in, and communicated rich portions of it to his guests. It was a part of his largess, his hospitality; it was going over his grounds; he was lord for the time of showing them, and you the implicit lookers-up to his magnificence.

25 He was a juggler, who threw mists before your eyes—you had no time to detect his fallacies. He would say, "Hand me the *silver* sugar tongs"; and before you could discover that it was a single spoon, and that *plated*, he would disturb and captivate your imagination by a misnomer of "the urn" for
30 a tea kettle; or by calling a homely bench a sofa. Rich men direct you to their furniture, poor ones divert you from it; he neither did one nor the other, but by simply assuming that every thing was handsome about him, you were positively at a demur what you did, or did not see, at *the cottage*. With
35 nothing to live on, he seemed to live on every thing. He had a stock of wealth in his mind; not that which is properly termed *Content*, for in truth he was not to be *contained* at all, but overflowed all bounds by the force of a magnificent self-delusion

Enthusiasm is catching; and even his wife, a sober native of North Britain, who generally saw things more as they were, was not proof against the continual collision of his credulity. Her daughters were rational and discreet young women; in the main, perhaps, not insensible to their true circumstances. I have seen them assume a thoughtful air at times. But such was the preponderating opulence of his fancy, that I am persuaded, not for any half hour together did they ever look their own prospects fairly in the face. There was no resisting the vortex of his temperament. His riotous imagination conjured up handsome settlements before their eyes, which kept them up in the eye of the world too, and seem at last to have realised themselves; for they both have married since, I am told, more than respectably. 5

It is long since, and my memory waxes dim on some subjects, or I should wish to convey some notion of the manner in which the pleasant creature described the circumstances of his own wedding-day. I faintly remember something of a chaise and four, in which he made his entry into Glasgow on that morning to fetch the bride home, or carry her thither, I forget which. It so completely made out the stanza of the old ballad— 15

When we came down through Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie.

25

I suppose it was the only occasion, upon which his own actual splendour at all corresponded with the world's notions on that subject. In homely cart, or travelling caravan, by whatever humble vehicle they chanced to be transported in less prosperous days, the ride through Glasgow came back upon his fancy, not as a humiliating contrast, but as a fair occasion for reverting to that one day's state. It seemed an "equipage etern" from which no power of fate or fortune, once mounted, had power thereafter to dislodge him. 35

There is some merit in putting a handsome face upon indigent circumstances. To bully and swagger away the sense of them before strangers, may not be always discommendable. Tibbs, and Bobadil, even when detected, have more of our

admiration than contempt. But for a man to put the cheat upon himself; to play the Bobadil at home; and, steeped in poverty up to the lips, to fancy himself all the while chin-deep in riches, is a strain of constitutional philosophy, and a mastery over fortune, which was reserved for my old friend Captain Jackson.

11. THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.

Sera tamen respexit
 Libertas. VIRGIL.
 A Clerk I was in London gay. O'KEEFE.

If peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the 10 golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holydays, or to remember them but 15 as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six and thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant playtime, and the frequently 20 intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours' a-day attendance at a counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content—doggedly content, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, 25 admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the

ballad-singers—the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a weekday saunter through the less 5 busy parts of the metropolis so delightful—are shut out. No book-stalls deliciously to idle over—No busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by—the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy coun- 10 tenances—or half-happy at best—of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour; and livelily expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. 15 The very strollers in the fields on that day looked anything but comfortable.

But besides Sundays I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a 20 great indulgence; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit 25 of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still 30 the prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thraldom.

Independently of the rigours of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapa- 35 city for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree, that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be

found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation
5 presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when on
10 the 5th of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L——, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually
15 be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained labouring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my
20 own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe in my whole life, when on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock) I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled
25 firm in the formidable back parlour.

I thought now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L——, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me,—when to my utter astonishment
30 B——, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring
35 at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!), and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the

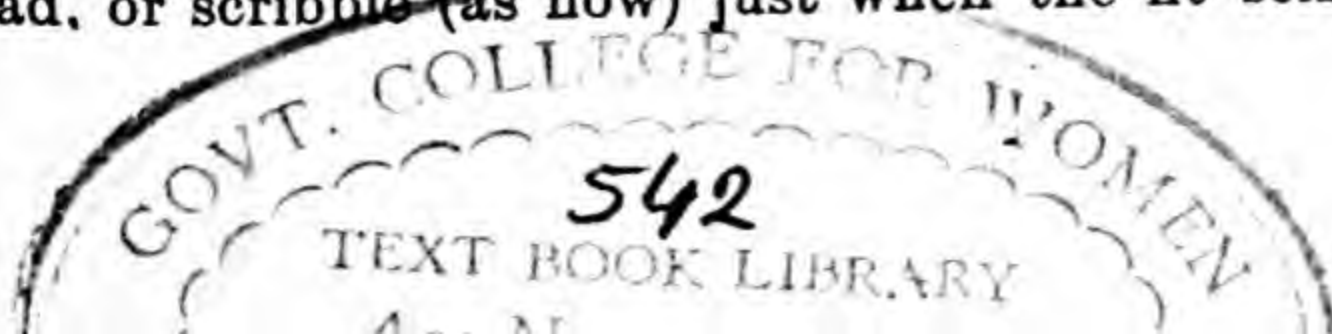
amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer ! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and just ten minutes after 5
eight I went home—for ever. This noble benefit—gratitude forbids me to conceal their names—I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world—the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.

Esto perpetua !

10

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the Old Bastile, suddenly let loose after a forty years' 15
confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly 20
lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions; I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me.

And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to 25
forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am 30
as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away, but I do *not* read in that violent measure, with which, 35
having no Time my own but candlelight Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in by-gone winters. I walk, read, or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no



longer hunt after pleasure; I let it come to me. I am like the man

———that's born, and has his years come to him,
In some green desert.

5 "Years," you will say; "what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon? He has already told us he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not
10 to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least
15 multiplied for me threefold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not
20 yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks with whom I had for so many years, and for so many hours in each day of the year, been so closely associated—being suddenly
25 removed from them—they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Tragedy, by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death:—

30 ———'Twas but just now he went away;
I have not since had time to shed a tear;
And yet the distance does the same appear
As if he had been a thousand years from me.
Time takes no measure in Eternity.

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go
35 among them once or twice since; to visit my old desk-fellows—my co-brethren of the quill—that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of

our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk; the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D——I take me if I did not feel some remorse—beast, if I had not,—at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six and thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged then after all? or was I a coward simply?

Well, it is too late to repent; and I also know, that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch——, dry, sarcastic, and friendly! Do——, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl——, officious to do, and to volunteer, good services!—and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately House of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one half the year supplied the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my “works!” There let them rest, as I do from my labours, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at

eleven o'clock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange
5 nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish Street Hill? Where is Fenchurch Street? Stones of old Mincing Lane which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn
10 clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles.

It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands
15 still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from, or propinquity to the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday
20 nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, &c. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sate as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed the Ethiop white?—What is gone of
25 Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holiday as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it—is melted down into a week day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging
30 the huge cantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday.

I have time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May-morning. It is
35 Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him

NOTHING-TO-DO; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

5

As low as to the fiends.

I am no longer * * * * *, clerk to the firm of, &c. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est*. I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

12. THE GENTEEL STYLE IN WRITING.

It is an ordinary criticism, that my Lord Shaftesbury, and Sir William Temple, are models of the genteel style in writing. We should prefer saying—of the lordly, and the gentlemanly. Nothing can be more unlike, than the inflated finical rhapsodies of Shaftesbury and the plain natural chit-chat of Temple. The man of rank is discernible in both writers; but in the one it is only insinuated gracefully, in the other it stands out offensively. The peer seems to have written with his coronet on, and his Earl's mantle before him; the commoner in his elbow chair and undress. What can be more pleasant than the way in which the retired statesman peeps out in his essays, penned by the latter in his delightful retreat at Shene? They

scent of Nimeguen, and the Hague. Scarce an authority is quoted under an ambassador.

Don Francisco de Melo, a "Portugal Envoy in England," tells him it was frequent in his country for men, spent with
 5 age and other decays, so as they could not hope for above a year or two of life, to ship themselves away in a Brazil fleet, and after their arrival there to go on a great length, sometimes of twenty or thirty years, or more, by the force of that vigour they recovered with that remove. "Whether such an effect
 10 (Temple beautifully adds) might grow from the air, or the fruits of that climate, or by approaching nearer the sun, which is the fountain of light and heat, when their natural heat was so far decayed: or whether the piecing out of an old man's life were worth the pains, I cannot tell: perhaps the play is not
 15 worth the candle."

Monsieur Pompone, "French Ambassador in his (Sir William's) time at the Hague," certifies him, that in his life he had never heard of any man in France that arrived at a hundred years of age; a limitation of life which the old gentleman
 20 imputes to the excellence of their climate, giving them such a liveliness of temper and humour, as disposes them to more pleasures of all kinds than in other countries; and moralises upon the matter very sensibly.

The "late Robert Earl of Leicester" furnishes him with a
 25 story of a Countess of Desmond, married out of England in Edward the Fourth's time, and who lived far in King James's reign. The "same noble person" gives him an account, how such a year, in the same reign, there went about the country a set of morrice-dancers, composed of ten men who danced,
 30 a Maid Marian, and a tabor and pipe; and how these twelve, one with another, made up twelve hundred years. "It was not so much (says Temple) that so many in one small county (Hertfordshire) should live to that age, as that they should be in vigour and in humour to travel and to dance."

35 Monsieur Zulichem, one of his "colleagues at the Hague," informs him of a cure for the gout; which is confirmed by another "Envoy," Monsieur Serinchamps, in that town, who had tried it,—Old Prince Maurice of Nassau recommends to him the use of hammocks in that complaint; having been

allured to sleep, while suffering under it himself, by the "constant motion or swinging of those airy beds." Count Egmont, and the Rhinegrave who "was killed last summer before Maestricht," impart to him their experiences.

But the rank of the writer is never more innocently disclosed, than where he takes for granted the compliments paid by foreigners to his fruit trees. For the taste and perfection of what we esteem the best, he can truly say, that the French, who have eaten his peaches and grapes at Shene in no very ill year, have generally concluded that the last are as good 10 as any they have eaten in France on this side Fontainbleau; and the first as good as any they have eat in Gascony. Italians have agreed his white figs to be as good as any of that sort in Italy, which is the earlier kind of white fig there; for in the latter kind and the blue, we cannot come near the warm 15 climates, no more than in the Frontignac or Muscat grape. His orange-trees too, are as large as any he saw when he was young in France, except those in Fontainbleau; or what he has seen since in the Low Countries, except some very old ones of the Prince of Orange's. Of grapes he had the honour 20 of bringing over four sorts into England, which he enumerates, and supposes that they are all by this time pretty common among some gardeners in his neighbourhood, as well as several persons of quality; for he ever thought all things of this kind "the commoner they are made the better." 25

The garden pedantry with which he asserts that 'tis to little purpose to plant any of the best fruits, as peaches or grapes, hardly, he doubts, beyond Northamptonshire at the furthest northwards; and praises the "Bishop of Munster at Cosevelt," for attempting nothing beyond cherries in that 30 cold climate; is equally pleasant and in character. "I may perhaps" (he thus ends his sweet Garden Essay with a passage worthy of Cowley) "be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, 35 without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes. For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination

of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any of them, but have often endeavoured to escape from them, into the
 5 ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths and circles of life. The measure of choosing well is whether a man likes what he has chosen, which I thank God has befallen me; and though among the follies of my life, building and planting have
 10 not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own; yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever once going
 15 to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humour to make so small a remove; for when I am in this corner, I can truly say with Horace, *Me quoties*
 20 *reficit, &c.*

“ Me, when the cold Digentian stream revives,
 What does my friend believe I think or ask?
 Let me yet less possess, so I may live,
 Whate’er of life remains, unto myself.
 25 May I have books enough; and one year’s store,
 Not to depend upon each doubtful hour:
 This is enough of mighty Jove to pray,
 Who, as he pleases, gives and takes away.”

The writings of Temple are, in general, after this easy copy,
 30 On one occasion, indeed, his wit, which was mostly subordinate to nature and tenderness, has seduced him into a string of felicitous antitheses: which, it is obvious to remark, have been a model to Addison and succeeding essayists. “ Who would not be covetous, and with reason,” he says, “ if health
 35 could be purchased with gold? who not ambitious, if it were at the command of power, or restored by honour? but, alas! a white staff will not help gouty feet to walk better than a common cane; nor a blue riband bind up a wound so well as a fillet. The glitter of gold or of diamonds, will but hurt sore

eyes instead of curing them; and an aching head will be no more eased by wearing a crown, than a common nightcap."

In a far better style, and more accordant with his own humour of plainness, are the concluding sentences of his "Discourse upon Poetry." Temple took a part in the controversy about the ancient and the modern learning; and, with that partiality so natural and so graceful in an old man, whose state engagements had left him little leisure to look into modern productions, while his retirement gave him occasion to look back upon the classic studies of his youth—decided in favour of the latter. "Certain it is," he says, "that, whether the fierceness of the Gothic humours, or noise of their perpetual wars, frightened it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it—the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and Empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet, such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be the softest and the sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes, and the cottages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor and idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager, in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions or affections. I know very well that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music, as toys and trifles too light for the use of entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to their charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and request of these two entertainments will do so too; and happy those that content themselves with these,

or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them.”

“ When all is done (he concludes), human life is at the
5 greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with, and humoured a little, to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.”

13. BARBARA S———.

On the noon of the 14th of November, 1743 or 4, I forget which it was, just as the clock had struck one, Barbara
10 S———, with her accustomed punctuality, ascended the long rambling staircase, with awkward interposed landing-places, which led to the office, or rather a sort of box with a desk in it, whereat sat the then Treasurer of (what few of our readers may remember) the Old Bath Theatre. All over the island
15 it was the custom, and remains so I believe to this day, for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. It was not much that Barbara had to claim.

This little maid had just entered her eleventh year; but her important station at the theatre, as it seemed to her, with
20 the benefits which she felt to accrue from her pious application of her small earnings, had given an air of womanhood to her steps and to her behaviour. You would have taken her to have been at least five years older.

Till latterly she had merely been employed in choruses, or
25 where children were wanted to fill up the scene. But the manager, observing a diligence and adroitness in her above her age, had for some few months past intrusted to her the performance of whole parts. You may guess the self-consequence of the promoted Barbara. She had already drawn
30 tears in young Arthur; had rallied Richard with infantine petulance in the Duke of York; and in her turn had rebuked

that petulance when she was Prince of Wales. She would have done the elder child in Morton's pathetic after-piece to the life; but as yet the "Children in the Wood" was not.

Long after this little girl was grown an aged woman, I have seen some of these small parts, each making two or 5 three pages at most, copied out in the rudest hand of the then prompter, who doubtless transcribed a little more carefully and fairly for the grown-up tragedy ladies of the establishment. But such as they were, blotted and scrawled, as for a child's use, she kept them all; and in the zenith of her after 10 reputation it was a delightful sight to behold them bound up in costliest Morocco, each single—each small part making a *book*—with fine clasps, gilt-splashed, &c. She has conscientiously kept them as they had been delivered to her; not a blot had been effaced or tampered with. They were precious 15 to her for their affecting remembrancings. They were her principia, her rudiments; the elementary atoms; the little steps by which she pressed forward to perfection. "What," she would say, "could Indian rubber, or a pumice stone have done for these darlings?" 20

I am in no hurry to begin my story—indeed I have little or none to tell—so I will just mention an observation of hers connected with that interesting time.

Not long before she died I had been discoursing with her on the quantity of real present emotion which a great tragic 25 performer experiences during acting. I ventured to think that though in the first instance such players must have possessed the feelings which they so powerfully called up in others, yet by frequent repetition those feelings must become deadened in great measure, and the performer trust to the 30 memory of past emotion, rather than express a present one. She indignantly repelled the notion, that with a truly great tragedian the operation, by which such effects were produced upon an audience, could ever degrade itself into what was purely mechanical. With much delicacy, avoiding to instance 35 in her *self*-experience, she told me, that so long ago as when she used to play the part of the Little Son to Mrs. Porter's Isabella (I think it was), when that impressive actress has been bending over her in some heart-rending colloquy,

she has felt real hot tears come trickling from her, which (to use her powerful expression) have perfectly scalded her back.

I am not quite so sure that it was Mrs. Porter; but it was some great actress of that day. The name is indifferent; but
5 the fact of the scalding tears I most distinctly remember.

I was always fond of the society of players, and am not sure that an impediment in my speech (which certainly kept me out of the pulpit) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, did not
10 prevent me at one time of life from adopting it. I have had the honour (I must ever call it) once to have been admitted to the tea-table of Miss Kelly. I have played at serious whist with Mr. Liston. I have chatted with ever good-humoured Mrs. Charles Kemble. I have conversed as friend to friend
15 with her accomplished husband. I have been indulged with a classical conference with Macready; and with a sight of the Player-picture gallery, at Mr. Matthews's, when the kind owner, to remunerate me for my love of the old actors (whom he loves so much), went over it with me, supplying to his capital
20 collection, what alone the artist could not give them—voice; and their living motion. Old tones, half-faded, of Dodd, and Parsons, and Baddeley, have lived again for me at his bidding. Only Edwin he could not restore to me. I have supped with
———; but I am growing a coxcomb.

25 As I was about to say—at the desk of the then treasurer of the old Bath theatre—not Diamond's—presented herself the little Barbara S———.

The parents of Barbara had been in reputable circumstances. The father had practised, I believe, as an apothecary
30 in the town. But his practice, from causes which I feel my own infirmity too sensibly that way to arraign—or perhaps from that pure infelicity which accompanies some people in their walk through life and which it is impossible to lay at the door of imprudence—was now reduced to nothing. They
35 were in fact in the very teeth of starvation, when the manager, who knew and respected them in better days, took the little Barbara into his company.

At the period I commenced with, her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters.

I must throw a veil over some mortifying circumstances. Enough to say, that her Saturday's pittance was the only chance of a Sunday's (generally their only) meal of meat.

One thing I will only mention, that in some child's part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast fowl (O joy to Barbara !) some comic actor, who was for the night caterer for this dainty—in the misguided humour of his part, threw over the dish such a quantity of salt (O grief and pain of heart to Barbara !) that when she crammed a portion of it into her mouth, she was obliged splutteringly to reject it; and what with shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing such a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking, till a flood of tears, which the well-fed spectators were totally unable to comprehend, mercifully relieved her.

This was the little starved, meritorious maid, who stood before old Ravenscroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

Ravenscroft was a man, I have heard many old theatrical people beside herself say, of all men least calculated for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient, blest himself that it was no worse.

Now Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half guinea.— By mistake he popped into her hand—a whole one.

Barbara tripped away.

She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake: God knows Ravenscroft would never have discovered it.

But when she got down to the first of those uncouth landing places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now mark the dilemma.

She was by nature a good child. From her parents and those about her she had imbibed no contrary influence. But then they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended,

but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thought of it as something which concerned grown-up people, men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

5 Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it. She saw *that* in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money !
10 and then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat on their table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened, and her mouth moistened. But then Mr. Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, had stood her friend behind the scenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her
15 little parts. But again the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a year clear of the theatre. And then came staring upon her the figures of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters. And when she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which
20 her situation at the theatre had made it indispensable for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same—and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been
25 precluded from doing, by reason of their unfashionable attire,—in these thoughts she reached the second landing-place—the second; I mean from the top—for there was still another left to traverse.

Now virtue support Barbara !

30 And that never-failing friend did step in—for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her—a reason above reasoning—and without her own agency, as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move) she found herself transported back to the individual desk she
35 had just quitted, and her hand in the old hand of Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages; and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

A year or two's unrepining application to her profession brightened up the feet, and the prospects, of her little sisters, set the whole family upon their legs again, and released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas upon a landing-place.

I have heard her say, that it was a surprise, not much short of mortification to her, to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference, which had caused her such mortal throes.

This anecdote of herself I had in the year 1800, from the mouth of the late Mrs. Crawford, then sixty-seven years of age (she died soon after); and to her struggles upon this childish occasion I have sometimes ventured to think her indebted for that power of rending the heart in the representation of conflicting emotions, for which in after years she was considered as little inferior (if at all so in the part of Lady Randolph) even to Mrs. Siddons.

14. THE TOMBS IN THE ABBEY.

IN A LETTER TO R—— S——, ESQ.

Though in some points of doctrine, and perhaps of discipline, I am diffident of lending a perfect assent to that church which you have so worthily *historified*, yet may the ill time never come to me, when with a chilled heart, or a portion of irreverent sentiment, I shall enter her beautiful and time-hallowed Edifices. Judge then of my mortification when, after attending the choral anthems of last Wednesday at Westminster, and being desirous of renewing my acquaintance, after lapsed years, with the tombs and antiquities there, I found myself excluded; turned out like a dog, or some profane person, into the common street with feelings not very congenial to the place, or to the solemn service which I had been listening to. It was a jar after that music.

You had your education at Westminster; and doubtless among those dim aisles and cloisters, you must have gathered much of that devotional feeling in those young years, on which your purest mind feeds still—and may it feed! The anti-
 5 quarian spirit, strong in you and gracefully blending ever with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality. You owe it to the place of your education; you owe it to your learned fondness for the architecture of your ancestors; you owe it to the venerableness of
 10 your ecclesiastical establishment, which is daily lessened and called in question through these practices—to speak aloud your sense of them; never to desist raising your voice against them, till they be totally done away with and abolished; till the doors of Westminster Abbey be no longer closed against
 15 the decent, though low-in-purse, enthusiast, or blameless devotee, who must commit an injury against his family economy, if he would be indulged with a bare admission within its walls. You owe it to the decencies which you wish to see maintained in its impressive services, that our Cathedral be
 20 no longer an object of inspection to the poor at those times only, in which they must rob from their attendance on the worship every minute which they can bestow upon the fabric.

In vain the public prints have taken up this subject, in vain such poor nameless writers as myself express their indignation.
 25 A word from you, Sir—a hint in your Journal—would be sufficient to fling open the doors of the beautiful Temple again, as we can remember them when we were boys. At that time of life, what would the imaginative faculty (such as it is) in both of us, have suffered, if the entrance to so much reflection had been obstructed by the demand of so much silver!
 30 —If we had scraped it up to gain an occasional admission (as we certainly should have done) would the sight of those old tombs have been as impressive to us (while we had been weighing anxiously prudence against sentiment) as when the
 35 gates stood open, as those of the adjacent Park; when we could walk in at any time, as the mood brought us, for a shorter or longer time, as that lasted? Is the being shown over a place the same as silently for ourselves detecting the genius of it? In no part of our beloved Abbey now can a

person find entrance (out of service time) under the sum of *two shillings*. The rich and the great will smile at the anticlimax, presumed to lie in these two short words. But you can tell them, Sir, how much quiet worth, how much capacity for enlarged feeling, how much taste and genius, may coexist, especially in youth, with a purse incompetent to this demand. 5

A respected friend of ours, during his late visit to the metropolis, presented himself for admission to St. Paul's. At the same time a decently clothed man, with as decent a wife and child, were bargaining for the same indulgence. The price was only two-pence each person. The poor but decent man hesitated, desirous to go in; but there were three of them, and he turned away reluctantly. Perhaps he wished to have seen the tomb of Nelson. Perhaps the Interior of the Cathedral was his object. But in the state of his finances, even 15 sixpence might reasonably seem too much.

Tell the Aristocracy of the country (no man can do it more impressively); instruct them of what value these insignificant pieces of money, these minims to their sight, may be to their humbler brethren. Shame these Sellers out of the Temple. 20 Stifle not the suggestions of your better nature with the pretext, that an indiscriminate admission would expose the Tombs to violation. Remember your boy-days. Did you ever see, or hear, of a mob in the Abbey, while it was free to all? Do the rabble come there, or trouble their heads about 25 such speculations? It is all that you can do to drive them into your churches; they do not voluntarily offer themselves. They have, alas! no passion for antiquities; for tomb of king or prelate, sage or poet. It they had, they would be no longer the rabble. 30

For forty years that I have known the Fabric, the only well-attested charge of violation adduced, has been—a ridiculous dismemberment committed upon the effigy of that amiable spy, Major André. And is it for this—the wanton mischief of some school-boy, fired perhaps with raw notions 35 of Transatlantic Freedom—or the remote possibility of such a mischief occurring again, so easily to be prevented by stationing a constable within the walls, if the vergers are incompetent to the duty—is it upon such wretched pretences, that the

people of England are made to pay a new Peter's Pence, so long abrogated; or must content themselves with contemplating the ragged Exterior of their Cathedral? The mischief was done about the time that you were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?—

15. AMICUS REDIVIVUS.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?

I do not know when I have experienced a stranger sensation, than on seeing my old friend G. D., who had been paying me
10 a morning visit a few Sundays back, at my cottage at Islington, upon taking leave, instead of turning down the right hand path by which he had entered—with staff in hand, and at noon day, deliberately march right forwards into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappear.

15 A spectacle like this at dusk would have been appalling enough; but, in the broad open daylight, to witness such an unreserved motion towards self-destruction in a valued friend, took from me all power of speculation.

How I found my feet, I know not. Consciousness was quite
20 gone. Some spirit, not my own, whirled me to the spot. I remember nothing but the silvery apparition of a good white head emerging; nigh which a staff (the hand unseen that wielded it) pointed upwards, as feeling for the skies. In a moment (if time was in that time) he was on my shoulders,
25 and I—freighted with a load more precious than his who bore Anchises.

And here I cannot but do justice to the officious zeal of sundry passers by, who, albeit arriving a little too late to participate in the honours of the rescue, in philanthropic
30 shoals came thronging to communicate their advice as to the recovery; prescribing variously the application, or non-

application, of salt, &c., to the person of the patient. Life meantime was ebbing fast away, amidst the stifle of conflicting judgments, when one, more sagacious than the rest, by a bright thought, proposed sending for the Doctor. Trite as the counsel was, and impossible, as one should think, to be missed on,—shall I confess? in this emergency, it was to me as if an Angel had spoken. Great previous exertions—and mine had not been inconsiderable—are commonly followed by a debility of purpose. This was a moment of irresolution. 5

MONOCULUS—for so, in default of catching his true name, I choose to designate the medical gentleman who now appeared—is a grave, middle-aged person, who, without having studied at the college, or truckled to the pedantry of a diploma, hath employed a great portion of his valuable time in experimental processes upon the bodies of unfortunate fellow-creatures, in whom the vital spark, to mere vulgar thinking, would seem extinct, and lost for ever. He omitteth no occasion of obtruding his services, from a case of common surfeit-suffocation to the ignobler obstructions, sometimes induced by a too wilful application of the plant *Cannabis* outwardly. 15 20

But though he declineth not altogether these drier extinctions, his occupation tendeth for the most part to water-practice; for the convenience of which, he hath judiciously fixed his quarters near the grand repository of the stream mentioned, where, day and night, from his little watch tower, at the Middleton's Head, he listeneth to detect the wrecks of drowned mortality—partly, as he saith to be upon the spot—and partly, because the liquids which he useth to prescribe to himself and his patients, on these distressing occasions, are ordinarily more conveniently to be found at these common hostelries, than in the shops and phials of the apothecaries. His ear hath arrived to such finesse by practice, that it is reported he can distinguish a plunge at a half furlong distance; and can tell, if it be casual or deliberate. 25 30 35

He weareth a medal, suspended over a suit, originally of a sad brown, but which by time, and frequency of nightly divings, has been dinged into a true professional sable. He passeth by the name of Doctor, and is remarkable for wanting

his left eye. His remedy—after a sufficient application of warm blankets, friction, &c., is a simple tumbler, or more, of the purest Cognac, with water, made as hot as the convalescent can bear it. Where he findeth, as in the case of my friend, a
5 squeamish subject, he condescendeth to be the taster; and showeth, by his own example, the innocuous nature of the prescription. Nothing can be more kind or encouraging than this procedure. It addeth confidence to the patient, to see his medical adviser go hand in hand with himself in the remedy.
10 When the doctor swalloweth his own draught, what peevish invalid can refuse to pledge him in the potion?

In fine, MONOCULUS is a humane, sensible man, who, for a slender pittance, scarce enough to sustain life, is content to wear it out in the endeavour to save the lives of others—his
15 pretensions so moderate, that with difficulty I could press a crown upon him, for the price of restoring the existence of such an invaluable creature to society as G. D.

It was pleasant to observe the effect of the subsiding alarm upon the nerves of the dear absentee. It seemed to have given
20 a shake to memory, calling up notice after notice, of all the providential deliverances he had experienced in the course of his long and innocent life. Sitting up in my couch—my couch which, naked and void of furniture hitherto, for the salutary repose which it administered, shall be honoured with costly
25 valance, at some price, and henceforth be a state-bed at Colebrook,—he discoursed of marvellous escapes—by carelessness of nurses—by pails of gelid, and kettles of the boiling element, in infancy—by orchard pranks, and snapping twigs, in school-boy frolics—by descent of tiles at Trumpington, and of heavier
30 tomes at Pembroke—by studious watchings, inducing frightful vigilance—by want, and the fear of want, and all the sore throbbings of the learned head.—Anon, he would burst into little fragments of chanting—of songs long ago—ends of deliverance hymns, not remembered before since childhood,
35 but coming up now, when his heart was made tender as a child's—for the *tremor cordis*, in the retrospect of a recent deliverance, as in a case of impending danger, acting upon an innocent heart, will produce a self-tenderness, which we should do ill to christen cowardice; and Shakspeare, in the latter

crisis, has made his good Sir Hugh to remember the sitting by Babylon, and to mutter of shallow rivers.

Waters of Sir Hugh Middleton—what a spark you were like to have extinguished for ever! Your salubrious streams to this City, for now near two centuries, would hardly have 5 atoned for what you were in a moment washing away. Mockery of a river—liquid artifice—wretched conduit! henceforth rank with canals, and sluggish aqueducts. Was it for this, that, smit in boyhood with the explorations of that Abyssinian traveller, I paced the vales of Amwell to explore 10 your tributary springs, to trace your salutary waters, sparkling through green Hertfordshire, and cultured Enfield parks?—Ye have no swans—no Naiads—no river God—or did the benevolent hoary aspect of my friend tempt ye to suck him in, that ye also might have the tutelary genius of your waters? 15

Had he been drowned in Cam there would have been some consonancy in it; but what willows had ye to wave and rustle over his moist sepulture?—or, having no *name*, besides that unmeaning assumption of *eternal novelty*, did ye think to get one by the noble prize, and henceforth to be termed the STREAM 20 DYERIAN?

And could such spacious virtue find a grave
Beneath the imposthumed bubble of a wave?

I protest, George, you shall not venture out again—no, not by daylight—without a sufficient pair of spectacles—in your 25 musing moods especially. Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it. You shall not go wandering into Euripus with Aristotle, if we can help it. Fie, man, to turn dipper at your years, after your many tracts in favour of sprinkling only! 30

I have nothing but water in my head o' nights since this frightful accident. Sometimes I am with Clarence in his dream. At others, I behold Christian beginning to sink, and crying out to his good brother Hopeful (that is, to me), "I sink in deep water; the billows go over my head, all the waves go 35 over me. Selah." Then I have before me Palinurus, just letting go the steerage. I cry out too late to save. Next follow—a mournful procession—*suicidal faces*, saved against their wills from drowning; dolefully trailing a length of

reluctant gratefulness, with ropy weeds pendent from locks of
watchet hue—constrained Lazari—Pluto's half-subjects—
stolen fees from the grave—bilking Charon of his fare. At
their head Arion—or is it G. D. ?—in his singing garments
5 marcheth singly, with harp in hand, and votive garland, which
Machaon (or Dr. Hawes) snatcheth straight, intending to
suspend it to the stern God of Sea. Then follow dismal
streams of Lethe, in which the half-drenched on earth are
constrained to drown downright, by wharfs where Ophelia
10 twice acts her muddy death.

And, doubtless, there is some notice in that invisible
world, when one of us approacheth (as my friend did so lately)
to their inexorable precincts. When a soul knocks once,
twice, at Death's door, the sensation aroused within the
15 palace must be considerable; and the grim Feature, by modern
science so often dispossessed of his prey, must have learnt by
this time to pity Tantalus.

A pulse assuredly was felt along the line of the Elysian
shades, when the near arrival of G. D. was announced by no
20 equivocal indications. From their seats of Asphodel arose the
gentler and the graver ghosts—poet, or historian,—of Grecian
or of Roman lore—to crown with unfading chaplets the half-
finished love labours of their unwearied scholiast. Him
Markland expected—him Tyrwhitt hoped to encounter—him
25 the sweet lyrist of Peter House, whom he had barely seen upon
earth, with newest airs prepared to greet ——; and, patron
of the gentle Christ's boy,—who should have been his patron
through life—the mild Askew, with longing aspirations
leaned foremost from his venerable Aesculapian chair, to
30 welcome into that happy company the matured virtues of the
man, whose tender scions in the boy he himself upon earth
had so prophetically fed and watered.

16. SOME SONNETS OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Sydney's Sonnets—I speak of the best of them—are among the very best of their sort. They fall below the plain moral dignity, the sanctity, and high yet modest spirit of self-approval, of Milton, in his compositions of a similar structure. They are in a truth what Milton, censuring the *Arcadia*, says 5 of that work (to which they are a sort of after-tune or application), “vain and amatorious” enough, yet the things in their kind (as he confesses to be true of the romance) may be “full of worth and wit.” They savour of the Courtier, it must be allowed, and not of the Commonwealthsman. But Milton 10 was a Courtier when he wrote the *Masque* at Ludlow Castle, and still more a Courtier when he composed the *Arcades*. When the national struggle was to begin, he becomingly cast these vanities behind him; and if the order of time had thrown Sir Philip upon the crisis which preceded the Revolu- 15 tion, there is no reason why he should not have acted the same part in that emergency, which has glorified the name of a later Sydney. He did not want for plainness or boldness of spirit. His letter on the French match may testify, he could speak his mind freely to Princes. The times did not call him 20 to the scaffold.

The Sonnets which we oftenest call to mind of Milton were the compositions of his maturest years. Those of Sydney, which I am about to produce, were written in the very hey-day of his blood. They are stuck full of amorous fancies— 25 far-fetched conceits, befitting his occupation: for True Love thinks no labour to send out Thoughts upon the vast, and more than Indian voyages, to bring home rich pearls, outlandish wealth, gums, jewels, spicery, to sacrifice in self-depreciating similitudes, as shadows of true amiabilities in 30 the Beloved. We must be Lovers—or at least the cooling touch of time, the *circum praecordia frigus*, must not have so damped our faculties, as to take away our recollection that we were once so—before we can duly appreciate the glorious vanities, and graceful hyperboles, of the passion. The images 35

which lie before our feet (though by some accounted the only natural) are least natural for the high Sydnean love to express its fancies by. They may serve for the loves of Tibullus, or the dear Author of the Schoolmistress; for passions that creep
 5 and whine in Elegies and Pastoral Ballads. I am sure Milton never loved at this rate. I am afraid some of his addresses (*ad Leonoram* I mean) have rather erred on the farther side; and that the poet came not much short of a religious indecorum, when he could thus apostrophise a
 10 singing-girl;—

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit aetheriis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major,
 Nam tua praesentem vox sonat ipsa Deum?
 15 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia coeli,
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono.
 QUOD SI CUNCTA QUIDEM DEUS EST, PER CUNCTAQUE FUSUS,
 20 IN TE UNA LOQUITUR, CAETERA MUTUS HABET.

This is loving in a strange fashion: and it requires some candour of construction (besides the slight darkening of a dead language) to cast a veil over the ugly appearance of something very like blasphemy in the last two verses. I think the
 25 Lover would have been staggered, if he had gone about to express the same thought in English. I am sure, Sydney has no flights like this. His extravaganzas do not strike at the sky, though he takes leave to adopt the pale Dian into a fellowship with his mortal passions.

I.

30 With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies;
 How silently; and with how wan a face!
 What! may it be, that even in heavenly place
 That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 35 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
 I read it in thy looks; thy languisht grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit!
 40 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess?
 Do they call *virtue* there—*ungratefulness*?

The last line of this poem is a little obscured by transposition. He means, Do they call ungratefulness there a virtue? 5

II.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low; 10
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw;
 O make in me those civil wars to cease:
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me sweet pillows, sweetest bed; 15
 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
 A rosy garland, and a weary head.
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, STELLA's image see. 20

III.

The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
 Bewray itself in my long-settled eyes,
 Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
 With idle pains, and missing aims, do guess.
 Some, that know how my spring I did address, 25
 Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies;
 Others, because the Prince my service tries,
 Think, that I think state errors to redress;
 But harder judges judge, ambition's rage,
 Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place, 30
 Holds my young brain captiv'd in golden cage.
 O fools, or over-wise! alas, the race
 Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start,
 But only STELLA's eyes, and STELLA's heart.

IV.

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise 35
 Seem most alone in greatest company,
 With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
 To them that would make speech of speech arise;

They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
 That poison foul of bubbling *Pride* doth lie
 So in my swelling breast, that only I
 Fawn on myself, and others do despise;
 5 Yet *Pride*, I think, doth not my soul possess,
 Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;
 But one worse fault—*Ambition*—I confess,
 That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
 Unseen, unheard—while Thought to highest place
 10 Bends all his powers, even unto STELLA's grace.

V.

Having this day, my horse, my hand, my lance,
 Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
 Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
 And of some sent from that *sweet enemy*,—France;
 15 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
 Townsfolk my strength; a daintier judge applies
 His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
 Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
 Others, because of both sides I do take
 20 My blood from them, who did excel in this,
 Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
 How far they shot awry! the true cause is,
 STELLA looked on, and from her heavenly face
 Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

VI.

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,
 And yet to break more staves did me address,
 While with the people's shouts (I must confess)
 Youth, luck, and praise, even fill'd my veins with pride—
 When Cupid having me (his slave) descried
 30 In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,
 "What now, Sir Fool!" said he: "I would no less:
 Look here, I say," I look'd, and STELLA spied,
 Who hard by made a window send forth light.
 My heart then quak'd, then dazzled were mine eyes
 35 One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight;
 Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries.
 My foe came on, and beat the air for me—
 Till that her blush made me my shame to see.

VII.

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try;
 40 O give my passions leave to run their race;
 Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace;

Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry;
 Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye;
 Let me no steps, but of lost labour, trace;
 Let all the earth with scorn recount my case—
 But do not will me from my love to fly. 5
 I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
 Nor do aspire to Caesar's bleeding fame;
 Nor aught do care, though some above me sit;
 Nor hope, nor wish, another course to frame,
 But that which once may win thy cruel heart: 10
 Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

VIII.

Love still a boy, and oft a wanton is,
 School'd only by his mother's tender eye;
 What wonder then, if he his lesson miss,
 When for so soft a rod dear play he try? 15
 And yet my STAR, because a sugar'd kiss
 In sport I suck'd, while she asleep did lie,
 Doth lour, nay chide, nay threat, for only this.
 Sweet, it was saucy LOVE, not humble I.
 But no 'scuse serves; she makes her wrath appear 20
 In beauty's throne—see now who dares come near
 Those scarlet judges, threat'ning bloody pain?
 O heav'nly Fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
 Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
 That anger's self I needs must kiss again. 25

IX.

I never drank of Aganippe well,
 Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
 The Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell;
 Poor lay-man I, for sacred rites unfit.
 Some do I hear of Poet's fury tell, 30
 But (God wot) wot not what they mean by it;
 And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
 I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
 How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease
 My thoughts I speak, and what I speak doth flow 35
 In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?
 Guess me the cause—what is it thus?—fye, no.
 Or so?—much less. How then? sure thus it is,
 My lips are sweet, inspired by STELLA's kiss.

X.

Of all the kings that ever here did reign,
 Edward, named Fourth, as first in praise I name, 40

Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain,
 Although less gifts imp feathers oft on Fame.
 Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame
 His sire's revenge, join'd with a kingdom's gain;
 5 And, gain'd by Mars could yet mad Mars so tame,
 That Balance weigh'd what Sword did late obtain.
 Nor that he made the Floure-de-luce so 'fraid,
 Though strongly hedged of bloody Lions' paws,
 That witty Lewis to him a tribute paid.
 10 Nor this, not that, nor any such small cause—
 But only, for this worthy knight durst prove
 To lose his crown rather than fail his love.

XI.

O happy Thames, that didst my STELLA bear,
 I saw thyself, with many a smiling line
 15 Upon thy cheerful face, Joy's livery wear,
 While those fair planets on thy streams did shine
 The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
 While wanton winds, with beauty so divine
 Ravish'd, stay'd not, till in her golden hair,
 20 They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine.
 And fain those Aeol's youth there would their stay
 Have made; but, forced by nature still to fly,
 First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
 She, so dishevell'd, blush'd ! from window I
 25 With sight thereof cried out, O fair disgrace.
 Let honour's self to thee grant highest place !

XII.

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be;
 And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
 30 Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet,
 More soft than to a chamber melody;
 Now blessed You bear onward blessed Me
 To her, where I my heart safe left shall meet,
 My Muse and I must you of duty greet
 With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully,
 35 Be you still fair, honour'd by public heed,
 By no encroachment wrong'd nor time forgot;
 Nor blam'd for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed.
 And that you know, I envy you no lot
 Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,
 40 Hundreds of years you STELLA's feet may kiss.

Of the foregoing, the first, the second, and the last sonnet, are my favourites. But the general beauty of them all, is,

that they are so perfectly characteristic. The spirit of “learning and of chivalry,”—of which union, Spenser has entitled Sydney to have been the “president,”—shines through them. I confess I can see nothing of the “jejune” or “frigid” in them; much less of the “stiff” and “cumbrous” —which I have sometimes heard objected to the *Arcadia*. The verse runs off swiftly and gallantly. It might have been tuned to the trumpet; or tempered (as himself expresses it) to “trampling horses’ feet.” They abound in felicitous phrases—

O heav’nly Fool, thy most kiss-worthy face—

8th Sonnet.

10

——Sweet pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.

2nd Sonnet.

——That sweet enemy,—France—5th Sonnet.

But they are not rich in words only, in vague and unlocal-ised feelings—the failing too much of some poetry of the present day—they are full, material, and circumstantiated. Time and place appropriates every one of them. It is not a fever of passion wasting itself upon a thin diet of dainty words, but a transcendent passion pervading and illuminating action, pursuits, studies, feats of arms, the opinions of contemporaries and his judgment of them. An historical thread runs through them, which almost affixes a date to them; marks the *when* and *where* they were written.

I have dwelt the longer upon what I conceive the merit of these poems, because I have been hurt by the wantonness (I wish I could treat it by a gentler name) with which W. H. takes every occasion of insulting the memory of Sir Philip Sydney. But the decisions of the Author of *Table Talk*, &c. (most profound and subtle where they are, as for the most part, just) are more safely to be relied upon, on subjects and authors he has a partiality for, than on such as he has conceived an accidental prejudice against. Milton wrote Sonnets, and was a king-hater; and it was congenial perhaps to sacrifice a courtier to a patriot. But I was unwilling to lose a *fine idea* from my mind. The noble images, passions, sentiments, and

poetical delicacies of character, scattered all over the Arcadia (spite of some stiffness and encumberment), justify to me the character which his contemporaries have left us of the writer. I cannot think with the Critic, that Sir Philip Sydney was that
 5 *opprobrious thing* which a foolish nobleman in his insolent hostility chose to term him. I call to mind the epitaph made on him, to guide me to juster thoughts of him; and I repose upon the beautiful lines in the "Friend's Passion for his Astrophel," printed with the Elegies of Spenser and others.

10 You knew—who knew not Astrophel?
 (That I should live to say I knew,
 And have not in possession still!)—
 Things known permit me to renew—
 15 Of him you know his merit such,
 I cannot say—you hear—too much.

 Within these woods of Arcady
 He chief delight and pleasure took;
 And on the mountain Partheny,
 20 Upon the crystal liquid brook,
 The muses met him every day,
 That taught him sing, to write, and say.

 When he descended down the mount,
 His personage seemed most divine:
 A thousand graces one might count
 25 Upon his lovely cheerful eyne.
 To hear him speak, and sweetly smile,
 You were in Paradise the while.

*A sweet attractive kind of grace;
 A full assurance given by looks;
 Continual comfort in a face,
 The lineaments of Gospel books—*
 30 I trow that count'nance cannot lye,
 Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

* * * * *

35 Above all others this is he,
 Which erst approved in his song
 That love and honour might agree,
 And that pure love will do no wrong.
 Sweet saints, it is no sin or blame
 To love a man of virtuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breathe
 In any mortal breast before:
 Did never Muse inspire beneath
 A Poet's brain a finer store,
 He wrote of Love with high conceit,
 And Beauty rear'd above her height.

5

Or let any one read the deeper sorrows (grief running into rage) in the Poem,—the last in the collection accompanying the above,—which from internal testimony I believe to be Lord Brooke's,—beginning with "Silence augmenteth grief," 10 —and then seriously ask himself, whether the subject of such absorbing and confounding regrets could have been *that thing* which Lord Oxford termed him.

17. NEWSPAPERS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Dan Stuart once told us, that he did not remember that he ever deliberately walked into the Exhibition at Somerset House 15 in his life. He might occasionally have escorted a party of ladies across the way that were going in; but he never went in of his own head. Yet the office of the Morning Post newspaper stood then just where it does now—we are carrying you back, Reader, some thirty years or more—with its 20 gilt-globe-topt front facing that emporium of our artists' grand Annual Exposure. We sometimes wish that we had observed the same abstinence with Daniel.

A word or two of D. S. He ever appeared to us one of the finest tempered of Editors. Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, 25 was equally pleasant, with a dash, no slight one either, of the courtier. S. was frank, plain, and English all over. We have worked for both these gentlemen.

It is soothing to contemplate the head of the Ganges; to trace the first little bubblings of a mighty river; 30

With holy reverence to approach the rocks,
 Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient song.

Fired with a perusal of the Abyssinian Pilgrim's exploratory ramblings after the cradle of the infant Nilus, we well remember on one fine summer holyday (a "whole day's leave" we called it at Christ's Hospital) sallying forth at rise of sun, not very
 5 well provisioned either for such an undertaking, to trace the current of the New River—Middletonian stream!—to its scaturient source, as we had read, in meadows by fair Amwell. Gallantly did we commence our solitary quest—for it was essential to the dignity of a DISCOVERY, that no eye of
 10 schoolboy, save our own, should beam on the detection. By flowery spots, and verdant lanes skirting Hornsey, Hope trained us on in many a baffling turn; endless hopeless meanders, as it seemed; or as if the jealous waters had *dodged* us, reluctant to have the humble spot of their nativity
 15 revealed; till spent, and nigh famished, before set of the same sun, we sate down somewhere by Bowes Farm, near Tottenham, with a tithe of our proposed labours only yet accomplished; sorely convinced in spirit, that that Brucian enterprise was as yet too arduous for our young shoulders.

20 Not more refreshing to the thirsty curiosity of the traveller is the tracing of some mighty waters up to their shallow fontlet, than it is to a pleased and candid reader to go back to the inexperienced essays, the first callow flights in authorship, of some established name in literature; from the Gnat
 25 which preluded to the Aeneid, to the Duck which Samuel Johnson trod on.

In those days every Morning Paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a
 30 joke, and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal, but, above all, *dress*, furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant.

35 A fashion of *flesh*, or rather *pink*-coloured hose for the ladies, luckily coming up at the juncture, when we were on our probation for the place of Chief Jester to S.'s Paper, established our reputation in that line. We were pronounced a "capital hand." O the conceits which we varied upon *red*

in all its prismatic differences ! from the trite and obvious flower of Cytherea, to the flaming costume of the lady that has her sitting upon "many waters." Then there was the collateral topic of ankles. What an occasion to a truly chaste writer, like ourself, of touching that nice brink, and yet never tumbling over it, of a seemingly ever approximating something "not quite proper"; while, like a skilful posture-master, balancing betwixt decorums and their opposites, he keeps the line, from which an hair's-breadth deviation is destruction; hovering in the confines of light and darkness, 10 or where "both seem either"; a hazy uncertain delicacy; Autolycus-like in the Play, still putting off his expectant auditory with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man !" But, above all, that conceit arrided us most at that time, and still tickles our midriff to remember, where allusively to the flight 15 of Astraea—*ultima Caelestium terras reliquit*—we pronounced—in reference to the stockings still—that MODESTY, TAKING HER FINAL LEAVE OF MORTALS, HER LAST BLUSH WAS VISIBLE IN HER ASCENT TO THE HEAVENS BY THE TRACT OF THE GLOWING INSTEP. This might be called the crowning conceit; and 20 was esteemed tolerable writing in those days.

But the fashion of jokes, with all other things, passes away; as did the transient mode which had so favoured us. The ankles of our fair friends in a few weeks began to re-assume their whiteness, and left us scarce a leg to stand upon. Other 25 female whims followed, but none, methought, so pregnant, so invitatory of shrewd conceits, and more than single meanings.

Somebody has said, that to swallow six cross-buns daily consecutively for a fortnight, would surfeit the stoutest digestion. But to have to furnish as many jokes daily, and 30 that not for a fortnight, but for a long twelvemonth, as we were constrained to do, was a little harder exaction. "Man goeth forth to his work until the evening"—from a reasonable hour in the morning, we presume it was meant. Now, as our main occupation took us up from eight till five every day in the 35 city; and as our evening hours, at that time of life, had generally to do with any thing rather than business, it follows, that the only time we could spare for this manufactory of jokes—our supplementary livelihood, that supplied us in every want

beyond mere bread and cheese—was exactly that part of the day which (as we have heard of No Man's Land) may be fitly denominated No Man's Time; that is, no time, in which a man ought to be up, and awake, in. To speak more plainly, 5 it is that time, of an hour, or an hour and a half's duration, in which a man, whose occasions call him up so preposterously, has to wait for his breakfast.

O those headaches at dawn of day, when at five, or half-past five in summer, and not much later in the dark seasons, 10 we were compelled to rise, having been perhaps not above four hours in bed—for we were no go-to-beds with the lamb, though we anticipated the lark oftentimes in her rising—we like a parting cup at midnight, as all young men did before these effeminate times, and to have our friends about us—we were 15 not constellated under Aquarius, that watery sign, and therefore incapable of Bacchus, cold, washy, bloodless—we were none of your Basilian water-sponges, nor had taken our degrees at Mount Ague—we were right toying Capulets, jolly companions, we and they—but to have to get up, as we said 20 before, curtailed of half our fair sleep, fasting, with only a dim vista of refreshing Bohea in the distance—to be necessitated to rouse ourselves at the detestable rap of an old hag of a domestic, who seemed to take a diabolical pleasure in her announcement that it was “time to rise”; and whose chappy 25 knuckles we have often yearned to amputate, and string them up at our chamber-door, to be a terror to all such unreasonable rest-breakers in future—

“Facil” and sweet, as Virgil sings, had been the “descending” of the over-night, balmy the first sinking of the heavy 30 head upon the pillow; but to get up, as he goes on to say,

—revocare gradus, superasque evadere ad auras—

and to get up moreover to make jokes with malice prepended—there was the “labour,” there the “work.”

No Egyptian taskmaster ever devised a slavery like to that, 35 our slavery. No fractious operants ever turned out for half the tyranny, which this necessity exercised upon us. Half a dozen jests in a day (bating Sunday too), why, it seems nothing! We make twice the number every day in our lives

as a matter of course, and claim no Sabbatical exemptions. But then they come into our head. But when the head has to go out to them—when the mountain must go to Mahomet—

Reader, try it for once, only for one short twelvemonth.

It was not every week that a fashion of pink stockings 5 came up; but mostly instead of it, some rugged, untractable subject; some topic impossible to be contorted into the risible; some feature, upon which no smile could play; some flint, from which no process of ingenuity could procure a distillation. There they lay; there your appointed tale of 10 brick-making was set before you, which you must finish, with or without straw, as it happened. The craving Dragon—the *Public*—like him in Bel's temple—must be fed; it expected its daily rations; and Daniel, and ourselves, to do us justice, did the best we could on this side bursting him. 15

While we were wringing out coy sprightliness for the Post, and writhing under the toil of what is called "easy writing," Bob Allen, our *quondam* schoolfellow, was tapping his impracticable brains in a like service for the "Oracle." Not that Robert troubled himself much about wit. If his paragraphs 20 had a sprightly air about them, it was sufficient. He carried this nonchalance so far at last, that a matter of intelligence, and that no very important one, was not seldom palmed upon his employers for a good jest; for example sake—"Walking yesterday morning casually down Snow Hill, who should we meet 25 but Mr. Deputy Humphreys; we rejoice to add that the worthy Deputy appeared to enjoy a good state of health. We do not ever remember to have seen him looking better."

This gentleman so surprisingly met upon Snow Hill, from some peculiarities in gait or gesture, was a constant butt for 30 mirth to the small paragraph-mongers of the day; and our friend thought that he might have his fling at him with the rest. We met A. in Holborn shortly after this extraordinary rencounter, which he told with tears of satisfaction in his eyes, and chuckling at the anticipated effects of its announcement 35 next day in the paper. We did not quite comprehend where the wit of it lay at the time; nor was it easy to be detected, when the thing came out, advantaged by type and letterpress. He had better have met any thing that morning than a

Common Council Man. His services were shortly after dispensed with, on the plea that his paragraphs of late had been deficient in point. The one in question, it must be owned, had an air, in the opening especially, proper to awaken
 5 curiosity; and the sentiment, or moral, wears the aspect of humanity and good neighbourly feeling. But somehow the conclusion was not judged altogether to answer to the magnificent promise of the premises.

We traced our friend's pen afterwards in the "True Briton,"
 10 the "Star," the "Traveller,"—from all which he was successively dismissed, the Proprietors having "no further occasion for his services." Nothing was easier than to detect him. When wit failed, or topics ran low, there constantly appeared the following—"*It is not generally known that the three Blue*
 15 *Balls at the Pawnbrokers' shops are the ancient arms of Lombardy. The Lombards were the first money-brokers in Europe.*" Bob has done more to set the public right on this important point of blazonry, than the whole College of Heralds.

The appointment of a regular wit has long ceased to be a
 20 part of the economy of a Morning Paper. Editors find their own jokes, or do as well without them. Parson Este, and Topham, brought up the set custom of "witty paragraphs" first in the *World*. Boaden was a reigning paragraphist in his day, and succeeded poor Allen in the *Oracle*. But, as we said,
 25 the fashion of jokes passes away; and it would be difficult to discover in the Biographer of Mrs. Siddons, any traces of vivacity and fancy which charmed the whole town at the commencement of the present century. Even the prelusive delicacies of the present writer—the curt "*Astræan allusion*"
 30 —would be thought pedantic and out of date, in these days.

From the office of the Morning Post (for we may as well exhaust our Newspaper Reminiscences at once) by change of property in the paper, we were transferred, mortifying
 exchange! to the office of the Albion Newspaper, late Rack-
 35 strow's Museum, in Fleet Street. What a transition—from a handsome apartment, from rose-wood desks, and silver inkstands, to an office—no office, but a *den* rather, but just redeemed from the occupation of dead monsters, of which it seemed redolent—from the centre of loyalty and fashion, to a

focus of vulgarity and sedition ! Here in murky closet, inadequate from its square contents to the receipt of the two bodies of Editor, and humble paragraph-maker, together at one time, sat in the discharge of his new Editorial functions (the " Bigod " of Elia) the redoubted John Fenwick.

5

F., without a guinea in his pocket, and having left not many in the pockets of his friends whom he might command, had purchased (on tick doubtless) the whole and sole Editorship, Proprietorship, with all the rights and titles (such as they were worth) of the Albion, from one Lovell; of whom we know 10 nothing, save that he had stood in the pillory for a libel on the Prince of Wales. With this hopeless concern—for it had been sinking ever since its commencement, and could now reckon upon not more than a hundred subscribers—F. resolutely determined upon pulling down the Government in the first 15 instance, and making both our fortunes by way of corollary. For seven weeks and more did this infatuated Democrat go about borrowing seven-shilling pieces, and lesser coin, to meet the daily demands of the Stamp Office, which allowed no credit to publications of that side in politics. An outcast from 20 politer bread, we attached our small talents to the forlorn fortunes of our friend. Our occupation now was to write treason.

Recollections of feelings—which were all that now remained from our first boyish heats kindled by the French Revolution, 25 when, if we were misled, we erred in the company of some, who are accounted very good men now—rather than any tendency at this time to Republican doctrines—assisted us in assuming a style of writing, while the paper lasted, consonant in no very under tone—to the right earnest fanaticism of F. Our 30 cue was now to insinuate, rather than recommend, possible abdications. Blocks, axes, Whitehall tribunals, were covered with flowers of so cunning a periphrasis—as Mr. Bayes says, never naming the *thing* directly—that the keen eye of an Attorney General was insufficient to detect the lurking snake 35 among them. There were times, indeed, when we sighed for our more gentleman-like occupation under Stuart. But with change of masters it is ever change of service.

Already one paragraph, and another, as we learned after-

wards from a gentleman at the Treasury, had begun to be marked at that office, with a view of its being submitted at least to the attention of the proper Law Officers—when an unlucky, or rather lucky epigram from our pen, aimed at Sir
 5 J——s M——h, who was on the eve of departing for India to reap the fruits of his apostasy, as F. pronounced it (it is hardly worth particularising), happening to offend the nice sense of Lord, or, as he then delighted to be called, Citizen Stanhope, deprived F. at once of the last hopes of a guinea from the last
 10 patron that had stuck by us; and breaking up our establishment, left us to the safe, but somewhat mortifying, neglect of the Crown Lawyers. It was about this time, or a little earlier, that Dan Stuart made that curious confession to us, that he had “never deliberately walked into an Exhibition at Somerset
 15 House in his life.”

18. BARRENNESS OF THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY IN THE PRODUCTIONS OF MODERN ART.

Hogarth excepted, can we produce any one painter within the last fifty years, or since the humour of exhibiting began, that has treated a story *imaginatively*? By this we mean, upon whom his subject has so acted, that it has seemed to
 20 direct *him*—not to be arranged by him? Any upon whom its leading or collateral points have impressed themselves so tyrannically, that he dared not treat it otherwise, lest he should falsify a revelation? Any that has imparted to his compositions, not merely so much truth as is enough to convey
 25 a story with clearness, but that individualising property, which should keep the subject so treated distinct in feature

from every other subject, however similar, and to common apprehensions almost identical; so as that we might say, this and this part could have found an appropriate place in no other picture in the world but this?

Is there any thing in modern art—we will not demand that it should be equal—but in any way analogous to what Titian has effected, in that wonderful bringing together of two times in the “Ariadne,” in the National Gallery? Precipitous, with his reeling Satyr rout about him, re-peopling and re-illuminating suddenly the waste places, drunk with a new fury beyond the grape, Bacchus, born in fire, fire-like flings himself at the Cretan. This is the time present. With this telling of the story—an artist, and no ordinary one, might remain richly proud. Guido, in his harmonious version of it, saw no further. But from the depth of the imaginative spirit Titian has recalled past time, and laid it contributory with the present to one simultaneous effect. With the desert all ringing with the mad cymbals of his followers, made lucid with the presence and new offers of a god,—as if unconscious of Bacchus, or but idly casting her eyes as upon some unconcerning pageant—her soul undistracted from Theseus—Ariadne is still pacing the solitary shore in as much heart-silence, and in almost the same local solitude, with which she awoke at day-break to catch the forlorn last glances of the sail that bore away the Athenian.

Here are two points miraculously co-uniting; fierce society with the feeling of solitude still absolute, noon-day revelations, with the accidents of the dull grey dawn unquenched and lingering; the *present* Bacchus, with the *past* Ariadne; two stories, with double Time; separate, and harmonising. Had the artist made the woman one shade less indifferent to the God; still more, had she expressed a rapture at his advent, where would have been the story of the mighty desolation of the heart previous? merged in the insipid accident of a flattering offer met with a welcome acceptance. The broken heart for Theseus was not lightly to be pieced up by a God.

We have before us a fine rough print, from a picture by Raphael in the Vatican. It is the presentation of the new-born Eve to Adam by the Almighty. A fairer mother of man-

kind we might imagine, and a goodlier sire perhaps of men since born. But these are matters subordinate to the conception of the *situation*, displayed in this extraordinary production.

A tolerable modern artist would have been satisfied with
 5 tempering certain raptures of connubial anticipation, with a suitable acknowledgement to the Giver of the blessing, in the countenance of the first bridegroom; something like the divided attention of the child (Adam was here a child man) between the given toy, and the mother who had just blest it
 10 with the bauble. This is the obvious, the first-sight view, the superficial. An artist of a higher grade, considering the awful presence they were in, would have taken care to subtract something from the expression of the more human passion, and to heighten the more spiritual one. This would be as
 15 much as an exhibition goer, from the opening of Somerset House to last year's show, has been encouraged to look for. It is obvious to hint at a lower expression yet, in a picture, that for respects of drawing and colouring, might be deemed not wholly inadmissible within these art-fostering walls, in
 20 which the raptures should be as ninety-nine, the gratitude as one, or perhaps Zero !

By neither the one passion nor the other has Raphael expounded the situation of Adam. Singly upon his brow sits the absorbing sense of wonder at the created miracle. The
 25 *moment* is seized by the intuitive artist, perhaps not self-conscious of his art, in which neither of the conflicting emotions—a moment how abstracted—have had time to spring up, or to battle for indecorous mastery.

We have seen a landscape of a justly admired neoteric, in
 30 which he aimed at delineating a fiction, one of the most severely beautiful in antiquity—the gardens of the Hesperides. To do Mr. — justice he had painted a laudable orchard, with fitting seclusion, and a veritable dragon (of which a Polypheme, by Poussin, is somehow a fac-simile for the situation) looking
 35 over into the world shut out backwards, so that none but a “still-climbing Hercules” could hope to catch a peep at the admired Ternary of Recluses. No conventual porter could keep his eyes better than this custos with the “lidless eyes.” He not only sees that none *do* intrude into that privacy, but,

as clear as daylight, that none but *Hercules aut Diabolus* by any manner of means *can*.

So far all is well. We have absolute solitude here or nowhere. *Ab extra* the damsels are snug enough. But here the artist's courage seems to have failed him. He began to pity 5 his pretty charge, and, to comfort the irksomeness, has peopled their solitude with a bevy of fair attendants, maids of honour, or ladies of the bed-chamber, according to the approved etiquette at a court of the nineteenth century; giving to the whole scene the air of a *fête champêtre*, if we will 10 but excuse the absence of the gentlemen. This is well, and Watteauish. But what is become of the solitary mystery—the

Daughters three,
That sing around the golden tree ?

15

This is not the way in which Poussin would have treated this subject.

The paintings, or rather the stupendous architectural designs, of a modern artist, have been urged as objections to the theory of our motto. They are of a character, we confess, 20 to stagger it. His towered structures are of the highest order of the material sublime. Whether they were dreams, or transcripts of some elder workmanship—Assyrian ruins old—restored by this mighty artist, they satisfy our most stretched and craving conceptions of the glories of the antique world. 25 It is a pity that they were ever peopled. On that side, the imagination of the artist halts, and appears defective. Let us examine the point of the story in the “Belshazzar’s Feast.” We will introduce it by an apposite anecdote.

The court historians of the day record, that at the first 30 dinner given by the late King (then Prince Regent) at the Pavilion, the following characteristic frolic was played off. The guests were select and admiring; the banquet profuse and admirable; the lights lustrous and oriental; the eye was perfectly dazzled with the display of plate, among which the 35 great gold salt-cellar, brought from the regalia in the Tower for this especial purpose, itself a tower! stood conspicuous for its magnitude. And now the Rev. * * * *, the then admired court Chaplain, was proceeding with the grace, when

at a signal given, the lights were suddenly overcast, and a huge transparency was discovered, in which glittered in gold letters—

“BRIGHTON—EARTHQUAKE—SWALLOW-UP-ALIVE !”

5 Imagine the confusion of the guests; the Georges and garters, jewels, bracelets, moulted upon the occasion! The fans dropped, and picked up the next morning by the sly court pages! Mrs. Fitz-what's-her-name fainting, and the Countess of * * * holding the smelling-bottle, till the good-humoured
10 Prince caused harmony to be restored by calling in fresh candles, and declaring that the whole was nothing but a pantomime *hoax*, got up by the ingenious Mr. Farley, of Covent Garden, from hints which his Royal Highness himself had furnished! Then imagine the infinite applause that
15 followed, the mutual rallyings, the declarations that “they were not much frightened,” of the assembled galaxy.

The point of time in the picture exactly answers to the appearance of the transparency in the anecdote. The huddle, the flutter, the bustle, the escape, the alarm, and the mock
20 alarm; the prettinesses heightened by consternation; the courtier's fear which was flattery, and the lady's which was affectation; all that we may conceive to have taken place in a mob of Brighton courtiers, sympathising with the well-acted surprise of their sovereign; all this, and no more, is exhibited
25 by the well-dressed lords and ladies in the Hall of Belus. Just this sort of consternation we have seen among a flock of disquieted wild geese at the report only of a gun having gone off!

But is this vulgar fright, this mere animal anxiety for the
30 preservation of their persons,—such as we have witnessed at a theatre, when a slight alarm of fire has been given—an adequate exponent of a supernatural terror? the way in which the finger of God, writing judgments, would have been met by the withered conscience? There is a human fear, and a
divine fear. The one is disturbed, restless, and bent upon escape. The other is bowed down, effortless, passive. When the spirit appeared before Eliphaz in the visions of the night, and the hair of his flesh stood up, was it in the thoughts of the Temanite to ring the bell of his chamber, or to call up the

servants? But let us see in the text what there is to justify all this huddle of vulgar consternation.

From the words of Daniel it appears that Belshazzar had made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. The golden and silver vessels are gorgeously enumerated, with the princes, the king's concubines, and his wives. Then follows— 5

“In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the *king* saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the *king's* countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosened, and his knees smote one against another.” 10

This is the plain text. By no hint can it be otherwise inferred, but that the appearance was solely confined to the fancy of Belshazzar, that his single brain was troubled. Not a word is spoken of its being seen by any else there present, not even by the queen herself, who merely undertakes for the interpretation of the phenomenon, as related to her, doubtless, by her husband. The lords are simply said to be astonished; *i.e.* at the trouble and the change of countenance in their sovereign. Even the prophet does not appear to have seen the scroll, which the king saw. He recalls it only, as Joseph did the Dream to the King of Egypt. “Then was the part of the hand sent from him [the Lord], and this writing was written.” He speaks of the phantasm as past. 20 25

Then what becomes of this needless multiplication of the miracle? this message to a royal conscience, singly expressed—for it was said, “thy kingdom is divided,”—simultaneously impressed upon the fancies of a thousand courtiers, who were implied in it neither directly nor grammatically? 30

But admitting the artist's own version of the story, and that the sight was seen also by the thousand courtiers—let it have been visible to all Babylon—as the knees of Belshazzar were shaken, and his countenance troubled, even so would the knees of every man in Babylon, and their countenances, as of an individual man, have been troubled; bowed, bent down, so would they have remained, stupor-fixed, with no thought of struggling with that inevitable judgment. 35

Not all that is optically possible to be seen, is to be shown in every picture. The eye delightedly dwells upon the brilliant individualities in a "Marriage at Cana," by Veronese, or Titian, to the very texture and colour of the wedding garments, the ring glittering upon the bride's fingers, the metal and fashion of the wine-pots; for at such seasons there is leisure and luxury to be curious. But in a "day of judgment," or in a "day of lesser horrors, yet divine," as at the impious feast of Belshazzar, the eye should see, as the actual eye of an agent or patient in the immediate scene would see, only in masses and indistinction. Not only the female attire and jewelry exposed to the critical eye of fashion, as minutely as the dresses in a lady's magazine, in the criticised picture,—but perhaps the curiosities of anatomical science, and studied diversities of posture in the falling angels and sinners of Michael Angelo,—have no business in their great subjects. There was no leisure for them.

By a wise falsification, the great masters of painting got at their true conclusions; by not showing the actual appearances, that is, all that was to be seen at any given moment by an indifferent eye, but only what the eye might be supposed to see in the doing or suffering of some portentous action. Suppose the moment of the swallowing up of Pompeii. There they were to be seen—houses, columns, architectural proportions, differences of public and private buildings, men and women at their standing occupations, the diversified thousand postures, attitudes, dresses, in some confusion truly, but physically they were visible. But what eye saw them at that eclipsing moment, which reduces confusion to a kind of unity, and when the senses are upturned from their proprieties, when sight and hearing are a feeling only? A thousand years have passed, and we are at leisure to contemplate the weaver fixed standing at his shuttle, the baker at his oven, and to turn over with antiquarian coolness the pots and pans of

35 *Pompeii*
 "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." Who, in reading this magnificent Hebraism, in his conception, sees aught but the heroic son of Nun, with the outstretched arm, and the greater and lesser

light obsequious? Doubtless there were to be seen hill and dale, and chariots and horsemen, on open plain, or winding by secret defiles, and all the circumstances and stratagems of war. But whose eyes would have been conscious of this array at the interposition of the synchronic miracle? Yet 5 in the picture of this subject by the artist of the "Belshazzar's Feast"—no ignoble work either—the marshalling and landscape of the war is everything, the miracle sinks into an anecdote of the day; and the eye may "dart though rank and file traverse" for some minutes, before it shall discover, among 10 his armed followers, *which is Joshua!*

Not modern art alone, but ancient, where only it is to be found if anywhere, can be detected erring, from defect of this imaginative faculty. The world has nothing to show of the preternatural in painting, transcending the figure of Lazarus 15 bursting his grave-clothes, in the great picture at Angerstein's. It seems a thing between two beings. A ghastly horror at itself struggles with newly-apprehending gratitude at second life bestowed. It cannot forget that it was a ghost. It has hardly felt that it is a body. It has to tell of the world of 20 spirits.—Was it from a feeling, that the crowd of half-impassioned by-standers, and the still more irrelevant herd of passers-by at a distance, who have not heard or but faintly have been told of the passing miracle, admirable as they are in design and hue—for it is a glorified work—do not respond 25 adequately to the action—that the single figure of the Lazarus has been attributed to Michael Angelo, and the mighty Sebastian unfairly robbed of the fame of the greater half of the interest? Now that there were not indifferent passers-by, within actual scope of the eyes of those present at the miracle, 30 to whom the sound of it had but faintly, or not at all, reached, it would be hardihood to deny; but would they see them? or can the mind in the conception of it admit of such unconcerning objects? can it think of them at all? or what associating league to the imagination can there be between the seers, 35 and the seers not, of a presential miracle?

Were an artist to paint upon demand a picture of a Dryad, we will ask whether, in the present low state of expectation, the patron would not, or ought not to be fully satisfied

with a beautiful naked figure recumbent under wide-stretched oaks? Disseat those woods, and place the same figure among fountains, and a fall of pellucid water, and you have a—Naiad! Not so in a rough print we have seen after Julio Romano, we think—for it is long since—*there*, by no process, with mere change of scene, could the figure have reciprocated characters. Long, grotesque, fantastic, yet with a grace of her own, beautiful in convolution and distortion, linked to her connatural tree, co-twisting with its limbs her own, till both
 10 seemed either—these animated branches; those, disanimated members—yet the animal and vegetable lives sufficiently kept distinct—*his* Dryad lay—an approximation of two natures, which to conceive, it must be seen; analogous to, not the same with, the delicacies of Ovidian transformations.
 15 To the lowest subjects, and, to a superficial comprehension, the most barren, the Great Masters gave loftiness and fruitfulness. The large eye of genius saw in the meanness of present objects their capabilities of treatment from their relations to some grand Past or Future. How has Raphael
 20 —we must still linger about the Vatican—treated the humble craft of the ship-builder, in *his* “Building of the Ark”? It is in that scriptural series, to which we have referred, and which, judging from some fine rough old graphic sketches of them which we possess, seem to be of a higher and more poetic
 25 grade than even the Cartoons.

The dim of sight are the timid and the shrinking. There is a cowardice in modern art. As the Frenchmen, of whom Coleridge’s friend made the prophetic guess at Rome, from the beard and horns of the Moses of Michael Angelo collected
 30 no inferences beyond that of a He Goat and a Cornuto; so from this subject, of mere mechanic promise, it would instinctively turn away, as from one incapable of investiture with any grandeur. The dock-yards at Woolwich would object derogatory associations. The dépôt at Chatham would be the
 35 mote and the beam in its intellectual eye. But not to the nautical preparations in the shipyards of Civita Vecchia did Raphael look for instructions, when he imagined the Building of the Vessel that was to be conservatory of the wrecks of the species of drowned mankind. In the intensity of the action,

he keeps ever out of sight the meanness of the operation. There is the Patriarch, in calm forethought, and with holy prescience, giving directions. And there are his agents—the solitary but sufficient Three—hewing, sawing, every one with the might and earnestness of a Demiurgus; under some instinctive rather than technical guidance! giant-muscled; every one a Hercules, or liker to those Vulcanian Three, that in sounding caverns under Mongibello wrought in fire—Brontes, and black Steropes, and Pyracmon. So work the workmen that should repair a world!

Artists again err in the confounding of *poetic* with *pictorial subjects*. In the latter, the exterior accidents are nearly everything, the unseen qualities as nothing. Othello's colour—the infirmities and corpulence of a Sir John Falstaff—do they haunt us perpetually in the reading? or are they obtruded upon our conceptions one time for ninety-nine that we are lost in admiration at the respective moral or intellectual attributes of the character? But in a picture Othello is *always* a Blackamoor; and the other only Plump Jack.

Deeply corporealised, and enchained hopelessly in the grovelling fetters of externality, must be the mind, to which, in its better moments, the image of the high-souled, high-intelligenced Quixote—the errant Star of Knighthood, made more tender by eclipse—has never presented itself, divested from the unhallowed accompaniment of a Sancho, or a rabblement at the heels of Rosinante. That man has read his book by halves; he has laughed, mistaking his author's purport, which was—tears. The artist that pictures Quixote—(and it is in this degrading point that he is every season held up at our Exhibitions) in the shallow hope of exciting mirth, would have joined the rabble at the heels of his starved steed. We wish not to see *that* counterfeited, which we would not have wished to see in the reality. Conscious of the heroic inside of the noble Quixote, who, on hearing that his withered person was passing, would have stepped over his threshold to gaze upon his forlorn habiliments, and the “strange bed-fellows which misery brings a man acquainted with”?

Shade of Cervantes! who in thy Second Part could put into the mouth of thy Quixote those high aspirations of a

super-chivalrous gallantry, where he replies to one of the shepherdesses, apprehensive that he would spoil their pretty net-works, and inviting him to be a guest with them, in accents like these: "Truly, fairest Lady, Actaeon was not
 5 more astonished when he saw Diana bathing herself at the fountain, than I have been in beholding your beauty: I commend the manner of your pastime, and thank you for your kind offers; and, if I may serve you, so I may be sure you will be obeyed, you may command me: for my profession is
 10 this, To show myself thankful, and a doer of good to all sorts of people, especially of the rank that your person shows you to be; and if those nets, as they take up but a little piece of ground, should take up the whole world, I would seek out new worlds to pass through, rather than break them:
 15 and (he adds) that you may give credit to this my exaggeration, behold at least he that promiseth you this, is Don Quixote de la Mancha, if haply this name hath come to your hearing."

Illustrious Romancer! were the "fine frenzies," which possessed the brain of thy own Quixote, a fit subject, as in this
 20 Second Part, to be exposed to the jeers of Duennas and Serving Men? to be monstered, and shown up at the heartless banquets of great men? Was that pitiable infirmity, which in thy First Part misleads him, *always from within*, into half-ludicrous, but more than half-compassionable and
 25 admirable errors, not infliction enough from heaven, that men by studied artifices must devise and practise upon the humour, to inflame where they should soothe it? Why, Goneril would have blushed to practise upon the abdicated king at this rate, and the she-wolf Regan not have endured to
 30 play the pranks upon his fled wits, which thou hast made thy Quixote suffer in Duchesses' halls, and at the hands of that unworthy nobleman.¹

In the First Adventures, even, it needed all the art of the most consummate artist in the Book way that the world hath
 35 yet seen, to keep up in the mind of the reader the heroic attributes of the character without relaxing; so as absolutely that they shall suffer no alloy from the debasing fellowship

¹ Yet from this Second Part, our cried-up pictures are mostly selected, the waiting-women with beards, &c.

of the clown. If it ever obtrudes itself as a disharmony, are we inclined to laugh; or not, rather, to indulge a contrary emotion?—Cervantes, stung, perchance, by the relish with which *his* Reading Public had received the fooleries of the man, more to their palates than the generousities of the master, in the sequel let his pen run riot, lost the harmony and the balance, and sacrificed a great idea to the taste of his contemporaries. We know that in the present day the Knight has fewer admirers than the Squire. Anticipating, what did actually happen to him—as afterwards it did to his scarce inferior follower, the Author of “*Guzman de Alfarache*”—that some less knowing hand would prevent him by a spurious Second Part; and judging, that it would be easier for his competitor to out-bid him in the comicalities, than in the *romance*, of his work, he abandoned his Knight, and has fairly set up the Squire for his Hero. For what else has he unsealed the eyes of Sancho; and instead of that twilight state of semi-insanity—the madness at second-hand—the contagion, caught from a stronger mind infected—that war between native cunning, and hereditary deference, with which he has hitherto accompanied his master—two for a pair almost—does he substitute a downright Knave, with open eyes, for his own ends only following a confessed Madman; and offering at one time to lay, if not actually laying, hands upon him! From the moment that Sancho loses his reverence, Don Quixote is become—a treatable lunatic. Our artists handle him accordingly.

19. REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

The *Old Year* being dead, and the *New Year* coming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which
5 all the *Days* in the year were invited. The *Festivals*, whom he deputed as his stewards were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It
10 was stiffly debated among them, whether the *Fasts* should be admitted. Some said, the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was over-ruled by *Christmas Day*, who had a design upon *Ash Wednesday* (as you shall hear),
15 and a mighty desire to see how the Old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the *Vigils* were requested to come with their lanterns, to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the *Days* came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table;
20 with an occasional knife and fork at the side-board for the *Twenty-Ninth of February*.

I should have told you, that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the *Hours*; twelve little, merry, whirligig footpages, as you should desire to see, that went all
25 round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of *Easter Day*, *Shrove Tuesday*, and a few such *Moveables*, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul *Days*, fine *Days*, all sorts of *Days*, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but,
30 Hail! fellow *Day*,—well met—brother *Day*—sister *Day*,—only *Lady Day* kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, *Twelfth Day* cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost-cake, all royal, glittering, and *Epiphanous*. The rest

came, some in green, some in white,—but old *Lent* and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in, dripping; and sun-shiny Days helped them to change their stockings. *Wedding Day* was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear. *Pay Day* came late, as he always 5 does; and *Doomsday* sent word—he might be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made it. It would have posed old Erra Pater to have found out any given Day in the year, to erect a scheme upon—good Days, bad Days, 10 were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy.

He had stuck the *Twenty First of June* next to the *Twenty Second of December*, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow-bone. *Ash Wednesday* got wedged in (as was 15 concerted) betwixt *Christmas* and *Lord Mayor's days*. Lord! how he laid about him! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him—to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still *Christmas Day* was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail- 20 bowl, till he roared, and hiccupp'd, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious, hy-po-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipt his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his left-hand 25 neighbour, and daubed his hungry beard, all over with it, till you would have taken him for the *Last Day in December*, it hung in icicles.

At another part of the table, *Shrove Tuesday* was helping the *Second of September* to some cock broth,—which courtesy 30 the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen pheasant—so there was no love lost for that matter. The *Last of Lent* was spunging upon *Shrove-tide's* pancakes; which *April Fool* perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a good fry-day. 35

In another part, a hubbub arose about the *Thirtieth of January*, who, it seems, being a sour puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calf's head, which he had

had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently; but as it lay in the dish *March manyweathers*, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the meagrimms screams out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved
 5 about Herodias' daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a *Restorative*, confected of *Oak Apple*, which the merry *Twenty Ninth of May* always carries about with him for that purpose.

10 The King's health¹ being called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the *Twelfth of August* (a zealous old Whig gentlewoman), and the *Twenty Third of April* (a new-fangled lady of the Tory stamp), as to which of them should have the honour to propose it. *August* grew hot upon the
 15 matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a *kept* mistress; who went about in *fine clothes*, while she (the legitimate BIRTHDAY) had scarcely a rag, &c.

20 *April Fool*, being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace' sake that the exercise of it should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he sily rounded the first lady in the ear, that an action might lie against the Crown for
 25 *bi-geny*.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, *Candlemas* lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the Days, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the *same lady* was observed
 30 to take an unusual time in *Washing* herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly *New Year* from the
 35 upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve

¹ The late King.

their farms, and at the same time to abate (if any thing was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; *April Fool* whistled to an an old tune of "New Brooms"; and a surly old rebel at the 5 further end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the *Fifth of November*) muttered out, distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his, the guests resenting, unanimously voted his 10 expulsion; and the malecontent was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the properest place for such a *boutefeu* and fire-brand as he had shown himself to be.

Order being restored—the young lord (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in as few, 15 and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor *Twenty Ninth of February*, that had sate all this while mumchance at the side-board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly; 20 observing, that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years—with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time, removing the solitary *Day* from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter* 25 *Lammas*.

Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a Carol, which *Christmas Day* had taught him for the nonce; and was followed 30 by the latter, who gave "Miserere" in fine style, hitting off the mumping notes and lengthened drawl of *Old Mortification* with infinite humour. *April Fool* swore they had exchanged conditions: but *Good Friday* was observed to look extremely grave; and *Sunday* held her fan before her face, that she might 35 not be seen to smile.

Shrove-tide, *Lord Mayor's Day*, and *April Fool* next joined in a glee—

Which is the properest day to drink?

in which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the *Quarter Days* said, there could be no question as to that; 5 for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favour of the *Forty Days before Easter*; because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

All this while, *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, 10 who sate next him, slipping amorous *billets-doux* under the table till the *Dog Days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. *April Fool*, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin 15 once removed,—clapped and halloo'd them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the *Ember Days*, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame; and all was in a ferment; till old Madam *Septuagesima* (who boasts herself the *Mother of the Days*) wisely diverted the conversation 20 with a tedious tale of the loves which she could reckon when she was young; and of one Master *Rogation Day* in particular, who was for ever putting the *question* to her; but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell—by which I apprehend she meant the Almanack. Then she rambled on to 25 the *Days that were gone*, the *good old Days*, and so to the *Days before the Flood*—which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed and doited.

Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great coats, and took their leaves. *Lord Mayor's Day* went 30 off in a Mist, as usual; *Shortest Day* in a deep black Fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another *Vigil*—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the *Eve of St.* 35 *Christopher*—seeing *Ash Wednesday* in a condition little better than he should be—e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion, and *Old Mortification* went floating home singing—

On the bat's back do I fly

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober, but very few Aves or Penitentiaries (you may believe me) were among them. *Longest Day* set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but *Valentine* and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in. 5

20. THE WEDDING.

I do not know when I have been better pleased than at being invited last week to be present at the wedding of a friend's daughter. I like to make one at these ceremonies, 10 which to us old people give back our youth in a manner, and restore our gayest season, in the remembrance of our own success, or the regrets, scarcely less tender, of our own youthful disappointments, in this point of a settlement. On these occasions I am sure to be in good-humour for a week or two 15 after, and enjoy a reflected honey-moon. Being without a family, I am flattered with these temporary adoptions into a friend's family; I feel a sort of cousinhood or uncleship, for the season; I am inducted into degrees of affinity; and, in the participated socialities of the little community, I lay down 20 for a brief while my solitary bachelorship. I carry this humour so far, that I take it unkindly to be left out, even when a funeral is going on in the house of a dear friend. But to my subject.—

The union itself had been long settled, but its celebration 25 had been hitherto deferred, to an almost unreasonable state of suspense in the lovers, by some invincible prejudices which the bride's father had unhappily contracted upon the subject of the too early marriages of females. He has been lecturing any time these five years—for to that length the courtship has been 30 protracted—upon the propriety of putting off the solemnity,

till the lady should have completed her five and twentieth year. We all began to be afraid that a suit, which as yet had abated of none of its ardours, might at last be lingered on, till passion had time to cool, and love go out in the experiment.

5 But a little wheedling on the part of his wife, who was by no means a party to these overstrained notions, joined to some serious expostulations on that of his friends, who, from the growing infirmities of the old gentleman, could not promise ourselves many years' enjoyment of his company, and were
10 anxious to bring matters to a conclusion during his life-time, at length prevailed; and on Monday last the daughter of my old friend, Admiral — having attained the *womanly* age of nineteen, was conducted to the church by her pleasant cousin J——, who told some few years older.

15 Before the youthful part of my female readers express their indignation at the abominable loss of time occasioned to the lovers by the preposterous notions of my old friend, they will do well to consider the reluctance which a fond parent naturally feels at parting with his child. To this unwillingness, I believe,
20 in most cases may be traced the difference of opinion on this point between child and parent, whatever pretences of interest or prudence may be held out to cover it. The hardheartedness of fathers is a fine theme for romance writers, a sure and moving topic; but is there not something untender, to say no
25 no more of it, in the hurry which a beloved child is sometimes in to tear herself from the paternal stock, and commit herself to strange graftings? The case is heightened where the lady, as in the present instance, happens to be an only child. I do not understand these matters experimentally, but I can make
30 a shrewd guess at the wounded pride of a parent upon these occasions. It is no new observation, I believe, that a lover in most cases has no rival so much to be feared as the father. Certainly there is a jealousy in *unparallel subjects*, which is little less heart-rending than the passion which we more strictly
35 christen by that name.

Mothers' scruples are more easily got over; for this reason, I suppose, that the protection transferred to a husband is less a derogation and a loss to their authority than to the paternal. Mothers, besides, have a trembling foresight, which paints the

inconveniences (impossible to be conceived in the same degree by the other parent) of a life of forlorn celibacy, which the refusal of a tolerable match may entail upon their child. Mothers' instinct is a surer guide here, than the cold reasonings of a father on such a topic. To this instinct may be imputed, 5 and by it alone may be excused, the unbeseeming artifices, by which some wives push on the matrimonial projects of their daughters, which the husband, however approving, shall entertain with comparative indifference. A little shamelessness on this head is pardonable. With this explanation, 10 forwardness becomes a grace, and maternal importunity receives the name of a virtue.

But the parson stays, while I preposterously assume his office; I am preaching, while the bride is on the threshold.

Nor let any of my female readers suppose that the sage 15 reflections which have just escaped me have the oblique tendency of application to the young lady, who, it will be seen, is about to venture upon a change in her condition, at a *mature and competent age*, and not without the fullest approbation of all parties. I only deprecate *very hasty marriages*. 20

It had been fixed that the ceremony should be gone through at an early hour, to give time for a little *déjeûne* afterwards, to which a select party of friends had been invited. We were in church a little before the clock struck eight.

Nothing could be more judicious or graceful than the dress 25 of the bride-maids—the three charming Miss Foresters—on this morning. To give the bride an opportunity of shining singly, they had come habited all in green. I am ill at describing female apparel; but while *she* stood at the altar in vestments white and candid as her thoughts, a sacrificial whiteness, *they* 30 assisted in robes, such as might become Diana's nymphs—Foresters indeed—as such who had not yet come to the resolution of putting off cold virginity. These young maids, not being so blest as to have a mother living, I am told, keep single for their father's sake, and live all together so happy with 35 their remaining parent, that the hearts of their lovers are ever broken with the prospect (so inauspicious to their hopes) of such uninterrupted and provoking home-comfort. Gallant girls! each a victim worthy of Iphigenia!

I do not know what business I have to be present in solemn places. I cannot divest me of an unseasonable disposition to levity upon the most awful occasions. I was never cut out for a public functionary. Ceremony and I have long shaken
5 hands; but I could not resist the importunities of the young lady's father, whose gout unhappily confined him at home, to act as parent on this occasion, and *give away the bride*. Something ludicrous occurred to me at this most serious of all moments—a sense of my unfitness to have the disposal, even
10 in imagination, of the sweet young creature beside me. I fear I was betrayed to some lightness, for the awful eye of the parson—and the rector's eye of Saint Mildred's in the Poultry is no trifle of a rebuke—was upon me in an instant, souring my incipient jest to the tristful severities of a funeral.

15 This was the only misbehaviour which I can plead to upon this solemn occasion, unless what was objected to me after the ceremony by one of the handsome Miss T——s, be accounted a solecism. She was pleased to say that she had never seen a gentleman before me give away a bride in black. Now black
20 has been my ordinary apparel so long—indeed I take it to be the proper costume of an author—the stage sanctions it—that to have appeared in some lighter colour would have raised more mirth at my expense, than the anomaly had created censure. But I could perceive that the bride's mother, and some elderly
25 ladies present (God bless them !) would have been well content, if I had come in any other colour than that. But I got over the omen by a lucky apologue, which I remembered out of Pilpay, or some Indian author, of all the birds being invited to the linnets' wedding, at which, when all the rest came in
30 their gayest feathers, the raven alone apologised for his cloak because “he had no other.”

This tolerably reconciled the elders. But with the young people all was merriment, and shaking of hands, and congratulations, and kissing away the bride's tears, and kissings from
35 her in return, till a young lady, who assumed some experience in these matters, having worn the nuptial bands some four or five weeks longer than her friend, rescued her, archly
c serving, with half an eye upon the bridegroom, that at this rate she would have “none left.”

My friend the admiral was in fine wig and buckle on this occasion—a striking contrast to his usual neglect of personal appearance. He did not once shove up his borrowed locks (his custom ever at his morning studies) to betray the few grey stragglers of his own beneath them. He wore an aspect of thoughtful satisfaction. I trembled for the hour, which at length approached, when after a protracted *breakfast* of three hours—if stores of cold fowls, tongues, hams, botargoes, dried fruits, wines, cordials, etc., can deserve so meagre an appellation—the coach was announced, which was come to carry off the bride and bridegroom for a season (as custom has sensibly ordained) into the country; upon which design, wishing them a felicitous journey, let us return to the assembled guests.

As when a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
The eyes of men
Are idly bent on him that enters next,

15

so idly did we bend our eyes upon one another, when the chief performers in the morning's pageant had vanished. None told his tale. None sipped her glass. The poor Admiral made an effort—it was not much. I had anticipated so far. Even the infinity of full satisfaction, that had betrayed itself through the prim looks and quiet deportment of his lady, began to wane into something of misgiving. No one knew whether to take their leaves or stay. We seemed assembled upon a silly occasion.

25

In this crisis, betwixt tarrying and departure, I must do justice to a foolish talent of mine, which had otherwise like to have brought me into disgrace in the fore-part of the day; I mean a power, in any emergency, of thinking and giving vent to all manner of strange nonsense. In this awkward dilemma I found it sovereign. I rattled off some of my most excellent absurdities. All were willing to be relieved, at any expense of reason, from the pressure of the intolerable vacuum which had succeeded to the morning bustle. By this means I was fortunate in keeping together the better part of the company to a late hour: and a rubber of whist (the Admiral's favourite game) with some rare strokes of chance as well as skill, which came opportunely on his side—lengthened out till midnight—

35

dismissed the old gentleman at last to his bed with comparatively easy spirits.

I have been at my old friend's various times since. I do not know a visiting place where every guest is so perfectly at
5 his ease; nowhere where harmony is so strangely the result of confusion. Every body is at cross purposes, yet the effect is so much better than uniformity. Contradictory orders; servants pulling one way; master and mistress driving some other, yet both diverse; visitors huddled up in corners; chairs
10 unsymmetrised; candles disposed by chance; meals at odd hours, tea and supper at once, or the latter preceding the former; the host and the guest conferring, yet each upon a different topic, each understanding himself, neither trying to understand or hear the other; draughts and politics, chess and
15 political economy, cards and conversation on nautical matters, going on at once, without the hope, or indeed the wish, of distinguishing them, make it altogether the most perfect *concordia discors* you shall meet with.

Yet somehow the old house is not quite what it should be.
20 The Admiral still enjoys his pipe, but he has no Miss Emily to fill it for him. The instrument stands where it stood, but she is gone, whose delicate touch could sometimes for a short minute appease the warring elements. He has learnt, as Marvel expresses it, to "make his destiny his choice." He bears
25 bravely up, but he does not come out with his flashes of wild wit so thick as formerly. His sea songs seldomer escape him. His wife, too, looks as if she wanted some younger body to scold and set to rights. We all miss a junior presence. It is wonderful how one young maiden freshens up, and keeps
30 green, the paternal roof. Old and young seem to have an interest in her, so long as she is not absolutely disposed of. The youthfulness of the house is flown, Emily is married.

21. THE CHILD ANGEL.

A DREAM.

I chanced upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical thing of a dream the other night, that you shall hear of. I had been reading the "Loves of the Angels," and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures; and, I remember, the last waking thought, which I gave expression to on my pillow, was a sort of wonder "what could come of it."

I was suddenly transported, how or whither I could scarcely make out—but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither—not the downright Bible heaven—but a kind of fairyland heaven, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to sport and air itself, I will hope, without presumption.

Methought—what wild things dreams are!—I was present—at what would you imagine?—at an angel's gossiping.

Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely of its own head, neither you nor I know—but there lay, sure enough, wrapt in its little cloudy swaddling bands—a Child Angel.

Sun-threads—filmy beams—ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes; which, when it did, first one, and then the other—with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dim the expanding eye-lids of mortal infants, but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaces—what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my seeming—O the inexplicable simpleness of dreams!—bowls of that cheering nectar,

—which mortals *caudle* call below.

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants,—stricken in years, as it might seem,—so dexterous were those heavenly

attendants to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth, to greet with terrestrial child-rites the young *present*, which earth had made to heaven.

Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full symphony,
5 as those by which the spheres are tutored; but, as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes, muffled; so to accommodate their sound the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And, with the noise of those subdued soundings, the Angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions—but
10 forthwith flagged and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven—a year in dreams is as a day—continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but, wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, anon was shorn of its aspiring,
15 and fell fluttering—still caught by angel hands—for ever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigour of heaven.

And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and it was to be called *Ge-Urania*, because its production was of earth and
20 heaven.

And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces: but it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal
25 children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang up in angelic bosoms; and yearnings (like the human) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

And with pain did then first those Intuitive Essences, with pain and strife to their natures (not grief), put back their
30 bright intelligences, and reduce their ethereal minds, schooling them to degrees and slower processes, so to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination (as must needs be) of the half-earth-born; and what intuitive notices they could not repel (by reason that their nature is, to know all things at once), the
35 half-heavenly novice, by the better part of its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding; so that Humility and Aspiration went on even-paced in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium.

But, by reason that Mature Humanity is too gross to

breathe the air of that super-subtile region, its portion was, and is, to be a child for ever.

And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlieus of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came: so Love, with Voluntary Humility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adopted. 5

And myriads of years rolled round (in dreams Time is nothing), and still it kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood, and is the Tutelar Genius of Childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely. 10

By the banks of the river Pison is seen, lone-sitting by the grave of the terrestrial Adah, whom the angel Nadir loved, a Child; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A mournful hue overcasts its lineaments; nevertheless, a correspondence is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw above; and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is a shadow or emblem of that which stains the beauty of the terrestrial. And this correspondence is not to be understood but by dreams. 15 20

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love (such power had parental love for a moment to suspend the else-irrevocable law) appeared for a brief instant in his station; and, depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared, and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same Babe, who goeth lame and lovely—but Adah sleepeth by the river Pison. 25 30

22. OLD CHINA.

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I enquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

10 I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

15 I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue,—which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

20 I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for
25 likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same
30 strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

35 I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our

Hyson (which we are old fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to overshadow the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget. 5

“I wish the good old times would come again,” she said, 10
“when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state”—so she was pleased to ramble on,—“in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. 15
When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!)—we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A 20
thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

“Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont 25
and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker’s in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o’clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from 30
Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented 35
it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being

a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit—your old corbeau
5 —for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you
10 ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

“When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the ‘Lady Blanch’; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the
15 money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi’s, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?

“Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield,
20 and Potter’s Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday—holydays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day’s fare of savoury cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in,
25 and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth—and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a
30 fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now,—when we go out a day’s pleasuring, which is seldom
35 moreover, we *ride* part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

“ You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the Battle of Hexham, and the Surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say, that the Gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. 5 10 15 20

“ With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough,—but there was still a law of civility to women recognised to quite as great extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty. 25 30

“ There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that 35

makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no
5 harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above
10 poverty.

“I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet,—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make
15 over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort
20 or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now) we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with ‘lusty brimmers’ (as you used to quote it out of hearty cheerful Mr.
25 Cotton, as you called him), we used to welcome in the ‘coming guest.’ Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us.”

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that
30 when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of a poor—hundred pounds a year. “It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also
35 younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer.

We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked: live better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. 5

“ Yet could those days return—could you and I once more 10 walk our thirty miles a-day—could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one-shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted 15 fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient stair cases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which 20 always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Croesus had, or the great Jew R—— is supposed to have, to purchase it. 25

“ And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madonnaish chit of a lady in that very blue summer house.”

23a. A DEATH-BED.

IN A LETTER TO R. H., ESQ., OF B——.

I called upon you this morning, and found that you were gone to visit a dying friend. I had been upon a like errand. Poor N. R. has lain dying now for almost a week; such is the penalty we pay for having enjoyed through life a strong
5 constitution.

Whether he knew me or not, I know not, or whether he saw me through his poor glazed eyes; but the group I saw about him I shall not forget. Upon the bed or about it, were assembled his wife, their two daughters, and poor deaf Robert,
10 looking doubly stupefied. There they were, and seemed to have been sitting all the week. I could only reach out a hand to Mrs. R. Speaking was impossible in that mute chamber.

By this time it must be all over with him. In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend, and my
15 father's friend, for all the life that I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships since. Those are the friendships, which outlast a second generation. Old as I am getting, in his eyes I was still the child he knew me. To the last he called me Jemmy. I have none to call me Jemmy now.
20 He was the last link that bound me to B——. You are but of yesterday.

In him I seem to have lost the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart. Lettered he was not; his reading scarcely exceeded the Obituary of the old Gentleman's Magazine, to
25 which he has never failed of having recourse for these last fifty years. Yet there was the pride of literature about him from that slender perusal; and moreover from his office of archive-keeper to your ancient city, in which he must needs pick up some equivocal Latin; which, among his less literary
30 friends, assumed the air of a very pleasant pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which, having tried to puzzle out the text of a black-lettered Chaucer in your Corporation Library, to which he was a sort of librarian, he gave it up with this consolatory reflection—"Jemmy," said he, "I do

not know what you find in these very old books, but I observe there is a deal of very indifferent spelling in them."

His jokes (for he had some) are ended; but they were old perennials, staple, and always as good as new. He had one song, that spake of the "flat bottoms of our foes coming over in darkness," and alluded to a threatened invasion, many years since blown over; this he reserved to be sung on Christmas Night, which we always passed with him, and he sang it with the freshness of an impending event. How his eyes would sparkle when he came to the passage—

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,
In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette.

What is the Brussels Gazette now? I cry, while I indite these trifles. His poor girls who are, I believe, compact of solid goodness, will have to receive their afflicted mother at an unsuccessful home in a petty village in —shire, where for years they have been struggling to raise a Girls' School with no effect. Poor deaf Robert (and the less hopeful for being so) is thrown upon a deaf world, without the comfort to his father on his death-bed of knowing him provided for. They are left almost provisionless. Some life assurance there is; but, I fear, not exceeding —. Their hopes must be from your Corporation, which their father has served for fifty years. Who or what are your leading Members now, I know not. Is there any to whom, without impertinence, you can represent the true circumstances of the family? You cannot say good enough of poor R., and his poor wife. Oblige me and the dead, if you can.

23b. CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

Dehortations from the use of strong liquors have been the favourite topic of sober declaimers in all ages, and have been received with abundance of applause by water-drinking critics. But with the patient himself, the man that is to be cured, 5 unfortunately their sound has seldom prevailed. Yet the evil is acknowledged, the remedy simple. Abstain. No force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will. 'Tis as easy as not to steal, not to tell lies.

Alas! the hand to pilfer, and the tongue to bear false 10 witness, have no constitutional tendency. These are actions indifferent to them. At the first instance of the reformed will, they can be brought off without a murmur. The itching finger is but a figure in speech, and the tongue of the liar can with the same natural delight give forth useful truths, with 15 which it has been accustomed to scatter their pernicious contraries. But when a man has commenced sot——

O pause, thou sturdy moralist, thou person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched, and ere thy gorge riseth at the *name* which I have written, first learn 20 what the *thing* is; how much of compassion, how much of human allowance, thou mayest virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the ruins of a man. Exact not, under so terrible a penalty as infamy, a resuscitation from a state of death almost as real as that from which Lazarus 25 rose not but by a miracle.

Begin a reformation, and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain but going through fire? what if the whole system must undergo a change violent as that which we 30 conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? what if a process comparable to flaying alive be to be gone through? is the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the 35 whole victim, body and soul?

I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening,—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it,—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he has felt of getting rid of the present sensation at any rate, I have known him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him. 5

Why should I hesitate to declare, that the man of whom I speak is myself? I have no puling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the woe that I have brought upon it. 10

I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads and iron insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt; whom brandy (I have seen them drink it like wine), at all events whom wine taken in ever so plentiful measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother, who, trying his strength with them, and coming off foiled from the contest, would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak, the nervous; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around them without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for term of life. 15 20 25

Twelve years ago I had completed my sixth-and-twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I have reason to think, did not rust in me unused. 30 35

About that time I fell in with some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sitters up a-nights, disputants, drunken; yet seemed to have something

noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called fancy I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a professed joker !
5 I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having, in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experienced at all times of finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment in my speech !

Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to
10 any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruc-
15 tion.

If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description,—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks.

20 To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be spurred on to efforts which end in con-
25 tempt; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to
30 mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause,—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

Time, which has a sure stroke at dissolving all connections
35 which have no solider fastening than this liquid cement, more kind to me than my own taste or penetration, at length opened my eyes to the supposed qualities of my first friends. No trace of them is left but in the vices which they introduced, and the habits they infixed. In them my friends survive still,

and exercise ample retribution for any supposed infidelity that I may have been guilty of towards them.

My next more immediate companions were and are persons of such intrinsic and felt worth, that though accidentally their acquaintance has proved pernicious to me, I do not know 5 that if the thing were to do over again, I should have the courage to eschew the mischief at the price of forfeiting the benefit. I came to them reeking from the steams of my late over-heated notions of companionship; and the slightest fuel which they unconsciously afforded, was sufficient to feed 10 my old fires into a propensity.

They were no drinkers, but, one from professional habits, and another from a custom derived from his father, smoked tobacco. The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to re-take a backsliding penitent. The transition, from 15 gulping down draughts of liquid fire to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for us when we hope to commute. He beats us at barter; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two 20 for one. That (comparatively) white devil of tobacco brought with him in the end seven worse than himself.

It were impertinent to carry the reader through all the processes by which, from smoking at first with malt-liquor, I took my degrees through thin wines, through stronger wine 25 and water, through small punch, to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, slur a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come next to none, and so to none at all. But it is hateful to disclose the secrets of my Tartarus. 30

I should repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me, the drudging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed to it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, a feeling as of ingratitude has started up; how it has put on personal 35 claims and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it casually in a book, as where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney-corner of some inn in Joseph Andrews, or Piscator in the Complete Angler breaks his fast upon a morn-

ing pipe in that delicate room *Piscatoribus Sacrum*, has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks. How a pipe was ever in my midnight path before me, till the vision forced me to realise it,—how then its ascending vapours curled, its
 5 fragrance lulled, and the thousand delicious ministerings conversant about it, employing every faculty, extracted the sense of pain. How from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery. How,
 10 even now, when the whole secret stands confessed in all its dreadful truth before me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone——

Persons not accustomed to examine the motives of their actions, to reckon up the countless nails that rivet the chains
 15 of habit, or perhaps being bound by none so obdurate as those I have confessed to, may recoil from this as from an overcharged picture. But what short of such a bondage is it, which in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife and a reprobating world, chains down many a poor fellow, of no original indis-
 20 position to goodness, to his pipe and his pot?

I have seen a print after Correggio, in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance at the same instant
 25 of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past rather than perception of present pleasures, languid enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good, a Sybaritic effeminacy, a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken
 30 clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this represented in one point of time.—When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

35 Of *that* there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes

of life or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins:—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered,—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth,

and not undo 'em
To suffer WET DAMNATION to run thro' 'em.

Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your own instance that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve? if the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering?

Recovering!—O if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit. In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence, only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you?—For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for

some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential) in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all.

5 The pain of the self-denial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive in that state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, *reason shall only visit him through intoxication*: for it is a

10 fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties by repeated acts of intemperance may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear day-light ministries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal

15 madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good.¹

Behold me then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gains, and the

20 profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it

25 was to ail anything. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning

30 summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their

¹ When poor M—— painted his last picture, with a pencil in one trembling hand and a glass of brandy and water in the other, his fingers owed the comparative steadiness, with which they were enabled to go through their task in an imperfect manner, to a temporary firmness derived from a repetition of practices, the general effect of which had shaken both them and him so terribly.

last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the day 5 time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which, though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, 10 perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c., haunts me 15 as a labour impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honour, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense 20 of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favourite occupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition 25 was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connection of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before 30 anything great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause, or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances, concerning which I can say 35 with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further? or is this disclosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult

by these Confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he finds his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time.

24. POPULAR FALLACIES.

I.—THAT A BULLY IS ALWAYS A COWARD.

5 This axiom contains a principle of compensation, which disposes us to admit the truth of it. But there is no safe trusting to dictionaries and definitions. We should more willingly fall in with this popular language, if we did not find
brutality sometimes awkwardly coupled with *valour* in the
 10 same vocabulary. The comic writers, with their poetical justice, have contributed not a little to mislead us upon this point. To see a hectoring fellow exposed and beaten upon the stage has something in it wonderfully diverting. Some people's share of animal spirits is notoriously low and defective. It
 15 has not strength to raise a vapour, or furnish out the wind of a tolerable bluster. These love to be told that huffing is no part of valour. The truest courage with them is that which is the least noisy and obtrusive. But confront one of these silent heroes with the swaggerer of real life, and his confidence
 20 in the theory quickly vanishes.

Pretensions do not uniformly bespeak non-performance. A modest inoffensive deportment does not necessarily imply valour; neither does the absence of it justify us in denying that quality. Hickman wanted modesty—we do not mean *him* of
 25 Clarissa—but who ever doubted his courage? Even the poets—upon whom this equitable distribution of qualities should be most binding—have thought it agreeable to nature to depart from the rule upon occasion. Harapha, in the “Agonistes,” is indeed a bully upon the received notions. Milton

has made him at once a blusterer, a giant, and a dastard. But Almanzor, in Dryden, talks of driving armies singly before him—and does it. Tom Brown had a shrewder insight into this kind of character than either of his predecessors. He divides the palm more equably, and allows his hero a sort of 5
dimidiate pre-eminence:—"Bully Dawson kicked by half the town, and half the town kicked by Bully Dawson." This was true distributive justice.

II.—THAT ILL-GOTTEN GAIN NEVER PROSPERS.

The weakest part of mankind have this saying commonest in their mouth. It is the trite consolation administered to 10
the easy dupe, when he has been tricked out of his money or estate, that the acquisition of it will do the owner *no good*.

But the rogues of this world—the pruder part of them, at least—know better; and, if the observation had been as true as it is old, would not have failed by this time to have discovered 15
it. They have pretty sharp distinctions of the fluctuating and the permanent. "Lightly come, lightly go," is a proverb, which they can very well afford to leave, when they leave little else, to the losers. They do not always find manors, got by rapine or chicanery, insensibly to melt away, as the poets will 20
have it; or that all gold glides, like thawing snow, from the thief's hand that grasps it. Church land, alienated to lay uses, was formerly denounced to have this slippery quality. But some portions of it somehow always stuck so fast, that the denunciators have been fain to postpone the prophecy of 25
refundment to a late posterity.

III.—THAT A MAN MUST NOT LAUGH AT HIS OWN JEST.

The severest exaction surely ever invented upon the self-denial of poor human nature! This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it; to sit esurient at his own table, and commend the flavour of his venison upon the 30
absurd strength of his never touching it himself. On the contrary, we love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party; to watch a quirk, or a merry conceit, flickering upon the lips

some seconds before the tongue is delivered of it. If it be good, fresh, and racy—begotten of the occasion; if he that utters it never thought it before, he is naturally the first to be tickled with it; and any suppression of such complacence we hold to be churlish and insulting. What does it seem to imply, but that your company is weak or foolish enough to be moved by an image or a fancy, that shall stir you not at all, or but faintly? This is exactly the humour of the fine gentleman in Mandeville, who, while he dazzles his guests with the display of some costly toy, affects himself to “see nothing considerable in it.”

IV.—THAT SUCH A ONE SHOWS HIS BREEDING.—THAT IT IS EASY TO PERCEIVE HE IS NO GENTLEMAN.

A speech from the poorer sort of people, which always indicates that the party vituperated is a gentleman. The very fact which they deny, is that which galls and exasperates them to use this language. The forbearance with which it is usually received, is a proof what interpretation the bystander sets upon it. Of a kin to this, and still less politic, are the phrases with which, in their street rhetoric, they ply one another more grossly;—*He is a poor creature.*—*He has not a rag to cover*——, &c.; though this last, we confess is more frequently applied by females to females. They do not perceive that the satire glances upon themselves. A poor man, of all things in the world, should not upbraid an antagonist with poverty. Are there no other topics—as, to tell him his father was hanged—his sister, &c.—, without exposing a secret, which should be kept snug between them; and doing an affront to the order to which they have the honour equally to belong? All this while they do not see how the wealthier man stands by and laughs in his sleeve at both.

V.—THAT THE POOR COPY THE VICES OF THE RICH.

A smooth text to the latter; and, preached from the pulpit, is sure of a docile audience from the pews lined with satin. It is twice sitting upon velvet to a foolish squire to be told, that *he*—and not *perverse nature*, as the homilies would make us

imagine, is the true cause of all the irregularities in his parish. This is striking at the root of free-will indeed, and denying the originality of sin in any sense. But men are not such implicit sheep as this comes to. If the abstinence from evil on the part of the upper classes is to derive itself from no higher principle, than the apprehension of setting ill patterns to the lower, we beg leave to discharge them from all squeamishness on that score: they may even take their fill of pleasures, where they can find them. The Genius of Poverty, hampered and straitened as it is, is not so barren of invention but it can trade upon the staple of its own vice, without drawing upon their capital. The poor are not quite such servile imitators as they take them for. Some of them are very clever artists in their way. Here and there we find an original. Who taught the poor to steal, to pilfer? They did not go to the great for schoolmasters in these faculties surely. It is well if in some vices they allow us to be—no copyists. In no other sense is it true that the poor copy them, than as servants may be said to *take after* their masters and mistresses, when they succeed to their reversionary cold meats. If the master, from indisposition or some other cause, neglect his food, the servant dines notwithstanding.

“O, but (some will say) the force of example is great.” We knew a lady who was so scrupulous on this head, that she would put up with the calls of the most impertinent visitor, rather than let her servant say she was not at home, for fear of teaching her maid to tell an untruth; and this in the very face of the fact, which she knew well enough, that the wench was one of the greatest liars upon the earth without teaching; so much so, that her mistress possibly never heard two words of consecutive truth from her in her life. But nature must go for nothing: example must be everything. This liar in grain, who never opened her mouth without a lie, must be guarded against a remote inference, which she (pretty casuist!) might possibly draw from a form of words—literally false, but essentially deceiving no one—that under some circumstances a fib might not be so exceedingly sinful—a fiction, too, not at all in her own way, or one that she could be suspected of adopting, for few servant-wenches care to be denied to visitors.

This word *example* reminds us of another fine word which is in use upon these occasions—*encouragement*. “People in our sphere must not be thought to give encouragement to such proceedings.” To such a frantic height is this principle
 5 capable of being carried, that we have known individuals who have thought it within the scope of their influence to sanction despair, and give *éclat* to—suicide. A domestic in the family of a county member lately deceased, from love, or some unknown cause, cut his throat, but not successfully. The
 10 poor fellow was otherwise much loved, and respected; and great interest was used in his behalf, upon his recovery, that he might be permitted to retain his place; his word being first pledged, not without some substantial sponsors to promise for him, that the like should never happen again. His master
 15 was inclinable to keep him, but his mistress thought otherwise; and John in the end was dismissed, her ladyship declaring that she “could not think of encouraging any such doings in the county.”

VI.—THAT ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST.

Not a man, woman, or child in ten miles round Guildhall,
 20 who really believes this saying. The inventor of it did not believe it himself. It was made in revenge by somebody, who was disappointed of a regale. It is a vile cold-scrag-of-mutton sophism; a lie palmed upon the palate, which knows better things. If nothing else could be said for a feast, this
 25 is sufficient, that from the superflux there is usually something left for the next day. Morally interpreted, it belongs to a class of proverbs, which have a tendency to make us undervalue *money*. Of this cast are those notable observations, that money is not health; riches cannot purchase everything;
 30 the metaphor which makes gold to be mere muck, with the morality which traces fine clothing to the sheeps’ back, and denounces pearl as the unhandsome excretion of an oyster. Hence, too, the phrase which imputes dirt to acres—a sophistry so barefaced, that even the literal sense of it is true only in a
 35 wet season. This, and abundance of similar sage saws assum-

ing to inculcate *content*, we verily believe to have been the invention of some cunning borrower, who had designs upon the purse of his wealthier neighbour, which he could only hope to carry by force of these verbal jugglings. Translate any one of these sayings out of the artful metonymy which envelopes 5 it, and the trick is apparent. Goodly legs and shoulders of mutton, exhilarating cordials, books, pictures, the opportunities of seeing foreign countries, independence, heart's ease, a man's own time to himself, are not *muck*—however we may be pleased to scandalise with that appellation the faithful 10 metal that provides them for us.

VII.—OF TWO DISPUTANTS, THE WARMEST IS GENERALLY
IN THE WRONG.

Our Experience would lead us to quite an opposite conclusion. Temper, indeed, is no test of truth; but warmth and earnestness are a proof at least of a man's own conviction of the rectitude of that which he maintains. Coolness is as often 15 the result of an unprincipled indifference to truth or falsehood, as of a sober confidence in a man's own side in a dispute. Nothing is more insulting sometimes than the appearance of this philosophic temper. There is little Titubus, the stammering law-stationer in Lincoln's Inn—we have seldom known 20 this shrewd little fellow engaged in an argument where we were not convinced he had the best of it, if his tongue would but fairly have seconded him. When he has been spluttering excellent broken sense for an hour together, writhing and labouring to be delivered of the point of dispute—the very 25 gist of the controversy knocking at his teeth, which like some obstinate iron-grating still obstructed its deliverance—his puny frame convulsed, and face reddening all over at an unfairness in the logic which he wanted articulation to expose, it has moved our gall to see a smooth portly fellow of an 30 adversary, that cared not a button for the merits of the question, by merely laying his hand upon the head of the stationer, and desiring him to be *calm* (your tall disputants have always the advantage), with a provoking sneer carry the argument clean from him in the opinion of all the by-standers, who have gone 35

away clearly convinced that Titubus must have been in the wrong, because he was in a passion; and that Mr. —, meaning his opponent, is one of the fairest, and at the same time one of the most dispassionate arguers breathing.

VIII.—THAT VERBAL ALLUSIONS ARE NOT WIT, BECAUSE THEY WILL NOT BEAR A TRANSLATION.

5 The same might be said of the wittiest local allusions. A custom is sometimes as difficult to explain to a foreigner as a pun. What would become of a great part of the wit of the last age, if it were tried by this test? How would certain topics, as aldermanity, cuckoldry, have sounded to a Terentian
10 auditory, though Terence himself had been alive to translate them? *Senator Urbanus*, with *Curruca* to boot for a synonyme, would but faintly have done the business. Words, involving notions, are hard enough to render; it is too much to expect us to translate a sound, and give an elegant version
15 to a jingle. The Virgilian harmony is not translatable, but by substituting harmonious sounds in another language for it. To Latinise a pun, we must seek a pun in Latin that will answer to it; as, to give an idea of the double endings in *Hudibras*, we must have recourse to a similar practice in the old monkish
20 doggerel. Dennis, the fiercest oppugner of puns in ancient or modern times, professes himself highly tickled with the “a stick” chiming to “ecclesiastic.” Yet what is this but a species of pun, a verbal consonance?

IX.—THAT THE WORST PUNS ARE THE BEST.

If by the worst be only meant the most far-fetched and
25 startling, we agree to it. A pun is not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear; not a feather to tickle the intellect. It is an antic which does not stand upon manners, but comes bounding into the presence, and does not show the less comic for being dragged in some-
30 times by the head and shoulders. What though it limp a little, or prove defective in one leg—all the better. A pun may easily be too curious and artificial.

Who has not at one time or other been at a party of professors (himself perhaps an old offender in that line), where, after ringing a round of the most ingenious conceits, every man contributing his shot, and some there the most expert shooters of the day; after making a poor *word* run the gauntlet 5 till it is ready to drop; after hunting and winding it through all the possible ambages of similar sounds; after squeezing and hauling, and tugging at it, till the very milk of it will not yield a drop further,—suddenly some obscure, unthought-of fellow in a corner, who was never 'prentice to the trade, whom 10 the company for very pity passed over, as we do by a known poor man when a money-subscription is going round, no one calling upon him for his quota—has all at once come out with something so whimsical, yet so pertinent; so brazen in its pretensions, yet so impossible to be denied; so exquisitely good, 15 and so deplorably bad, at the same time,—that it has proved a Robin Hood's shot; any thing ulterior to that is despaired of; and the party breaks up, unanimously voting it to be the very worst (that is, best) pun of the evening. This species of wit is the better for not being perfect in all its parts. What it 20 gains in completeness, it loses in naturalness. The more exactly it satisfies the critical, the less hold it has upon some other faculties. The puns which are most entertaining are those which will least bear an analysis. Of this kind is the following, recorded with a sort of stigma, in one of Swift's 25 *Miscellanies*.

An Oxford scholar, meeting a porter who was carrying a hare through the streets, accosts him with this extraordinary question: "Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare, or a wig?"

There is no excusing this, and no resisting it. A man might 30 blur ten sides of paper in attempting a defence of it against a critic who should be laughter-proof. The quibble in itself is not considerable. It is only a new turn given, by a little false pronunciation, to a very common, though not very courteous inquiry. Put by one gentleman to another at a 35 dinner-party, it would have been vapid; to the mistress of the house, it would have shown much less wit than rudeness. We must take in the totality of time, place, and person; the pert look of the inquiring scholar, the desponding looks

of the puzzled porter; the one stopping at leisure, the other hurrying on with his burthen; the innocent though rather abrupt tendency of the first member of the question, with the utter and inextricable irrelevancy of the second; the place
 5 —a public street, not favourable to frivolous investigations; the effrontive quality of the primitive inquiry (the common question) invidiously transferred to the derivative (the new turn given to it) in the implied satire; namely, that few of that tribe are expected to eat of the good things which they carry,
 10 they being in most countries considered rather as the temporary trustees than owners of such dainties,—which the fellow was beginning to understand; but then the *wig* again comes in, and he can make nothing of it; all put together constitute a picture: Hogarth could have made it intelligible
 15 on canvas.

Yet nine out of ten critics will pronounce this a very bad pun, because of the defectiveness in the concluding member, which is its very beauty, and constitutes the surprise. The same persons shall cry up for admirable the cold quibble from
 20 Virgil about the broken Cremona; because it is made out in all its parts, and leaves nothing to the imagination. We venture to call it cold; because of thousands who have admired it, it would be difficult to find one who has heartily chuckled at it. As appealing to the judgment merely (setting the
 25 risible faculty aside), we must pronounce it a monument of curious felicity. But as some stories are said to be too good to be true, it may with equal truth be asserted of this bi-verbal allusion, that it is too good to be natural. One cannot help suspecting that the incident was invented to fit the line. It
 30 would have been better had it been less perfect. Like some Virgilian hemistichs, it has suffered by filling up. The *nimum Vicina* was enough in conscience; the *Cremonae* afterwards loads it. It is in fact a double pun; and we have always observed that a superfoetation in this sort of wit is dangerous.
 35 When a man has said a good thing, it is seldom politic to follow it up. We do not care to be cheated a second time; or, perhaps, the mind of man (with reverence be it spoken) is not capacious enough to lodge two puns at a time. The impression, to be forcible, must be simultaneous and undivided.

X.—THAT HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

Those who use this proverb can never have seen Mrs. Conrady.

The soul, if we may believe Plotinus, is a ray from the celestial beauty. As she partakes more or less of this heavenly light, she informs, with corresponding characters, the fleshly tenement which she chooses, and frames to herself a suitable mansion. 5

All which only proves that the soul of Mrs. Conrady, in her pre-existent state, was no great judge of architecture.

To the same effect, in a Hymn in honour of Beauty, divine Spenser *platonising*, sings:— 10

“ ——— Every spirit as it is more pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight 15
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For of the soul the body form doth take:
For soul is form and doth the body make.”

But Spenser, it is clear, never saw Mrs. Conrady.

These poets, we find, are no safe guides in philosophy; for 20 here, in his very next stanza but one, is a saving clause, which throws us all out again, and leaves us as much to seek as ever:—

“ Yet oft it falls, that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformed tabernacle drown'd, 25
Either by chance, against the course of kind,
Or through unaptness in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborn ground,
That will not yield unto her form's direction,
But is performed with some foul imperfection.” 30

From which it would follow, that Spenser had seen somebody like Mrs. Conrady.

The spirit of this good lady—her previous *anima*—must have stumbled upon one of these untoward tabernacles which he speaks of. A more rebellious commodity of clay for a ground, 35 as the poet calls it, no gentle mind—and sure hers is one of the gentlest—ever had to deal with.

Pondering upon her inexplicable visage—inexplicable, we mean, but by this modification of the theory—we have come

to a conclusion that, if one must be plain, it is better to be plain all over, than, amidst a tolerable residue of features, to hang out one that shall be exceptionable. No one can say of Mrs. Conrady's countenance that it would be better if she had but
5 a nose. It is impossible to pull her to pieces in this manner. We have seen the most malicious beauties of her own sex baffled in the attempt at a selection. The *tout ensemble* defies particularising. It is too complete—too consistent, as we may say—to admit of these invidious reservations. It is not as if
10 some Apelles had picked out here a lip—and there a chin—out of the collected ugliness of Greece, to frame a model by. It is a symmetrical whole. We challenge the minutest connoisseur to cavil at any part or parcel of the countenance in question; to say that this, or that, is improperly placed. We
15 are convinced that true ugliness, no less than is affirmed of true beauty, is the result of harmony.

Like that too it reigns without a competitor. No one ever saw Mrs. Conrady, without pronouncing her to be the plainest woman that he ever met with in the course of his life. The
20 first time that you are indulged with a sight of her face, is an era in your existence ever after. You are glad to have seen it—like Stonehenge. No one can pretend to forget it. No one ever apologised to her for meeting her in the street on such a day and not knowing her: the pretext would be too bare.
25 Nobody can mistake her for another. Nobody can say of her, "I think I have seen that face somewhere, but I cannot call to mind where." You must remember that in such a parlour it first struck you—like a bust. You wondered where the owner of the house had picked it up. You wondered
30 more when it began to move its lips—so mildly too! No one ever thought of asking her to sit for her picture. Locketts are for remembrance; and it would be clearly superfluous to hang an image at your heart, which, once seen, can never be out of it.

35 It is not a mean face either: its entire originality precludes that. Neither is it of that order of plain faces which improve upon acquaintance. Some very good but ordinary people, by an unwearied perseverance in good offices, put a cheat upon our eyes; juggle our senses out of their natural impres-

sions; and set us upon discovering good indications in a countenance, which at first sight promised nothing less. We detect gentleness, which had escaped us, lurking about an under lip. But when Mrs. Conrady has done you a service, her face remains the same; when she has done you a thousand, and you know that she is ready to double the number, still it is that individual face. Neither can you say of it, that it would be a good face if it were not marked by the small pox—a compliment which is always more admissive than excusatory—for either Mrs. Conrady never had the small pox: or, as we say, took it kindly. No, it stands upon its own merits fairly. There it is. It is her mark, her token; that which she is known by. 5 10

XI.—THAT WE MUST NOT LOOK A GIFT-HORSE IN THE MOUTH.

Nor a lady's age in the parish register. We hope we have more delicacy than to do either; but some faces spare us the trouble of these *dental* inquiries. And what if the beast, which my friend would force upon my acceptance, prove, upon the face of it, a sorry Rosinante, a lean, ill-favoured jade, whom no gentleman could think of setting up in his stables? Must I, rather than not be obliged to my friend, make her a companion to Eclipse or Lightfoot? A horse-giver, no more than a horse-seller, has a right to palm his spavined article upon us for good ware. An equivalent is expected in either case; and, with my own good will, I would no more be cheated out of my thanks than out of my money. Some people have a knack of putting upon you gifts of no real value, to engage you to substantial gratitude. We thank them for nothing. 15 20 25

Our friend Mitis carries this humour of never refusing a present, to the very point of absurdity—if it were possible to couple the ridiculous with so much mistaken delicacy, and real good nature. Not an apartment in his fine house (and he has a true taste in household decorations), but is stuffed up with some preposterous print or mirror—the worst adapted to his panels that may be—the presents of his friends that know 30 35

his weakness; while his noble Vandykes are displaced, to make room for a set of daubs, the work of some wretched artist of his acquaintance, who, having had them returned upon his hands for bad likenesses, finds his account in bestowing them here gratis. The good creature has not the heart to mortify the painter at the expense of an honest refusal.

It is pleasant (if it did not vex one at the same time) to see him sitting in his dining parlour, surrounded with obscure aunts and cousins to God knows whom, while the true Lady Marys and Lady Bettys of his own honourable family, in favour to these adopted frights, are consigned to the staircase and the lumber-room. In like manner his goodly shelves are one by one stript of his favourite old authors, to give place to a collection of presentation copies—the flour and bran of modern poetry. A presentation copy, reader,—if haply you are yet innocent of such favours—is a copy of a book which does not sell, sent you by the author, with his foolish autograph at the beginning of it; for which, if a stranger, he only demands your friendship; if a brother author, he expects from you a book of yours, which does sell, in return. We can speak to experience, having by us a tolerable assortment of these gift-horses.

Not to ride a metaphor to death—we are willing to acknowledge, that in some gifts there is sense. A duplicate out of a friend's library (where he has more than one copy of a rare author) is intelligible. There are favours, short of the pecuniary—a thing not fit to be hinted at among gentlemen—which confer as much grace upon the acceptor as the offerer; the kind, we confess, which is most to our palate, is of those little conciliatory missives, which for their vehicle generally choose a hamper—little odd presents of game, fruit, perhaps wine—though it is essential to the delicacy of the latter that it be home-made. We love to have our friend in the country sitting thus at our table by proxy; to apprehend his presence (though a hundred miles may be between us) by a turkey, whose goodly aspect reflects to us his “plump corpusculum”; to taste him in grouse or woodcock; to feel him gliding down in the toast peculiar to the latter: to concorporate him in a slice of Canterbury brawn. This is indeed to have him within

ourselves; to know him intimately: such participation is methinks unitive, as the old theologians phrase it.

For these considerations we should be sorry if certain restrictive regulations, which are thought to bear hard upon the peasantry of this country, were entirely done away with. 5 A hare, as the law now stands, makes many friends. Caius conciliates Titius (knowing his *goût*) with a leash of partridges. Titius (suspecting his partiality for them) passes them to Lucius; who in his turn, preferring his friend's relish to his own, makes them over to Marcius; till in their ever widening 10 progress, and round of unconscious circum-migration, they distribute the seeds of harmony over half a parish. We are well disposed to this kind of sensible remembrances; and are the less apt to be taken by those little airy tokens—impalpable to the palate—which, under the names of rings, locket, keep- 15 sakes, amuse some people's fancy mightily. We could never away with these indigestible trifles. They are the very kickshaws and foppery of friendship.

XII.—THAT HOME IS HOME THOUGH IT IS NEVER SO HOMELY.

Homes there are, we are sure, that are no homes; the home of the very poor man, and another which we shall speak to 20 presently. Crowded places of cheap entertainment, and the benches of ale-houses, if they could speak, might bear mournful testimony to the first. To them the very poor man resorts for an image of the home, which he cannot find at home. For a starved grate, and a scanty firing, that is not enough to keep 25 alive the natural heat in the fingers of so many shivering children with their mother, he finds in the depths of winter always a blazing hearth, and a hob to warm his pittance of beer by. Instead of the clamours of a wife, made gaunt by famishing, he meets with a cheerful attendance beyond the 30 merits of the trifle which he can afford to spend. He has companions which his home denies him, for the very poor man has no visitors. He can look into the goings on of the world, and speak a little to politics.

At home there are no politics stirring, but the domestic. All 35

interests, real or imaginary, all topics that should expand the mind of man, and connect him to a sympathy with general existence, are crushed in the absorbing considerations of food to be obtained for the family. Beyond the price of bread,
5 news is senseless and impertinent. At home there is no larder. Here there is at least a show of plenty; and while he cooks his lean scrap of butcher's meat before the common bars, or munches his humbler cold viands, his relishing bread and cheese with an onion, in a corner, where no one reflects upon
10 his poverty, he has a sight of the substantial joint providing for the landlord and his family. He takes an interest in the dressing of it; and while he assists in removing the trivet from the fire, he feels that there is such a thing as beef and cabbage, which he was beginning to forget at home.

15 All this while he deserts his wife and children. But what wife, and what children? Prosperous men, who object to this desertion, image to themselves some clean contented family like that which they go home to. But look at the countenance of the poor wives who follow and persecute their
20 good man to the door of the public house, which he is about to enter, when something like shame would restrain him, if stronger misery did not induce him to pass the threshold. That face, ground by want, in which every cheerful, every conversable lineament has been long effaced by misery,—is
25 that a face to stay at home with? is it more a woman, or a wild cat? alas! it is the face of the wife of his youth, that once smiled upon him. It can smile no longer. What comforts can it share? what burthens can it lighten? Oh, 'tis a fine thing to talk of the humble meal shared together! But
30 what if there be no bread in the cupboard?

The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor
35 people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not bring up their children; they drag them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe

it, to toss it up and down, to humour it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten.

It has been prettily said that "a babe is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, un-nourishing; the return to its little baby-tricks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses, it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinencies, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passion of young wonder. It was never sung to—no one ever told to it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labour. It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator, for food with the parent.

It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times.

It makes the very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays (fitting that age); of the promised sight, or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear-starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman,—before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?

There is yet another home, which we are constrained to deny to be one. It has a larder, which the home of the poor

man wants; its fireside conveniences, of which the poor dream not. But with all this, it is no home. It is—the house of the man that is infested with many visitors. May we be branded for the veriest churl, if we deny our heart to the
5 many noble-hearted friends that at times exchange their dwelling for our poor roof! It is not of guests that we complain, but of endless, purposeless, visitants; droppers in, as they are called. We sometimes wonder from what sky they fall. It is the very error of the position of our lodging; its
10 horoscopy was ill calculated, being just situate in a medium—a plaguy suburban midspace—fitted to catch idlers from town or country.

We are older than we were, and age is easily put out of its way. We have fewer sands in our glass to reckon upon, and
15 we cannot brook to see them drop in endlessly succeeding impertinences. At our time of life, to be alone sometimes is as needful as sleep. It is the refreshing sleep of the day. The growing infirmities of age manifest themselves in nothing more strongly than in an inveterate dislike of interruption. The
20 thing which we are doing, we wish to be permitted to do. We have neither much knowledge nor devices; but there are fewer in the place to which we hasten. We are not willingly put out of our way, even at a game of nine-pins. While youth was, we had vast reversions in time future; we are reduced to
25 a present pittance, and obliged to economise in that article. We bleed away our moments now as hardly as our ducats. We cannot bear to have our thin wardrobe eaten and fretted into by moths.

We are willing to barter our good time with a friend, who
30 gives us in exchange his own. Herein is the distinction between the genuine guest and the visitant. This latter takes your good time, and gives you his bad in exchange. The guest is domestic to you as your good cat, or household bird; the visitant is your fly, that flaps in at your window, and out
35 again, leaving nothing but a sense of disturbance, and victuals spoiled. The inferior functions of life begin to move heavily. We cannot concoct our food with interruptions. Our chief meal, to be nutritive, must be solitary. With difficulty we can eat before a guest; and never understood what the relish

of public feasting meant. Meats have no sapor, nor digestion fair play, in a crowd. The unexpected coming in of a visitant stops the machine. There is a punctual generation who time their calls to the precise commencement of your dining-hour—not to eat—but to see you eat. Our knife and fork drop 5 instinctively, and we feel that we have swallowed our latest morsel.

Others again show their genius, as we have said, in knocking the moment you have just sat down to a book. They have a peculiar compassionate sneer, with which they hope “that 10 they do not interrupt your studies.” Though they flutter off the next moment, to carry their impertinences to the nearest student that they can call their friend, the tone of the book is spoiled; we shut the leaves, and, with Dante’s lovers, read no more that day. It were well if the effect of intrusion were 15 simply co-extensive with its presence; but it mars all the good hours afterwards. These scratches in appearance leave an orifice that closes not hastily. “It is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship,” says worthy Bishop Taylor, “to spend it upon impertinent people, who are, it may be, loads to their 20 families, but can never ease my loads.” This is the secret of their gaddings, their visits, and morning calls. They too have homes, which are—no homes.

XIII.—THAT YOU MUST LOVE ME AND LOVE MY DOG.

“Good sir, or madam, as it may be—we most willingly embraced the offer of your friendship. We long have known 25 your excellent qualities. We have wished to have you nearer to us; to hold you within the very innermost fold of our heart. We can have no reserve towards a person of your open and noble nature. The frankness of your humour suits us exactly. We have been long looking for such a friend. Quick—let us 30 disburthen our troubles into each other’s bosom—let us make our single joys shine by reduplication—But *yap, yap, yap!* what is this confounded cur? he has fastened his tooth, which is none of the bluntest, just in the fleshy part of my leg.”

"It is my dog, sir. You must love him for my sake. Here, Test—Test—Test!"

"But he has bitten me."

"Ay, that he is apt to do, till you are better acquainted with him. I have had him three years. He never bites me."

Yap, yap, yap!—"He is at it again."

"Oh, sir, you must not kick him. He does not like to be kicked. I expect my dog to be treated with all the respect due to myself."

10 "But do you always take him out with you, when you go a friendship-hunting?"

"Invariably. 'Tis the sweetest, prettiest, best-conditioned animal. I call him my *test*—the touchstone by which I try a friend. No one can properly be said to love me, who does
15 not love him."

"Excuse us, dear sir—or madam aforesaid—if upon further consideration we are obliged to decline the otherwise invaluable offer of your friendship. We do not like dogs."

"Mighty well, sir—you know the conditions—you may
20 have worse offers. Come along, Test."

The above dialogue is not so imaginary, but that, in the intercourse of life, we have had frequent occasions of breaking off an agreeable intimacy by reason of these canine appendages. They do not always come in the shape of dogs; they some-
25 times wear the more plausible and human character of kinsfolk, near acquaintances, my friend's friend, his partner, his wife, or his children. We could never yet form a friendship—not to speak of more delicate correspondences—however much to our taste, without the intervention of some third
30 anomaly, some impertinent clog affixed to the relation—the understood *dog* in the proverb.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture; like a schoolboy's holiday, with a task affixed to the tail of it. What a delightful companion is
35 * * * *, if he did not always bring his tall cousin with him! He seems to grow with him; like some of those double births which we remember to have read of with such wonder and delight in the old "Athenian Oracle," where Swift commenced author by writing Pindaric Odes (what a beginning for him!)

upon Sir William Temple. There is the picture of the brother, with the little brother peeping out at his shoulder; a species of fraternity, which we have no name of kin close enough to comprehend. When * * * * comes, poking in his head and shoulder into your room, as if to feel his entry, you think, 5 surely you have now got him to yourself—what a three-hours' chat we shall have!—but ever in the haunch of him, and before his diffident body is well disclosed in your apartment, appears the haunting shadow of the cousin, over-peering his modest kinsman, and sure to overlay the expected good 10 talk with his insufferable procerity of stature, and uncorresponding dwarfishness of observation.

Misfortunes seldom come alone. 'Tis hard when a blessing comes accompanied. Cannot we like Sempronia, without sitting down to chess with her eternal brother? or know 15 Sulpicia, without knowing all the round of her card-playing relations? must my friend's brethren of necessity be mine also? must we be hand and glove with Dick Selby the parson, or Jack Selby the calico-printer, because W. S., who is neither, but a ripe wit and a critic, has the misfortune to claim a 20 common parentage with them? Let him lay down his brothers; and 'tis odds but we will cast him in a pair of ours (we have superflux) to balance the concession. Let F. H. lay down his garrulous uncle; and Honorius dismiss his vapid wife, and superfluous establishment of six boys: things between boy and 25 manhood—too ripe for play, too raw for conversation—that come in impudently staring their father's old friend out of countenance; and will neither aid, nor let alone, the conference: that we may once more meet upon equal terms, as we were wont to do in the disengaged state of bachelorhood. 30

It is well if your friend, or mistress, be content with these canicular probations. Few young ladies but in this sense keep a dog. But when Rutilia hounds at you her tiger aunt; or Ruspina expects you to cherish and fondle her viper sister, whom she has preposterously taken into her bosom, to try 35 stinging conclusions upon your constancy; they must not complain if the house be rather thin of suitors. Scylla must have broken off many excellent matches in her time, if she insisted upon all, that loved her, loving her dogs also.

An excellent story to this moral is told of Merry, of Della Cruscan memory. In tender youth, he loved and courted a modest appanage to the Opera, in truth a dancer, who had won him by the artless contrast between her manners and
5 situation. She seemed to him a native violet, that had been transplanted by some rude accident into that exotic and artificial hotbed. Nor, in truth, was she less genuine and sincere than she appeared to him. He wooed and won this flower. Only for appearance' sake, and for due honour to the
10 bride's relations, she craved that she might have the attendance of her friends and kindred at the approaching solemnity. The request was too amiable not to be conceded: and in this solicitude for conciliating the good-will of mere relations, he found a presage of her superior attentions to himself, when
15 the golden shaft should have "killed the flock of all affections else."

The morning came: and at the Star and Garter, Richmond—the place appointed for the breakfasting—accompanied with one English friend, he impatiently awaited what reinforcements the bride should bring to grace the ceremony. A
20 rich muster she had made. They came in six coaches—the whole corps du ballet—French, Italian, men and women. Monsieur De B., the famous *pirouetter* of the day, led his fair spouse, but craggy, from the banks of the Seine. The Prima
25 Donna had sent her excuse. But the first and second Buffa were there; and Signor Sc—, and Signora Ch—, and Madame V—, with a countless cavalcade besides of chorusers, figurantes, at the sight of whom Merry afterwards declared, that
"then for the first time it struck him seriously that he was
30 about to marry—a dancer." But there was no help for it. Besides it was her day; these were, in fact, her friends and kinsfolk. The assemblage, though whimsical, was all very natural. But when the bride—handing out of the last coach a still more extraordinary figure than the rest—presented to
35 him as her *father*—the gentleman that was to *give her away*—no less a person than Signor Delpini himself—with a sort of pride, as much as to say, See what I have brought to do us honour!—the thought of so extraordinary a paternity quite overcame him; and slipping away under some pretence from

the bride and her motley adherents, poor Merry took horse from the back yard to the nearest sea-coast, from which, shipping himself to America, he shortly after consoled himself with a more congenial match in the person of Miss Brunton; relieved from his intended clown father, and a bevy of painted Buffas for bridesmaids. 5

XIV.—THAT WE SHOULD RISE WITH THE LARK.

At what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a mere human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises—we take 10 ten, or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice), to be the very earliest hour, at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say; for to do it in earnest, requires another half-hour's good consideration. 15

Not but there are pretty sun-risings, as we are told, and such like gawds, abroad in the world, in summer time especially, some hours before what we have assigned; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been 20 tempted once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances; which have in them, 25 besides, something Pagan and Persic. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun (as 'tis called), to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches; Nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense 30 of our presumption in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveller.

We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous, at the outset especially, in these break-of-day excursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world; to conquer death 35 by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality

are in us; and we pay usually in strange qualms before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversion. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast huddling on their clothes, are already up and about their occupations, content to have
5 swallowed their sleep by wholesale; we choose to linger a-bed, and digest our dreams. It is the very time to recombine the wandering images, which night in a confused mass presented; to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape, and mould them.

Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast
10 feeders, they gulp them too grossly, to taste them curiously. We love to chew the cud of a foregone vision; to collect the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder nocturnal tragedies; to drag into day-light a struggling and half-vanishing night-mare; to
15 handle and examine the terrors, or the airy solaces. We have too much respect for these spiritual communications, to let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid, or so careless, as that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to
20 have as much significance as our waking concerns; or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly we approach by years to the shadowy world, whither we are hastening.

We have shaken hands with the world's business; we have done with it; we have discharged ourself of it. Why should
25 we get up? we have neither suit to solicit, nor affairs to manage. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth act. We have nothing here to expect, but in a short time a sick bed and a dismissal. We delight to anticipate death by such shadows as night affords. We are already half acquainted
30 with ghosts. We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed grey before our hairs. The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no
35 more of life than what the mimic images in play-houses present us with. Even those types have waxed fainter. Our clock appears to have struck. We are SUPERANNUATED.

In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to have friends at court.

The abstracted media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence, upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know a little of the usages of that colony; to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be the less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be of their dark companionship. Therefore, we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world; and think we know already, how it shall be with us. Those uncouth shapes, which, while we clung to flesh and blood, affrighted us, have become familiar. We feel attenuated into their meagre essences, and have given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. We once thought life to be something; but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up?

XV.—THAT WE SHOULD LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB.

We could never quite understand the philosophy of this arrangement, or the wisdom of our ancestors in sending us for instruction to these woolly bedfellows. A sheep, when it is dark, has nothing to do but to shut his silly eyes, and sleep if he can. Man found out long sixes.—Hail candle-light! without disparagement to sun or moon, the kindest luminary of the three—if we may not rather style thee their radiant deputy, mild viceroy of the moon!—We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by candle-light. They are everybody's sun and moon. This is our peculiar and household planet.

Wanting it, what savage unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in caves and unillumined fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbour's cheek to be sure that he understood it? This accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. It has a sombre cast (try Hesiod or Ossian), derived from the tradition of those un-

lantern'd nights. Jokes came in with candles. We wonder how they saw to pick up a pin, if they had any. How did they sup? what a melange of chance carving they must have made of it!—here one had got the leg of a goat, when he wanted a
 5 horse's shoulder—there another had dipt his scooped palm in a kid-skin of wild honey, when he meditated right mare's milk.

There is neither good eating nor drinking in fresco. Who, even in these civilised times, has never experienced this, when at some economic table he has commenced dining after dusk,
 10 and waited for the flavour till the lights came? The senses absolutely give and take reciprocally. Can you tell pork from veal in the dark? or distinguish Sherris from pure Malaga? Take away the candle from the smoking man; by the glimmering of the left ashes, he knows that he is still
 15 smoking, but he knows it only by an inference; till the restored light, coming in aid of the olfactories, reveals to both senses the full aroma. Then how he redoubles his puffs! how he burnishes!

There is absolutely no such thing as reading, but by a candle.
 20 We have tried the affectation of a book at noon-day in gardens, and in sultry arbours; but it was labour thrown away. Those gay motes in the beam come about you, hovering and teasing, like many coquettes, that will have you all to their self, and are jealous of your abstractions. By the midnight taper, the
 25 writer digests his meditations. By the same light, we must approach to their perusal, if we would catch the flame, the odour.

It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phoebus. No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. They
 30 are abstracted works—

“ Things that were born, when none but the still night,
 And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes.”

Marry, daylight—daylight might furnish the images, the crude material; but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing
 35 (as mine author hath it), they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild internal light, that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's

Morning Hymn in Paradise, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper. Even ourselves, in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best measured cadences (Prose has her cadences) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman, "blessing the doors"; or the wild sweeps of wind at midnight. Even now a loftier speculation than we have yet attempted courts our endeavours. We would indite something about the Solar System.—*Betty, bring the candles.*

XVI.—THAT A SULKY TEMPER IS A MISFORTUNE.

We grant that it is, and a very serious one—to a man's friends, and to all that have to do with him; but whether the condition of the man himself is so much to be deplored may admit of a question. We can speak a little to it, being, ourself but lately recovered—we whisper it in confidence, reader—out of a long and desperate fit of the sullens.

Was the cure a blessing? The conviction which wrought it came too clearly to leave a scruple of the fanciful injuries—for they were mere fancies—which had provoked the humour. But the humour itself was too self-pleasing, while it lasted—we know how bare we lay ourself in the confession—to be abandoned all at once with the grounds of it. We still brood over wrongs which we know to have been imaginary; and for our old acquaintance, N——, whom we find to be a truer friend than we took him for, we substitute some phantom—Caius or Titius—as like him as we dare to form it, to wreak our yet unsatisfied resentments on.

It is mortifying to fall at once from the pinnacle of neglect; to forego the idea of having been ill-used and contumaciously treated by an old friend. The first thing to aggrandise a man in his own conceit is to conceive of himself as neglected. There let him fix if he can. To undeceive him is to deprive him of the most tickling morsel within the range of self-complacency. No flattery can come near it. Happy is he who suspects his friend of an injustice; but supremely blest, who thinks all his friends in a conspiracy to depress and undervalue him. There

is a pleasure (we sing not to the profane) far beyond the reach of all that the world counts joy—a deep, enduring satisfaction in the depths, where the superficial seek it not, of discontent. Were we to recite one half of this mystery,—which we were
5 let into by our late dissatisfaction, all the world would be in love with disrespect; we should wear a slight for a bracelet, and neglects and contumacies would be the only matter for courtship.

Unlike to that mysterious book in the Apocalypse, the study
10 of this mystery is unpalatable only in the commencement. The first sting of a suspicion is grievous; but wait—out of that wound, which to flesh and blood seemed so difficult, there is balm and honey to be extracted. Your friend passed you on such or such a day—having in his company one that you con-
15 ceived worse than ambiguously disposed towards you,—passed you in the street without notice. To be sure he is something short-sighted; and it was in your power to have accosted *him*. But facts and sane inferences are trifles to a true adept in the science of dissatisfaction. He must have
20 seen you; and S——, who was with him, must have been the cause of the contempt. It galls you, and well it may. But have patience. Go home, and make the worst of it, and you are a made man from this time. Shut yourself up, and—rejecting, as an enemy to your peace, every whispering
25 suggestion that but insinuates there may be a mistake—reflect seriously upon the many lesser instances which you had begun to perceive, in proof of your friend's disaffection towards you. None of them singly was much to the purpose, but the aggregate weight is positive; and you have this last affront to
30 clench them.

Thus far the process is anything but agreeable. But now to your relief comes in the comparative faculty. You conjure up all the kind feelings you have had for your friend; what you have been to him, and what you would have been to him,
35 if he would have suffered you; how you defended him in this or that place; and his good name—his literary reputation, and so forth, was always dearer to you than your own! Your heart, spite of itself, yearns towards him. You could weep tears of blood but for a restraining pride. How say you? do

you not yet begin to apprehend a comfort? some allay of sweetness in the bitter waters? Stop not here, nor penuriously cheat yourself of your reversions.—You are on vantage ground. Enlarge your speculations, and take in the rest of your friends, as a spark kindles more sparks. Was there one among them, who has not to you proved hollow, false, slippery as water? Begin to think that the relation itself is inconsistent with mortality. That the very idea of friendship, with its component parts, as honour, fidelity, steadiness, exists but in your single bosom. Image yourself to yourself, as the only possible friend in a world incapable of that communion. Now the gloom thickens. The little star of self-love twinkles, that is to encourage you through deeper glooms than this. You are not yet at the half point of your elevation. You are not yet, believe me, half sulky enough. 5 15

Adverting to the world in general (as these circles in the mind will spread to infinity), reflect with what strange injustice you have been treated in quarters where (setting gratitude and the expectation of friendly returns aside as chimeras) you pretended no claim beyond justice, the naked due of all men. 20 Think the very idea of right and fit fled from the earth, or your breast the solitary receptacle of it, till you have swelled yourself into at least one hemisphere, the other being the vast Arabia Stony of your friends and the world aforesaid.

To grow bigger every moment in your own conceit, and the world to lessen; to deify yourself at the expense of your species; to judge the world—this is the acme and supreme point of your mystery—these the true PLEASURES of SULKINESS. 25

We profess no more of this grand secret than what ourself experimented on one rainy afternoon in the last week, sulking in our study. We had proceeded to the penultimate point, at which the true adept seldom stops, where the consideration of benefit forgot is about to merge in the meditation of general injustice—when a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the very friend, whose not seeing of us in the morning (for we will now confess the case our own), an accidental oversight, had given rise to so much agreeable generalisation! To mortify us still more, and take down the whole 35

flattering superstructure which pride had piled upon neglect, he had brought in his hand the identical S——, in whose favour we had suspected him of the contumacy. Asseverations were needless, where the frank manner of them both was convictive of the injurious nature of the suspicion. We fancied that they perceived our embarrassment; but were too proud, or something else, to confess to the secret of it. We had been but too lately in the condition of the noble patient in Argos:—

10 Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,
 In vacuo laetus sessor plausorque theatro—

and could have exclaimed with equal reason against the friendly hands that cured us—

15 Pol, me occidistis, amici,
 Non servâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
 Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

NOTES.

PREFACE.

1. 1. **This poor gentleman:** Lamb, who—so Lamb is pretending—has just died.

4. **were:** subjunctive singular, to express obligation.

5. **the thing:** Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, First Series.

10. **unlicked:** an allusion to the idea that bears lick their new-born cubs into shape; hence "shapeless."

incondite: "uncouth"; Latin *inconditus*.

11. **villainously pranked:** "miserably decked out."

13-14. **better it is . . . than to affect:** a mixed construction; we should expect "than that he should affect."

18. **former Essay:** on "Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago," in which Lamb, pretending to describe his own life at school, actually describes Coleridge's.

19. **figure:** "literary device."

23. **imply:** "weave in, fold in."

25. **reducing . . . himself:** "giving the experiences, thoughts, etc., of many others as his own." Lamb is arguing that the novelist speaks in the persons of his characters, "making himself many," or combines the traits and feelings of many in the hero or heroine who speaks in the first person.

2. 1. **intenser:** i.e. intenser than the novelist, since he has to compress his action into a few Acts and make it dramatic.

2. **faulty:** "at fault," "blameable (for egotism)."

10. **observed:** "paid no respect to."

11-12. **would e'en out with:** "would blurt out."

with . . . freethinker: thus Southey, in reviewing Lamb's work, appeared to blame it for traces of religious infidelity.

16. **too much affected:** "was too fond of."

17. **doubtful speeches:** "speeches of doubtful (ambiguous) meaning"; *doubtful* is contrasted with *unequivocal* in the next line.

20. **Your . . . talkers:** "people who talk long and much"; this colloquial use of *your* is now nearly obsolete.

22. **impediment of speech:** Lamb stammered badly; it was this defect which made it impossible for him to take Orders in the Church.

25. **petit:** "small," "short" (French).

27. be suspected for an odd fellow: "be thought to be a queer—because unsociable—fellow."

33-4. His conceptions . . . utterance: his ideas came more easily and naturally than his speech."

3. 1. science: used rather for "knowledge," "erudition" than in the modern restricted sense.

literate: "men of letters"; actually, Lamb numbered among his friends many of the best writers of his day.

6. intimados: "intimate friends." The word is apparently intended for Spanish or Portuguese, but is neither.

12. scandalised . . . arise: an allusion to St. Luke, xvii. 1, "It must needs be that offences come," where the Greek word for *offences* is *scandala*, "stumbling-blocks."

18. kept . . . abstemiousness: "inclined to take too much rather than too little alcoholic drink."

19. the Indian weed: "tobacco"—Indian because the English learnt smoking from the Red Indians.

20. solvent: "loosener"; smoking soothed Lamb's nerves and consequently decreased his tendency to stammer, since stammering is a nervous affection.

Marry: an old-fashioned oath, meaning "by the Virgin Mary!"

23. proceeded a statist: "took his degree as a statesman," i.e. showed the eloquence expected of a statesman.

28. discoursing: an unrelated participle, meaning "when I was discoursing."

31. Shacklewell: a suburb of North London. Lamb never lived there.

school of industry: "school for training destitute children."

36. foible: "weakness," "fault."

38. approached . . . stamp: "became more similar in appearance to somebody 'parochial.'"

4. 1. should . . . him: "should give him a claim (title) to be considered grave and respectable."

3. conform . . . procession: "did not keep up with his years, but was dragged into maturity and old age against his will"; like Peter Pan, he refused to grow up.

5. toga . . . him: "grown-up ways never suited him"; the *toga virilis* was the robe assumed by Roman boys, as a sign of manhood, in their sixteenth year.

7-8. the impertinence . . . manhood: "the untimely intrusion of manhood; the unseemly way in which manhood thrust itself upon him unasked."

9. explicate: "explain."

1. BLAKESMOOR IN H—SHIRE.

5. 3. **admit . . . envy**: "may arouse admiration and a sense of oneness with the past instead of envy."

8-9. **The same . . . church**: "there is the same difference between what we feel in entering an empty church and what we feel in entering a crowded church."

it is chance but: "the probability is that."

12. **puts us by**: "distracts us from"; modern slang, "puts us off."

13. **disharmonising**: "destroying the harmony between."

17. **piety**: "pious people."

19. **cross conflicting comparisons**: "no disturbing comparisons between what the congregation or preacher should be and what they are."

32-3. **an antiquity**: "a mere memorial of past times."

6. 4-5. **Death . . . proportion**: in style and matter these lines show the influence of Sir Thomas Browne, the seventeenth-century author of *Urn Burial*, one of Lamb's favourite writers.

weigh . . . proportion: "weigh more in proportion to the living man than did the few 'bricks' in proportion to the whole house." The allusion in *burnt ashes* is to the custom in many ancient races of cremating the dead.

8. **felt . . . heart**: "felt that the villains were tearing my heart."

10. **Cowley**: Abraham Cowley, poet, essayist, and dramatist, who flourished in the middle years of the seventeenth century. See p. 31, l. 16.

13. **yellow room**: i.e. the room decorated in yellow.

16. **peopling**: an allusion to the human figures which appeared in the tapestry.

17. **childhood**: "the child," i.e. Lamb himself.

18. **shifting its coverlid**: "taking away from its eyes the counterpane with which it was shutting out the frightful tapestries."

20. **staring reciprocally**: "staring at the child in return for his stare."

Ovid: "the stories of Ovid." The Latin poet Ovid (43 B.C.—18 A.D.), in his *Metamorphoses*, tells the mythical stories of men and women who were changed into other forms—trees, stars, etc.

21. **Actaeon in mid sprout**: Actaeon saw Diana, goddess of the moon and of chastity, and her nymphs bathing. The angry goddess turned him into a stag, and he was torn to pieces by his own dogs. *In mid-sprout* implies that, in the tapestry, his antlers were only half-grown.

23. **Dan Phoebus**: Phoebus Apollo, god of the sun and of poetry. *Dan* is the Middle English form of Latin *dominus* (lord), often prefixed to names (e.g. Dan Chaucer). Phoebus entered upon a musical contest

with Marsyas, a satyr, the winner to do what he chose with the loser. Marsyas lost, and was flayed alive by Phoebus.

24. eel-fashion: i.e. as if he (Marsyas) were an eel, being skinned by the cook. divesting of: understand "of his skin"; i.e. "skinning."

25. Mrs. Battle: attempts have been made to identify Mrs. Battle, whose Opinions on Whist form the subject of an essay in Lamb's first series, with Mrs. Field, Lamb's maternal grandmother, who certainly died at Blakesware, with Mrs. Burney, wife of Lamb's friend Admiral Burney, and with Mrs. Elizabeth Plumer.

28-9. How . . . again?: Lamb means that, even if the house were rebuilt, the old associations of fear could not attach to the new room.

39. admiration: probably used in the older sense of *wonder*; see l. 36.

7. 3. judged: "took to be."

5-6. strict and proper precincts: "its own exact limits."

idle: perhaps used in anticipation of *unexplored*; the lake serving no purpose as far as Lamb was concerned.

for me: "as far as I was concerned."

7-8. curiosity . . . elder devotion: Lamb's curiosity about the lake prevailing over his earlier (hence *elder*) devotion to the house.

9. Lacus Incognitus: "unknown lake" (Latin).

12. out . . . Eden: outside the house and grounds, which seemed to him a second Paradise.

13. would have drawn: "should have liked to draw."

methought: "it seemed to me," *thought* being from the Old English impersonal verb meaning *to seem*, not from the ancestor of our verb *to think*.

15. securer cincture: "safer girdle," alluding to the circular boundary of the walls.

16. garden-loving poet: Andrew Marvell (1621-78), author of *The Garden*. The quotation here is taken from his poem *Upon Appleton House*.

18. gadding: "wandering, straggling." Milton in *Lycidas* writes of the *gadding vine*.

19. so close . . . lace: "weave your circles so closely round me."

22. silken bondage: "bonds soft and light as silk."

26. frugal boards: "tables set with necessities only."

28-9. without . . . lessons: "without finding any fault with the lessons of intimate love which my lowly circumstances taught me." Lamb in another essay says that he and his sister could never have loved each other so dearly but for their early lack of money; see *Old China*, page 125, ll. 1-3.

31. contrasting accidents: "different surroundings."

33-4. to have . . . gentle: "one can feel oneself a gentleman without having been born one."

35. obliged to an importunate race: "tied to an exacting line." Lamb claims that he could, in imagination, feel the pride of birth without being obliged to live up to the standards of genteel ancestors.

36. coatless: "without a coat of arms of his own": there may be a pun on the usual sense of the word, the antiquary being imagined as so poor as to have no coat.

unemblazoned cell: "room which is not decorated with any armorial bearings."

37. revolving . . . pedigree: "looking down the long table of descent of a great family like that of the Mowbrays or De Cliffords."

8. 1. are ideal merely: "have their existence only in the minds of men, have no material existence."

herald: member of the Heralds' College, which records pedigrees and grants armorial bearings.

go about: "attempt."

2. is it trenchant to: "can it be cut by?" Normally *trenchant* means *cutting*.

3. hacked off . . . can: a knight who was degraded from his order, generally for high treason, had his spurs hacked off and all his decorations—his Order of the Garter, for instance, if he were a knight of the Garter—taken away.

4. What else . . . us?: "what interest should we otherwise take in noble families?"

6-7. capitulatory: "enumerating their virtues, honours, etc."

uninterrupted . . . bloods: "unbroken line of descent." What interest could we take in this, says Lamb, if we could not feel ourselves in imagination of equal rank (*corresponding elevation*) and similar birth (*cognate*)?

9. diminished: "smaller," because decayed with age.

'Scutcheon: "escutcheon, coat-of-arms."

11. Blakesmoor: Blakesware, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, owned by the Plumer family.

12. emblematic supporters: the *supporters* in heraldry were figures of animals or men standing one on each side of the coat-of-arms and appearing to support it, like the lion and the unicorn; they, like the other parts of the coat-of-arms, represented in the language of heraldry some fact connected with the family or its history and were hence *emblematic*.

13-14. Resurgam: "I shall rise again"—the family motto.

every . . . off: "every trace of my common birth dropping off from me."

I received . . . gentility: "I felt myself being transformed into a true gentleman." *Very* = "true."

18-20. This . . . transfusion: "this (imagination) is the only true way to become a gentleman although born of humble parents; the true change of common blood to noble blood; not, as quacks have falsely

said, the transference of the gentleman's blood into the veins of the peasant."

25. **Damoetas**: the traditional name for a shepherd, used in Vergil's third *Eclogue*. *Aegon* (see l. 28) is Damoetas' employer.

26. **Lincoln**: Lamb elsewhere suggests that his family came from Lincoln; see *Poor Relations*, page 15, ll. 2-3, 22-3; page 16, l. 4.

27. **vindicate to myself**: "substantiate my own claim to."

28. **backward**: "retrospective."

30. **pastoral progenitor**: "shepherd ancestor."

33. **newer trifle**: the Plumers' seat at Gilston.

34. **images**: "ideas."

9. 4. **vacancy**: "emptiness."

5. **fled posterity**: "descendants removed" to Gilston.

6. **pastoral drapery**: "shepherdess' dress."

8. **watchet hue**: "light blue."

9. **Alice**: the girl with whom Lamb was in love, supposed to be Ann Simmons, who eventually married a London pawnbroker named Bartrum.

12. **Twelve Caesars**: i.e. busts of Julius Caesar and the first eleven Roman Emperors.

14. **Nero**: Roman Emperor from 54 to 68 A.D. At first a good ruler, he soon became a cruel monster, who murdered, among others, his own mother.

15. **Galba**: Roman Emperor for seven months, in succession to Nero: he was assassinated by his praetorians or body-guard.

16-17. **there . . . immortality**: a finely imaginative interpretation of the coldness and permanence of the marble used for the busts.

20. **self-forgetful**: "erring," "unchaste."

26. **glittering**: the flower-pots had at first been gilt, but nearly all the gilding had been washed off by rain, exposing the lead underneath.

27. **verdant quarters**: "green lawns."

backwarder: "further back"; see l. 24.

28. **in old formality**: "planted in regular rows, in the old fashion."

firry: "of fir-trees."

31. **wist**: "knew."

child . . . mystery: "I worshipped that mysterious fragment of a statue as sincerely as any Greek or Roman child worshipped Pan or Sylvanus," respectively the Greek and Roman deities of the woods.

37. **pleasant places**: an allusion to Isaiah, xiii. 22, and Hosea, ix. 6.

38. **do not die all**: i.e. their souls survive. The expression is an echo of the Latin poet Horace's *Non omnis moriar* (Odes III. 30. 6), "I shall not wholly die," which claimed not personal immortality, but immortality for his verse.

2. POOR RELATIONS.

10. 1. irrelevant: "not to the point"; hence, "not wanted"

2. impertinent correspondency: "unseasonable or unwelcome connection."

approximation: "something near one"; cp. "those near and dear to us."

3-4. preposterous . . . prosperity: "unlike any natural shadow, which diminishes in length at midday, the poor relation makes himself more noticeable as you grow richer." preposterous: "hind-foremost."

8. blot on your 'scutcheon: "a stain on your coat-of-arms," i.e. a disgrace to the family.

9. death's head . . . banquet: it was the custom of the ancient Egyptians to set up a skull at their banquets, as a reminder that they must die.

Agathocles' pot: Agathocles, who rose to be the ruler of Syracuse towards the end of the fourth century B.C., had been a potter.

10. Mordecai in your gate: "one who refuses to give you respect"; see Esther, iii. 1-4.

Lazarus: "beggar"; see St. Luke, xvi. 20.

lion in your path: "an obstacle"; an allusion to Proverbs, xxvi. 13.

11. frog . . . chamber: possibly an allusion to the fairy-tale of the Frog-Prince; more probably, to Psalm cv. 30.

fly . . . ointment: see Ecclesiastes, x. 1.

12. mote . . . eye: "an unimportant but troublesome thing"; the expression is from St. Matthew, viii. 3-6.

13. one . . . needful: an allusion to St. Luke, x. 42.

24. open days: "free days," when there are no visitors.

27. declareth against: "refuses."

30. sticketh by: "keeps to."

31. remainder: "last," i.e. he professes to prefer the cheap wine, but is easily persuaded to drink up all that is left of the choicer wine.

34-5. speculateth . . . condition: "wonders what his position in life is."

tide-waiter: "customs-officer who boards ships on arrival to secure dues" and who thus has to wait till the tide serves. Similarly the poor relation waits for a favourable opportunity to get all he can.

11. 2. other: i.e. his surname.

6. taketh . . . state: "puts on a greater air of dignity."

7. client: "dependant"—the Latin sense of the word.

a country tenant: who is assumed to be an awkward rustic.

8. 'tis odds: "the chances are."

14. mean: "common," suggesting that the family is not so fine as you would have it appear.

23. dare: "dares"; Lamb is perhaps quoting the poor relation's own "I dare say."

25-6. had . . . vellum: "had the family coat-of-arms emblazoned on fine parchment." This implies that the family has only recently managed to obtain the grant of a coat-of-arms. The same suggestion lurks in the next words, which imply that the crest has only just been discovered—or invented.

34. pass him off: "explain his presence and appearance."

35. humourist: "eccentric," one subject to whims.

36. affects . . . threadbare: "has a fondness for going about in shabby clothes."

38. Character: "an oddity," "an eccentric person."

12. 1. dresses below herself: "dresses more shabbily than she need."

2. L——s: "Lambs."

7. sensible to: "aware of."

8-9. aliquando . . . erat: "at times he had to have the brake put on," said by the Emperor Augustus about the orator Aterius. Lamb, however, probably took the quotation from Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*, where it is used in reference to Shakespeare.

17. harpsichord: an old-fashioned instrument of the same type as the piano, the strings, however, being plucked, not struck by hammers.

18. Richard Amlet: a character in Vanbrugh's *Confederacy* (1705), with claims to gentility (hence *Esq.*), but with a vulgar tradeswoman as a mother.

21. blood: "relationship," i.e. his vulgar mother.

22-3. stars . . . crossed: "good fortune is continually spoilt"; an allusion to the old astrological theory that a person's fate was governed by the stars.

24-5. wherewithal: Amlet's mother was rich.

29. wanting . . . buoyancy: "lacking Dick's ability to throw off the weight of his cares and 'float.'"

25. W——: Favell, mentioned in Lamb's essay on *Christ's Hospital* as having enlisted because "ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizzars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning," only to perish "on the plains of Salamanca."

25. of my own standing: "in my class."

classic: "classical scholar."

34. ward off derogation: "maintain its own dignity."

36. would have: "wished to have."

13. 1. obnoxious to: "liable to," the meaning of the Latin *obnoxius*.

2. blue clothes: the long blue coat worn by all boys at Christ's Hospital.

7-9. dignity . . . society: i.e. his delight in a scholar's life was spoilt by the ridicule he endured because he went up to Oxford as a servitor or poor scholar, so that he loved Oxford and hated the undergraduates.

11. Nessian venom: "deadly poison." Deianira, Hercules' wife, gave him as a love-charm a tunic dyed in the blood of the Centaur Nessus; it proved a deadly poison, since Nessus had been slain by Hercules with a poisoned arrow.

12. Latimer: Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, who was burnt as a heretic in Queen Mary's reign (1555). Latimer was a Sizer, and later a Fellow, of Clare College, Cambridge.

13. Hooker: Richard Hooker (1554-1600), author of *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, a servitor at Oxford.

14. 1. chamber-fellow: "the student who shared his rooms."

5. strains . . . bear: "puts as much stress as possible on the duty of sons to fathers."

12. rally: "chaff in a good-humoured way."

13. representation . . . Evangelist: picture of St Luke, patron saint of painters.

18. like Satan . . . fled: an allusion to Milton's *Paradise Lost*, IV. 1012-13, which says that Satan "knew his mounted scale aloft: nor more but fled." The "scale" was a supernatural sign—a pair of golden scales—in heaven.

22. St. Sebastian: a town on the north coast of Spain, besieged and stormed by the British in the Peninsular War in 1813.

29. attended with: "associated with."

15. 1-2. make out of: "find out about."

6. Tower: since the Mint was near to the Tower of London, on Tower Hill, Lamb associated with the visitor all the historical horrors connected with the Tower itself.

22. Grotiuses: "experts in the laws of peace and war." The Dutch jurist Grotius (1583-1645), was author of a famous treatise *De Iure Belli et Pacis* ("Concerning the Law of War and Peace").

28. brought out: "persuaded to talk without reserve."

bad blood bred: "ill-feeling caused."

30-1. scorned . . . advantages: "had a mind above taking advantage of his own superiority in the discussion."

32. adroit . . . Minster: "skilful, seemingly casual, praise of Lincoln Cathedral."

16. 1. viand: "food"; the peculiar sweet pudding mentioned on page 14.

5. cousin Bridget: Lamb's sister Mary.

6. press . . . season: "be unseasonably insistent in her offers of hospitality."

19-20. a comfortable independence: "a post the salary of which supported him comfortably."

escritoire: "writing-desk."

3. STAGE ILLUSION.

25. scenical illusion: "illusion which makes what is happening seem real."

17. 2. palpable: "perceptible," "obvious."

17. Jack Bannister: a comic actor of Lamb's time (*d.* 1836). Lamb, in his essay *On Some of the Old Actors*, says he was "*beloved* for his sweet, good-natured, moral pretensions."

20. sub-insinuation: "mere hint of an insinuation"; *sub* has the same sense in l. 39.

32. palm: "palm off, pass off, impose," as a conjuror does by the skilful hiding of objects in his palm.

36. self-desertion: "failure of self-possession."

18. 7. becomes sympathetic: "arouses our sympathy."

16. Gatty: Henry Gattie, a comic actor, roughly contemporary with Jack Bannister, as was also John Emery (see l. 22).

23. Tyke: a character in Thomas Morton's *School of Reform* (1805).
cast: "character," "nature."

28. Personae Dramatis: Latin for "characters of the play."

30. third estate: "supernumerary class," "odd man out." Lamb is probably using this expression in the sense of the French *tiers état*—the *bourgeoisie* or middle class just before the Revolution, who opposed the King and the nobles and did much to pave the way for the Revolution. The metaphor must not, however, be taken as throwing light on Lamb's own views.

dry: "hard and cold."

31. individually considered: "considered by itself, without relation to the rest of the actors."

33. as to: "as of."

19. 3. naturalised: "made at home."

5. however: "in whatever way."

7-8. Macbeth . . . it: an allusion to Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, II, i., where the hero, deciding to murder his king, sees an imaginary dagger before him.

12. impertinent: "absurd person"; someone out of keeping with the play.

Osric: the affected fop who appears in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, V. ii.

30. **antagonist:** "answering," "reciprocal."

35. **a very judicious actor:** Bartley; he played the part of Mr. Courtley, who was interrupted by Sir John Freeman, played by Wrench, in the musical farce mentioned. The farce was by S. J. Arnold (1774-1852).

20. 1. **abstraction . . . audience:** apparent unconsciousness on the part of the actor that an audience is present in the theatre.

4. TO THE SHADE OF ELLISTON.

(The subject of this essay, the actor Robert William Elliston, born in 1774, had died a month before the publication of the essay.)

20. 10. **Wild Oats:** one of Lamb's puns, since Elliston acted the part of Rover (see l. 12), in the comedy *Wild Oats* by John O'Keefe (1747-1833).

harvest-time: the sedate manner of living proper to one who had finished sowing his wild oats.

11. **casual . . . Avernus:** "whatever sands you chance upon in hell." Avernus was the Latin equivalent of hell, as Elysium (hence *Elysian* in l. 13), was the Latin equivalent of paradise—the region of the pious dead.

12. **enacting Rover:** "wandering, roaming"; another pun.

16. **vain Platonist:** "foolish follower of Plato," the Greek philosopher (429-347 B.C.). The allusion is to his *Phaedo*.

17. **gaol:** i.e. prison of the soul.

19. **had:** we should expect *hadst*.

21-2. **Palace of Dainty Devices:** a reminiscence of the Elizabethan anthology, *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576), and the collection of stories, Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1562).

Louvre: the Paris palace of the French kings. Similarly *Whitehall* was formerly a palace of the English kings at Westminster.

24. **aërial:** "in the air," since he is now in heaven.

25. **Tartarus:** another classical equivalent for hell—a region where evil men were tormented after death.

Blessed shades: i.e. of Elysium.

27. **schoolmen:** theologians who taught in medieval universities.

28. **unchrisom:** "unbaptised," who could not, according to the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, be saved; they were therefore consigned to Limbo (*Limbus Infantum* = infants' border) between Paradise and Purgatory. The patriarchs or pious men who died before Christ came, dwelt in the *Limbus Patrum*, "border of the Fathers."

29-30. storehouse . . . visions: *Limbus Fatuorum* or "Fools' Paradise," described in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, III. 445-58, parodied in the lines which follow.

21. 6. Damn'd: a play on the theological sense of the word and on the sense "condemned by the audience."

9. Regent Planet: "ruling planet"; a term from astrology. Lamb is perhaps referring to the fact that Elliston worked mostly at night, perhaps to the strain of folly in his character, the moon (*luna*) being supposed to cause lunacy.

10. lessee: Elliston was lessee of Drury Lane Theatre for seven years.

12. Green Rooms: the dressing-rooms of actors and actresses, originally painted green (see page 26, l. 16).

14. Figurantes: girls in the ballet; "never plump" both because of poverty and because of their constant exercise. There is a pun on *thin* in the sense of "immaterial," "insubstantial."

15. Fie on sinful Phantasy: "shame on evil desires"; the song of the fairies who danced round Falstaff in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* (V. v. 99).

16. capriccios: "capers," "freaks" (Italian).

19. regalities: "signs of importance."

20. forked: "two-legged."

Stygian: "on the river Styx," in the underworld. According to classical mythology, Charon (see page 22, l. 1) ferried the souls of those just dead across to the realm ruled by Pluto (l. 25).

22. raucid: "raucous."

24. Oars: Elliston is made to consider sculling insufficiently dignified.

27. your dates . . . conterminant: "ending at the same time."

35. truncheon: *i.e.* the marshal's staff.

38. à la Foppington: *i.e.* in the manner of Lord Foppington, a foppish character in Vanbrugh's play *The Relapse*.

39-40. ancient mariner: an allusion to the poem *The Ancient Mariner* by Lamb's friend Coleridge, in which the hero refused to let the wedding-guest escape his monologue.

40-1. monodrame . . . Thracian Harper: Orpheus, the musician, while still alive, descended to the Lower World to beg for his dead wife, and charmed to sleep with his music the dog Cerberus, whose den was by the spot where Charon landed his passengers. A *monodrame* is a play with a single actor—here, Orpheus.

22. 4-5. pura . . . anima: Latin for "a pure and purified soul."

6. Keysars: "kaisers," *i.e.* emperors.

9. pleasant: "amusing."

12. Rhadamanthus: he with his "two brethren," Aeacus and Minos, tried the souls of the dead; Rhadamanthus, however, tried the more

serious crimes (the "heavy calendars," strictly, long lists of crimes), not the "lighter."

14. *parti-coloured*: "motley"—the dress worn by professional fools.

16-18. *though . . . Drury*: "though thy *real* life was actually scarcely more real than thy most frivolous freaks on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre."

22. *Medusean*: "belonging to Medusa," the beautiful Gorgon who, in classical mythology, has snakes for hair. The allusion is to the whips, made of snakes, used by the Furies or avenging spirits.

22-3. *whip . . . thee*: an allusion to *Henry V.*, I. i. 28; the meaning is "whip thee until thy original sin (derived from thy forefather Adam) is driven out."

24. *O.P.*: "the side *Opposite* the *Prompter*."

26. *Proserpine*: wife of Pluto, and consequent Queen of the Lower World.

27. *Plaudito et valet*: Latin for "applaud me and fare well"; *plaudite*, "clap," usually concludes Roman comedies.

5. ELLISTONIANA.

23. 1. *auspicate*: "begin under fair auspices or omens."

the *filial concern*: "his two sons' business."

10-11. *subdued . . . sentence*: "agreeing to the opinion Elliston pronounced authoritatively."

12. *Lovelace . . . Street*: an allusion to Richardson's novel *Clarissa Harlowe* (1747-8), in which the villain Lovelace pretends to be a glove-seller, in the glove-shop at King's Street, Covent Garden.

16. *with . . . repentance*: "and never changed my mind"; an allusion to Milton's *Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner*.

36-7. *ipso facto*: Latin for "by the very fact."

24. 3. *green baize carpet*: the usual covering of the stage floor when tragedies were played in Lamb's day.

5. *Apelles*: the greatest of Greek painters (fourth century B.C.).

6. *G. D.*: the poet George Dyer, an eccentric and muddle-headed friend of Lamb.

11. *leaden*: because the curtain was weighted with lead.

21. *Ranger*: a rakish character in *The Suspicious Husband* (1747), a comedy by the brothers Hoadly.

22. *the general bosom*: "all hearts"; cp. Shakespeare's *Lover's Complaint*, l. 127

32. *avoided to reflect*: we should say *avoided reflecting*. Elliston in private life reflected the character of Ranger, which he played on the stage.

25. 2. Cibber: Colley Cibber (1671-1757), a famous actor-manager, known to Lamb of course only by reputation.

3. Foppington . . . Vanbrugh: see note on page 21, l. 38.

5. conceit: "opinion."

Ben Jonson: playwright and actor, friend of Shakespeare; the quotation is from his *Discoveries*.

6. Lord Bacon: Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, the great scientist and statesman (1561-1626), now most remembered for his *Essays*.

7. have . . . reverence: "have revered and do reverence."

8. proper to: "peculiar to, characteristic of."

16. consequence: "importance."

18. St. Dunstan's Church: in Fleet Street, rebuilt since Lamb wrote.
punctual giants: gigantic figures which struck the hours, and are now at St. Dunstan's Home for the Blind.

20. dust and a shadow: "nothing"; an allusion to Horace's *pulvis et umbra sumus*, "we are but dust and a shadow" (*Odes* IV. 8. 16).

26. chew upon: "ruminate about," as in Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, I. ii. 171.

28. muse his praise: "think upon his merits"; the words are quoted from *A Hymn*, by James Thomson (1700-48).

31-2. supported . . . exile: a reference to the Roman consul Marius (156-86 B.C.), who was forced to flee from Sulla to the ruins of Carthage in north Africa.

32-3. more illustrious exile: Napoleon Bonaparte, the great Emperor of the French, banished to the island of Elba in 1814 and given the title of Constable of that island.

26. 3. more liberal: "nobler," "more lofty."

9. Romeo: the hero of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. *Mercutio* is Romeo's amusing friend, who is killed early in the play.

12. rich: "highly amusing." Sir A—— C——: Sir Anthony Carlisle, a friend of Lamb's.

16. green: see note on page 21, l. 12.

18. Olympic Hill: a pun on the Olympic Theatre and Mount Olympus, the mythological dwelling-place of the Greek Gods, of whom the greatest was Zeus, identified by the Romans with their Jove.

highest heaven: a quotation from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, I. 517, referring to "the middle air" ruled by the gods on "cold Olympus."

Jove in his chair: the first line of Kane O'Hara's play *Midas*.

30. Vestris: Lucia Vestris (née Bartolozzi), an actress of Lamb's day.

37. Confidence: "impudence, cheek," i.e. impudent girl.

27. 3. à fortiori: Latin for "from the stronger (to the weaker)."

son of Peleus: Achilles, the Greek hero, who slew Lycaon at Troy. The incident is related in Homer's *Iliad*, XXI. 97-114.

15. **Temple:** the famous Inns of Court, near the Thames Embankment.

28-9. **great . . . death:** a reminiscence of 2 Samuel, i. 23.

31. **of pure Latinity:** "in classical Latin."

37. **Colet:** St. Paul's School was founded in 1512 by Dean Colet; hence *Pauline Muses*, the Muses being goddesses of various branches of art, including poetry.

6. DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING.

28. 4. **Lord . . . Relapse:** see note on page 21, l. 38.

10. **other . . . thoughts:** i.e. books.

14. **Shaftesbury:** i.e. the works of Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury (1671-1713); he wrote *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times*.

15. **Jonathan Wild:** an ironic novel (1743) by Henry Fielding, entitled *Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great*, which narrates the brutal adventures of a notorious criminal as a means of satirising the world's notion of greatness.

18. **biblia abiblia:** Greek for "books which are no books."

21. **Statutes at Large:** "Acts of Parliament of all sorts."

Hume: David Hume (1711-76) was the author of a dull *History of England* and several philosophical works, interesting in matter but not in style; his *Essays Moral and Political* are logical arguments, not essays in Lamb's sense of the word.

22. **Gibbon:** Edward Gibbon (1737-94), author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, a work which few lovers of literature would find unreadable.

Robertson: William Robertson (1721-93), a historian.

Beattie: James Beattie (1735-1803), author of *The Minstrel*. Lamb, however, probably refers to his philosophical works rather than to his poems.

Soame Jenyns: another philosophical writer (1704-87), now remembered only through Dr. Johnson's review of his *Origin of Evil*.

23. **which "no . . . without":** Lamb is quoting such sources as booksellers' catalogues.

24. **Histories . . . Jew:** the *Jewish Antiquities* and *History of the Jewish Wars*, by Flavius Josephus (37-95 A.D.) could be considered unreadable only by as ardent a hater of history as Lamb.

25. **Moral Philosophy:** by William Paley (1743-1805).

29. 2. **Population Essay:** probably an allusion to the famous *Essay on the Principles of Population* (1798), by T. R. Malthus.

Steele: i.e. the plays or essays of Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729), best known for his share in the *De Coverley Papers* in the *Spectator*.

Farquhar: George Farquhar (1678-1707), author of *The Beaux' Stratagem* and other comedies.

3. **Adam Smith:** author of *The Wealth of Nations* (1776), a famous treatise on political economy.

4. **Anglicanas:** i.e. English.

Metropolitanas: an allusion to the *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana* published in the first half of the nineteenth century.

5. **Russia or Morocco:** two kinds of leather binding.

7. **Paracelsus:** a Swiss doctor and alchemist (1493-1541), who claimed to have discovered the *elixir vitae*, which prolonged life indefinitely.

Raymund Lully: a Spanish mystic and alchemist (1235-1315), famous for his *Ars Magna* or *Great Art*, a curious book on medieval "science," which, like Paracelsus' works, was exempted from Lamb's ban on scientific treatises.

21. **Seasons:** the four poems by James Thomson, *Winter* (1726), *Summer* (1727), *Spring* (1728), *Autumn* (1730).

25. **beyond Russia:** "better even than the smell of Russia leather."

26. **Tom Jones:** Fielding's most famous novel (1749).

27. **Vicar of Wakefield:** Goldsmith's novel (1766).

33. **Lethean cup:** cup filled with the waters of the river Lethe, which induced forgetfulness.

37. **Smollet:** Tobias Smollett (1721-71), author of *Roderick Random*, *Humphrey Clinker*, and other novels.

Sterne: Rev. Laurence Sterne (1713-68), author of *Tristram Shandy* and *A Sentimental Journey*.

38. **perpetually self reproductive:** i.e. continually reprinted.

Great . . . Stereotypes: i.e. nature's lasting originals, from which copies can be taken endlessly.

30. 1. **copies . . . eterne:** : an allusion to *Macbeth*, III. ii. 38. "But in them nature's copy's not eterne," by which Lady Macbeth means that Banquo and Fleance will not live for ever.

4-5. **We . . . relumine:** slightly misquoted from *Othello*, V. ii. 12-13. *Promethean* refers to the myth that Prometheus brought fire from heaven for mortals.

6-7. **Life . . . Duchess:** Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle (d. 1674) published many poems, plays, and prose works besides the life mentioned.

11. **Sir Philip Sydney:** poet, critic, courtier, and author of the long romance *Arcadia* (1554-86).

Bishop Taylor: Jeremy Taylor (1613-67), author of *Holy Living*, *Holy Dying*, and other works.

12. **Fuller:** Thomas Fuller (1608-61), author of *The Worthies of England* and other works.

14. **endenizened:** "naturalised."

18. **Rowe and Tonson:** the edition of Shakespeare by the poet-laureate Nicholas Rowe (1709) was published by Jacob Tonson.

22. **Shakespeare . . . engravings:** these engravings were made from illustrations of Shakespeare by various artists and issued as the *Shakespeare Gallery* (1802).

26. **Beaumont and Fletcher:** Francis Beaumont (1584-1616) and John Fletcher (1579-1625) collaborated in a large number of plays.

31. **Anatomy of Melancholy:** a curious storehouse of quaint learning on the subject of melancholia, by Robert Burton (1577-1640).

32. **unearthing the bones:** "digging up the literary remains."

34. **censure:** "judgment."

36. **Malone:** Edmund Malone, who published an edition of Shakespeare (1790). The colours of the bust in Stratford Church were later restored as far as possible.

31. 3. **parcels:** "parts, portions."

13. **staled and rung upon:** "made stale," "hackneyed"; the second expression is a metaphor from bell-ringing.

15. **Kit Marlowe:** Christopher Marlowe (1564-93), author of *Tamburlaine*, *Dr. Faustus*, and other plays.

16. **Drayton:** Michael Drayton (d. 1631), author of the *Polyolbion*, a poetical description of the whole of England; the famous sonnet beginning "Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part," and many other poems.

Drummond of Hawthornden: William Drummond (1585-1649), whose best known poems are his sonnets.

Cowley: see note on page 6, l. 10.

19. **Fairy Queen:** the famous unfinished poem by Edmund Spenser (d. 1599), so long, and, despite its beauty, monotonous, that few ever read it through.

20. **Bishop Andrewes:** Lancelot Andrewes (1555-1626).

24. **purged ears:** "ears purged of less noble sounds"; an allusion to Milton's own lines in *Arcades*,

"The heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear."

39. **pro bono publico:** Latin for *for the public good*.

32. 10. **Nando's:** Nando's coffee-house in Fleet Street.

12. **in hand:** "engaged by another customer."

16. **Town and Country Magazine:** this magazine was discontinued in 1792.

18. **Royal Lover and Lady G—:** an allusion to a scandal about the Duke of Cumberland, George III.'s brother, and Lady Grosvenor.

Melting Platonic: "the woman who, pretending to feel only a platonic affection, is growing amorous." *Platonic affection* is spiritual and

intellectual love between two persons of opposite sexes; the expression alludes to the Greek philosopher Plato's doctrine of ideal love.

22. Tobin: John Tobin (1770-1804), author of several plays now forgotten, and a friend of Lamb.

28. *Candide*: the witty and anti-Christian tale of the great French writer Voltaire (1694-1778).

30. familiar: "well known to me."

31. Primrose Hill (her Cythera): Primrose Hill, near Regent's Park, in N.W. London was the girl's favourite haunt, as the island Cythera in the Greek Archipelago was a favourite haunt of the Greek goddess of love, Aphrodite.

32. *Pamela*: the first true novel (1740), by Samuel Richardson; it is extremely moral in intention, but contains many unhealthily detailed accounts of the amorous advances of Pamela's master.

38. casuist: judge of moral principles as applied to particular cases.

33. 4. Unitarian: the Unitarians stress the belief in one God, and deny the divinity of Jesus Christ.

5. Snow Hill: a road between Newgate Street and Holborn: its place was afterwards taken by Skinner's Street.

7. Lardner: Nathaniel Lardner (1684-1768), author of many Unitarian works. Like many early holders of Unitarian views, he was a Presbyterian minister. His best-known works were *The Credibility of Gospel History* and *A Large Collection of . . . Testimonies to the Truth of the Christian Religion*.

9. secular: an allusion to the fact that the reader was a clergyman.

10. illiterate encounter: "a non-literary encounter": there is a double play of words, one on *illiterate*, since the baker and porter would be illiterate in the usual sense; and another on *encounter* in the two senses of *collision* and *debate*.

knot: "pad between the head and the load carried on it."

12-13. indifferent to the five points: "careless about the five points in the theology of John Calvin (1509-64), a Frenchman by birth and founder at Geneva of Calvinism. The five points are predestination, original sin, irresistible grace, imputed righteousness, and the final perseverance of the saints.

21. snatch . . . joy: from Gray's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, l. 40.

22. Martia B——: Martin Burney, son of Admiral Burney.

23. *Clarissa*: *Clarissa Harlowe* (1748), Samuel Richardson's greatest novel, published in seven volumes.

28. quaint poetess: Lamb's sister Mary; the poem is called *The Two Boys*, and appeared in *Poetry for Children*.

7. THE OLD MARGATE HOY.

34. 12. before: in *Oxford in the Vacation* in the first series of *Essays of Elia*.

15. cousin: really his sister Mary, whom in these essays he calls his cousin Bridget.

27. Margate Hoy: a sailing ship which ran along the coast between London and Margate.

29. niceness: "fastidiousness."

31-2. magic . . . cauldrons: a whimsical allusion to the steam and boilers of the "modern steam packet."

35. 4. sea-chimaera: the chimaera in Greek mythology was a land monster with the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent.

5. fire-god . . . Scamander: Hephaestus, whom Homer makes Hera, his mother, command to fire the waters of the river Scamander, which flowed through the plain of Troy (*Iliad* XX.; XXI.).

6. slender: "scanty."

20. Ariel: the spirit who serves Prospero in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and in Act I., Sc. ii. tells how he flamed about the ship and frightened the crew.

22-3. touched . . . infirmities: one of Lamb's irreverent allusions; see *Hebrews*, iv. 15.

32. additaments to boot: "additions besides."

36. 5-6. shivering . . . brink: from Watt's well-known hymn, *There is a land of pure delight*.

thorough-paced liar: from Dryden's *Spanish Friar*, V. i. (1681).

8-9. Not . . . learned: a reminiscence of 1 Corinthians, i. 26.

12. worse name: "Cockneys." Leigh Hunt and other of Lamb's friends were called by hostile critics "the Cockney school" of writers.

Aldermanbury: a street near the London Guildhall.

Watling Street: it has been suggested that this is not the Roman Watling Street, since that does not enter the City of London, but a less-known old street turning out of St. Paul's Churchyard.

17. Genius Loci: Latin for "spirit of the place."

28. Carimania: Carmania, the old name for a province of the ancient Persian empire.

37. 3. phoenix: a fabulous Arabian bird which lived for five hundred years and was then consumed in a funeral pyre built by itself; from its ashes a new phoenix arose.

8-9. "ignorant present": from *Macbeth*, I. v. 58.

hardying: "becoming bolder."

11. **Colossus**: a bronze statue, over 100 feet high, by the harbour at Rhodes; it was erected in 280 B.C. and thrown down by an earthquake in 224; the fragments were not removed until the seventh century A.D.

26. **Reculvers**: two towers near Herne Bay in Kent.

35. **He . . . us**: an echo of 1 John, ii. 19.

38. 13. **pent . . . cities**: from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, IX., 445, "long in populous city pent."

36. **commensurate . . . earth**: "that which is opposite, and equal in size, to the earth."

39. 7. **exacting . . . expectation**: "leading him to expect many wonders."

8. **the great deep**: see Isaiah, li. 10.

those who . . . it: see Psalm cvii. 23, 24.

10. **Plate**: the Rio de la Plata, in S. America; the *Orellana* is the old name for the Amazon.

13-4. **For . . . Cape**: from Thomson's *Seasons, Summer*; an allusion to the Cape of Good Hope.

15. **still-vexed Bermoothes**: "the Bermudas, always troubled by storms"; from Shakespeare's *Tempest*, I. ii. 229.

16. **sunken . . . treasures**: a reminiscence of Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, I. ii. 165, "sunken wreck and sunless treasures."

sumless: "uncountable, innumerable."

19-20. **Be . . . entral**: misquoted from Spenser's *Faery Queene*, II. xii. 25.

buggs: "bugbears, bogeys."

entral: "entrails."

21. **Juan Fernandez**: the Pacific island on which was stranded Alexander Selkirk, the "original" of Robinson Crusoe.

25. **mighty faculty**: i.e. imagination.

36. **Gebir**: a fine though faulty blank-verse poem by Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864).

40. 1. **I love . . . country**: an explicit statement which should be set against Lamb's frequent humorous depreciations of the country.

Cinque Port: Hastings (see l. 15). The Cinque (French *cing*) ports, with special rights, were originally Sandwich, Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover.

2. **scrubbed**: "stunted."

4. **amateur**: i.e. amateur or lover of seaside scenery.

6-7. **cry . . . streams**: a reminiscence of Psalm xlii, 1.

inland murmurs: from Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*, l. 4; Wordsworth is referring to the absence of a tide.

12-3. **with . . . iron**: see Psalm cxlix. 8.

17. **Amphitrites**: Amphitrite was the wife of the sea-god Neptune.

20. **were**: "would be."
23. **dwell with Meschek**: "live in exile in a barbarous country"; from Psalm cxx. 5.
30. **less . . . business**: *i.e.* smuggling.
31. **victims to monotony**: *i.e.* the coastguardsmen.
38. **run hollands**: "smuggled gin" from Holland.
41. 1. **relish of**: "taste for," with a pun on the sense "taste of," since the fish mentioned are fresh-water fish.
- 9-10. "to read . . . in": an echo of *Macbeth*, I. v. 64.
36. **Lothbury**: a street in the City, near the Bank of England.
38. **The . . . street**: misquoted from an Ode to Master Anthony Stafford by Thomas Randolph (1605-1635).
42. 4. **nourish a spleen**: "feed ill-temper."
6. **natural**: "native," an allusion to the Thames (Latin, *Tamesis*).
7. **scud a swallow**: "fly in the form of a swallow."

8. THE CONVALESCENT.

- 18-9. **all . . . it**: an allusion to Ecclesiastes, i. 14.
29. **tergiversation**: a pun something like that on changing sides in l. 27; the literal meaning of the word is "turning the back," from Latin *tergum*, "the back," and *versare*, "to turn."
31. **Mare Clausum**: Latin for "closed sea," a legal term for a sea shut in by the dominions of a single country and therefore that country's sole property.
43. 3. **Two . . . Law**: the tablets, containing the Ten Commandments, brought down by Moses from Mount Sinai (Exodus, xxxi. 18); hence "whole law."
7. **event**: "outcome."
26. **honing**: "lamenting," now not standard English.
27. **yearneth . . . him**: "pities himself deeply"; for these Biblical expressions see Genesis, xliii. 30 and Psalm xxii. 14.
44. 2. **discipline of humanity**: "training in kindness"—to himself; the expression is from Bacon's *Essay on Marriage and Single Life*, where it refers to wife and children.
12. **conceit**: "notion; idea."
17. **douceur**: "fee."
45. 26. **Lernean**: "agonising." The arrows of the Greek demi-god Hercules were poisoned by the blood of the Lernean Hydra, the many heads of which he had cut off. Philoctetes accidentally hurt his foot with one of these arrows.

27. The riddle . . . solved: "the outcome of the illness—life or death—is known."

Philoctetes: *i.e.* the sick man.

46. 7. *terra firma*: Latin for "firm ground."

9. *in Articulo Mortis*: Latin for "at the point of death."

17. *hypochondriac flatus*: "neurotic inflation."

20. Tityus: a giant of classical mythology, who was reputed to cover nine acres when stretched out flat.

9. SANITY OF TRUE GENIUS.

24-6. great . . . insanity: an allusion to Dryden's line, "Great wits are sure to madness near allied." (*Absalom and Achitophel*, I. 163.) Wit is here used in the old sense of *intelligence*.

47. 1-6. "So strong . . . below": the quotation is from Cowley's *Ode on the Death of Mr. William Hervey*.

13-7. In the groves . . . old night": these lines are an allusion to Milton's *Paradise Lost*, in which are described the life of Adam in Eden; wars and councils in highest heaven (*empyrean heaven* is from *Paradise Lost*, X. 321); Satan in hell, the floor of which was *burning marl* (I. 296); Satan flying from hell to Eden through *chaos and old night* (I. 543).

18ff. human mind untuned: Lamb passes from Milton, the greatest English epic poet to Shakespeare, the greatest English dramatist. He alludes first to *King Lear*, in which the Duke of Kent wisely counsels the King, who, after giving his kingdom to his two flattering daughters, is cruelly treated by them and becomes mad.

20. Timon: Timon of Athens, who in Shakespeare's play of that name discovers that his so-called friends are mercenary sycophants, and, in spite of the advice of Flavius, forsakes the haunts of mankind, which he now detests.

31. his ideal . . . policy: the troops of creatures who exist only as ideas obey certain artistic laws.

33. Proteus: a god of the sea, in charge of a flock of seals.

35. Caliban: the monster in Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

36. Witches: the "weird sisters" in *Macbeth*.

36-7. with a difference: an heraldic metaphor from *Hamlet*, IV. v. 181.

38. differenced: "differentiated."

48. 11. wantonised: "behaved in a wanton, or undisciplined manner."

15. "maddest fits": from *The Shepherd's Hunting*, Eclogue 4, by George Wither (1588-1667).

18. **Lane's:** William Lane (1738-1814) was the publisher whose Minerva Press was notorious for the issue of foolish novels of "high life."

22. **betossed:** "disturbed"; from *Romeo and Juliet*, V. iii. 76, "betossed soul."

34. **fantasques:** French for "fantastic beings."

37. **prate . . . whereabout:** "do not mention the locality of the story"; the words are quoted from *Macbeth*, II. i. 58.

39. **acquainted:** "familiar."

49. 5. **cave of Mammon:** described in Book II. of Spenser's *Faery Queene*. Mammon is the God of riches.

9. **Hesperian fruit:** the golden apples guarded by the Hesperides (daughters of Hesperus) in Greek mythology. Sir Guyon is taken by Mammon to see this sight and those mentioned in ll. 10-3.

10. **waters of Tantalus:** Tantalus, according to the Greek myth, was punished by the sight of food which he could never reach and stood up to the chin in the river Cocytus, which receded when he tried to drink.

Pilate: see Matthew, xxvii. 24.

11. **not impertinently:** "not without reason," since the stream is as useless in his case as in that of Tantalus.

13. **Cyclops:** one of the one-eyed giants who worked at a forge under Mount Etna, making thunderbolts.

28. **taken . . . god:** perhaps an allusion to *The Tempest*, II. ii. 122, where Caliban mistakes the drunken Trinculo for a god; Caliban, however, was the monster.

10. CAPTAIN JACKSON.

50. 3. **attribution:** "title." Canon Ainger has suggested that "Captain Jackson" was Lamb's friend Randal Norris, still alive when the essay was written.

8. **Westbourn Green:** a district to the north-west of London.

14. **port:** "bearing, behaviour."

19-20. **Althea's horn:** the *cornucopia* or horn of plenty; really the horn of Amalthea, the goat which gave milk to the infant god Zeus. He broke off the horn and endowed it with the property of becoming filled with whatever the owner of it wanted.

27. "mind . . . Shallow": a misquotation from *2 Henry IV.*, V. iii. 30, and III. ii. 265.

beeves: "oxen."

28. **hecatombs:** from the Greek, for "the slaughter of a hundred oxen."

30. widow's cruse: see 1 Kings, xvii. 12-17.

loaves and fishes: see Matthew, xiv. 16-20.

31. stamina: "the main outlines"; literally, the warp threads.

32. elemental . . . accidents: mediaeval Realists taught that all objects consisted of an original (elemental) substance, which possessed non-essential qualities (accidents) such as shape, hardness, colour.

51. 1. feast-oppressed chargers: "dishes loaded with feasts."

2. ratio of single Gloucester: portion of the cheese so-called, a less rich kind than double Gloucester.

7. sate above the salt: formerly the salt-cellar occupied an important position on the table, the gentry sitting above and the servants below it.

9. verè hospitibus sacra: Latin for "truly sacred to guests."

23. unperforming: because he did not actually drink.

Bacchanalian: connected with Bacchus, the god of wine and revelry, whose devotees were called Bacchanals.

34. one of the bunch: a pun on the two senses of keys—the keys of a lock and the keys of a piano.

39. cherubic notes: notes of the cherubs in heaven, his present abode.

52. 5. bottomed: "grounded, based."

7. Glover: Richard Glover (1712-85), a minor poet.

33-4. at a demur: "in doubt."

53. 10. vortex: "compelling power" as of a whirlpool.

17. pleasant: "amusing."

22. ballad: the ballad beginning "O, waly, waly, up the bank."

26. cramasie: "cramoisie," i.e. crimson, from the French.

39. Tibbs: Beau Tibbs, a character in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* essays (1762), who, though very poor, makes a great boast of his gentility.

Bobadil: the cowardly boaster in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour* (1598).

54. 2. steeped . . . lips: a quotation from Shakespeare's *Othello*, IV. ii. 50.

11. THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.

(This essay gives an account of Lamb's own experience. He retired from the India House in this year on a generous pension—£450 a year, minus £9 deducted towards a pension for his sister after his death.)

7. Sera . . . libertas: "at length liberty has remembered me," slightly misquoted from Vergil's first *Eclogue*.

8. O'Keefe: the quotation is really from *Inkle and Yarico*, a play by George Colman the younger (1762-1836).

17. six . . . years: Lamb entered India House in 1792, thirty-three years before he was pensioned. Here, as in the reference to Mincing Lane, he is merely altering details in the interests of his privacy. India House was in Leadenhall Street.

55. 4. knacks: "knick-knacks," "fancy trifles."

11. emancipated 'prentices: "apprentices at liberty for one day."

20. native . . . Hertfordshire: Lamb was not born in Hertfordshire, but in childhood he spent most of his holidays there, at Blakesware.

56. 6. wood . . . soul: a humorous modification of Psalm cv. 18, "The iron entered into his soul," i.e. his soul was wounded.

11. L——: this, B—— in l. 30, and the fictitious names in ll. 8-9 on page 57 take the place of the names of the directors of the East India Company.

57. 5. stammered out a bow: "tried to utter my thanks, but did little more than bow," a reference to the impediment in Lamb's speech.

10. Esto perpetua: Latin for "let it be eternal."

12. taste: "enjoy, appreciate."

15. Old Bastile: the famous prison used for political prisoners, and destroyed in the French Revolution, July 14, 1789.

58. 3-4. that's . . . desert: misquoted from *The Mayor of Queensborough*, a play by the Elizabethan dramatist Thomas Middleton.

27. Tragedy . . . Howard: the passage is misquoted from *The Vestal Virgin*. Sir Robert Howard was a Restoration playwright.

37. state militant: Lamb is speaking as if he were in heaven, while his fellow-clerks were still fighting the battle of life, like the Church militant.

59. 16. Ch——: Chambers; the two clerks mentioned in the succeeding lines were Henry Dodwell and W. D. Plumley.

20. Gresham or a Whittington: two great merchants. Sir Thomas Gresham lived in the sixteenth century and founded the Royal Exchange. Sir Richard Whittington (c. 1360-1423), was three times Lord Mayor of London and is remembered by the story of *Dick Whittington*.

27. MSS. in folio: manuscripts on paper of folio size, i.e. ledgers.

Aquinas: St. Thomas Aquinas (1226-1274), the greatest theologian of the Roman Catholic Church.

28. My . . . ye: an allusion to 1 Kings, xix. 19, and 2 Kings, ii. 13.

36. Carthusian: member of the Carthusian order of monks founded by St. Bruno in 1086.

60. 6. Fish Street Hill: this and the following places are well-known roads in the heart of London.

10. everlasting flints: from *Romeo and Juliet*, II. vi. 17.
 vocal: "resounding, echoing."
 indent: "tread," literally "make a dent in."
11. flags: "flagstones, paving-stones."
 'Change time: "business hours at the London Stock Exchange."
12. Elgin marbles: the ancient Greek frieze sent to England from Athens by Lord Elgin and placed in the British Museum.
20. genius: "spirit, atmosphere."
24. washed . . . white: an allusion to Jeremiah, xiii. 23; the Ethiop here is Black Monday, originally Easter Monday, but used here of all Mondays, since they involve a return to work.
 gone of: "become of."
30. huge . . . cut out: an echo of *1 Henry IV.*, III. i. 100. A *cantle* is a corner.
35. Lucretian pleasure: an allusion to the words of Lucretius, the Latin philosophic poet (95-c. 53 A.D.) in *De Rerum Natura*, II. i, on the pleasure felt by the man who, safe on land, sees others in difficulty at sea.
61. 2. operative: "working."
3. life contemplative: "the life of observation preferred by the Greek philosopher Aristotle (384-322 B.C.), to the life of active work."
5. me: "for me," the ethic dative.
6. As . . . fiends: from *Hamlet*, II. ii. 519; "bowl it down" is also part of the quotation.
12. cum dignitate: Latin for "with dignity," for *otium cum dignitate*—"leisure with dignity," a phrase from Cicero *Pro Publio Sexto*.
13. good parts: "good qualities," "talents."
15. Opus operatum est: Latin for "the work is done."

12. THE GENTEEL STYLE IN WRITING.

18. Lord Shaftesbury: see note on page 28, l. 14.
19. Sir William Temple: a brilliant diplomatist (1628-1700), who wrote some graceful essays.
29. Shene: Sheen, in Surrey.
62. 1. Nimeguen: in Holland. Temple was here and at the Hague in connection with his diplomatic duties.
3. Don Francisco . . . tells him: this and the following paragraphs give some of the contents of Temple's writings, and show how easily he writes of important persons and affairs of state.

30. **Maid Marian**: the wife of Robin Hood; a character representing her took part in the morris dances, performed on May Day and several other holidays.

tabor: "small drum."

63. 3. **Rhinegrave**: Rheingraf, i.e. Count of the Rhine territory.

4. **Maestricht**: in the south of the Netherlands, taken by Louis XIV. in 1673 and besieged unsuccessfully by William of Orange in 1676.

32. **Garden Essay**: essay *Upon the Gardens of Epicurus*.

33. **Cowley**: see note on page 6, l. 10. Cowley's *Essays* include *The Garden*, which speaks of his own garden.

37. **what . . . state**: "what is happening in state affairs?"

64. 19. **Horace**: Quintus Horatius Flaccus (64-8 B.C.), a famous Latin poet. The quotation is from his *Epistles*, I. xviii. 104.

21. **Digentian stream**: the little river Digentia which rose near Horace's estate in Latium.

37. **white staff**: carried on ceremonial occasions by the Lord High Treasurer of England.

38. **blue riband**: the Order of the Garter is hung from a blue ribbon.

39. **fillet**: "bandage."

65. 5. **controversy . . . learning**: this controversy, which originated in France, was first raised in England by Temple; in his essay *Of Ancient and Modern Learning* (1692), he opposed Fontenelle and Perrault, who had claimed that some modern writers surpassed the classical authors.

12. **the Gothic humours**: i.e. the character of the Gothic invaders of the Roman Empire.

13-14. **unequal mixture**: "faulty proportions"; Latin was regarded as a pure language, unlike modern languages which contain words drawn from many sources.

30. **pretend . . . grave**: "lay claim to wisdom because they affect a solemn manner."

32. **toys**: "things of no importance."

13. BARBARA S——.

66. 9-10. **Barbara S——**: Lamb added a note that the subject of the essay was Miss Street, who became by successive marriages Mrs. Dancer, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Crawford (see page 71, l. 11); this and several other particulars in the essay were fictitious; the subject of the essay was really Frances Maria Kelly (1790-1882), mentioned at page 68, l. 12.

14. **the island**: i.e. Great Britain.

20. **pious**: "dutiful, filial"; the Latin sense of the word.

30. **young Arthur**: the young prince in Shakespeare's *King John* who, in an affecting scene, begs mercy from Hubert, who has been sent to burn out his eyes.

Richard: i.e. Richard III., in Shakespeare's play of that name; the Duke of York (l. 31) is one of the two "princes in the tower," the Prince of Wales (page 67, l. 1) the other; the allusion is to Act III., Sc. i.

67. 2. **Morton's pathetic after-piece**: *The Children in the Wood* (1793) by Thomas Morton, a short musical play; Miss Kelly actually played the part of the elder child.

12. **Morocco**: i.e. morocco leather.

17. **principia**: Latin for "rudiments, elementary principles."

elementary atoms: i.e. the small things out of which everything else (here, her fame) is formed.

37-8. **Little . . . Isabella**: in Thomas Southern's play *Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage* (1694). Canon Ainger points out that the incident really happened when Miss Kelly was acting Arthur to Mrs. Siddons' Constance in *King John*.

68. 7. **impediment in my speech**: Lamb stuttered badly (see page 2, l. 22); it was this impediment which was one cause of his leaving school at fourteen, since boys who proceeded to the University were expected to take Orders.

8-9. **personal disqualifications**: see page 2, ll. 10-12, and page 3, l. 18.

13. **Mr. Liston**: John Liston, a well-known comic actor (1775-1846).

14. **Mrs Charles Kemble**: sister-in-law of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and mother of Fanny Kemble, and herself an actress (1774-1838).

16. **Macready**: the famous tragedian, who lived till 1873.

17. **Mr. Matthews**: Charles Matthews, another actor of the time.

21-2. **Dodd and Parsons and Baddeley**: other well-known actors of the late eighteenth century, mentioned by Lamb in his essay *On Some of the Old Actors*.

23. **Edwin**: another comic actor; John Edwin the elder (1749-90).

24. **coxcomb**: "foolish boaster."

26. **not Diamond's**: i.e. not the new theatre at Bath, of which William Dimond was manager.

69. 5. **in her theatrical character**: that of the elder child in *The Children in the Wood* (see note on page 67, l. 2).

37. **porticoes of moral philosophy**: "schools to teach good conduct"; an allusion to the Greek Zeno, founder of the Stoic philosophy, who discussed morals in a *stoa* or portico at Athens which had formerly served as a meeting-place for poets.

70. 7. **punctuality**: "exactitude," here, "care in reckoning."

71. 16. Lady Randolph: the tragic heroine of Horne's *Douglas* (1757), a play famous for more than half a century.

Mrs. Siddons: the most celebrated of English tragic actresses (1755-1831).

14. THE TOMBS IN THE ABBEY.

18. R—— S——: Robert Southey, poet laureate (1774-1843) who, having become an ardent supporter of the Anglican Church, had attacked Lamb's *Essays* (first series) in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1823, on the ground of irreligion; this essay is an altered form of the last part of Lamb's answer. Southey afterwards explained that his words had given an impression which he did not intend.

19-20. that church . . . historified: Southey had written *The Book of the Church* (1824), a history of the Church of England.

72. 1. You . . . Westminster: i.e. Westminster School, in the Abbey grounds. Southey was expelled from the school on account of an article which he had written.

6-7. wrecks . . . mortality: i.e. remains of great men buried there.

10. ecclesiastical establishment: i.e. the Church of England.

23. public prints: "newspapers," etc.

25. Journal: i.e. *The Quarterly Review*, for which Southey very frequently wrote.

26. Beautiful Temple: an allusion to Acts iii. 2.

35. the adjacent Park: St. James's.

39. genius: "spirit, atmosphere."

73. 19. minims: "trifles."

20. Shame . . . Temple: an allusion to St. John, ii. 14-15.

26. speculations: "ideas."

34. Major André: an English spy captured by the Americans during the War of Independence, and hanged, after court-martial, in 1780. His remains were buried in the Abbey in 1821; hence the revived interest in his monument.

35-6. raw . . . Freedom: "crude ideas that the United States deserved to be free."

74. 1. Peter's Pence: the money raised by the Pope, who claims to be the successor of St. Peter. Westminster Abbey is dedicated to St. Peter.

so long: since 1534.

3. ragged: "rugged, uneven."

4-5. Do . . . relic?: Lamb, in his usual mischievous way, is hinting that Southey himself may have mutilated André's statue.

15. AMICUS REDIVIVUS.

The title is Latin for *The friend brought back to life*.

6-7. Where . . . Lycidas?: a quotation from Milton's *Lycidas*, an elegy in memory of a college friend who was drowned.

9. G. D.: George Dyer (1755-1841), an absent-minded hack-writer.

10-11. at Islington: in 19 Colebrooke Row, where Lamb had settled in August 1823.

14. stream . . . us: the New River.

18. power of speculation: "ability to think"; "presence of mind."

25-6. load . . . Anchises: Aeneas carried his old father Anchises on his shoulders out of the burning town of Troy; the story is told in Vergil's *Aeneid*, II. 707-23.

75. 10. Monoculus: "one-eyed," from Greek *monos* and Latin *oculus*.

12-14. without . . . diploma: *i.e.* without having any qualifications.

truckled . . . diploma: "degraded himself to the parade of learning implied in taking a degree"; Lamb is writing ironically.

19. surfeit-suffocation: "suffocation through eating too much"; perhaps apoplexy, perhaps merely choking when food goes "the wrong way."

19-21. ignobler obstructions . . . outwardly: *i.e.* the more shameful hindrance to breathing caused by hanging oneself. *Cannabis* is hemp, used for making ropes.

25. repository: "reservoir."

27. Middleton's Head: an inn named after Sir Hugh Myddleton, who originated the New River, an artificial watercourse.

37. sad: "sober," "dull."

38. dinged: "made dingy, dirtied."

professional sable: "black," such as was always worn by medical men.

76. 3. Cognac: French brandy.

19. absentee: *i.e.* absent-minded one.

23. void of furniture: "unornamented."

27. gelid: "icy," qualifying *element*, which here means *water*.

29. Trumpington: a village near Cambridge.

30. heavier tomes at Pembroke: "volumes much heavier than the tiles, in the library of Pembroke College."

36. tremor cordis: Latin for "palpitation of the heart."

38. self-tenderness: "tenderness towards oneself."

77. 1. Sir Hugh: Sir Hugh Evans; see Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. i. 17-24, where Sir Hugh, about to fight a duel, because he has "a great dispositions to cry," sings to encourage himself—

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals . . .
When as I sat in Babylon."

4. Sir Hugh Middleton: see note on page 75, l. 27.

9. smit: "smitten," "infatuated."

10. Abyssinian traveller: James Bruce (1730-94), who wrote an account of his travels in search of the source of the Nile; see also page 88, ll. 1-2; 18.

Amwell: in Hertfordshire, near Ware; see also page 88, l. 7.

13. Naiads: "fresh water nymphs."

15. tutelary genius: "guardian, spirit."

16. Cam: the river running through Cambridge, where Dyer lived.

17. consonancy: "suitability," "appropriateness."

19. eternal novity: "endless newness," an allusion to the name—the New River.

22-3. And could . . . wave?: altered from the Elegy on the death of Edward King, the subject of Milton's *Lycidas*, by John Cleveland (1613-59).

imposthumed: "inflamed"; hence "swollen."

28. wandering . . . Aristotle: an allusion to the legend that Aristotle threw himself into the Euripus, a strait off the coast of Greece, because he was puzzled by the irregularity of its tides.

29. turn dipper: i.e. turn Baptist and believe in total immersion, a joking allusion to the Baptist belief that "sprinkling" at baptism is insufficient.

31. have . . . head: "can think of nothing but water," with a joking side-glance at the disease vulgarly known as water on the brain.

32. Clarence . . . dream: Clarence, drowned in a butt of malmesey (not water), who on the night before his death dreams he has fallen into the sea (Shakespeare: *Richard III.*, I. iv. 8-41).

33. Christian: in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* the hero begins to sink as he is crossing the river at the end of his journey. His speech is composed of two passages from the Psalms (lxxix. 2 and xlii. 7). *Selah* is an obscure Hebrew musical term, perhaps a "rest."

36. Palinurus: the helmsman (hence "steerage") of Aeneas' ship in Vergil's *Aeneid*; he fell overboard, and after swimming to shore was murdered by the natives on the coast of Italy (V. 854-61).

78. l. ropy: "sticky."

2. watchet: really "light-blue"; here, probably, blue-black.

constrained Lazari: people brought back to life, as was Lazarus (St. John, xi.), but against their will.

Pluto: the god of the underworld.

3. bilking Charon: cheating Charon, the ferryman who rowed dead souls across the Styx to Pluto's realm, for a fare of one obolus (about 1½d.).

4. **Arion**: a Greek poet fabled to have been flung overboard by sailors but rescued by a dolphin, which he attracted by playing on his lyre.

in his singing garments: "in his poet's dress," a reminiscence of a phrase in Milton: *The Reason of Church Government*.

5. **votive garland**: a wreath offered in fulfilment of a vow to a deity, in gratitude for being rescued.

6. **Machaon**: son of Aesculapius, the god of healing, and the surgeon of the Greeks in the Trojan war.

Dr. Hawes: William Hawes (1736-1808), a famous doctor.

8. **Lethe**: a river of the underworld, which caused those who drank of it to forget all their former life.

9. **Ophelia**: Læertes' sister, who becomes mad, falls into a stream, and is drowned in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, from which play *wharf* and *muddy death* are taken.

13. **inexorable**: "that cannot be moved by prayer."

15. **grim Feature**: "death," from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, X. 279.

17. **Tantalus**: see note on page 54, l. 3.

18. **Elysian shades**: the abode of the blest after death, according to Greek mythology.

20. **Asphodel**: the flower of Elysium.

23. **scholiast**: an ancient writer of commentaries.

24. **Markland . . . Tyrwhitt**: two scholars of the eighteenth century; the first an editor of classical works, the second a critic and editor of English works, notably Chaucer.

25. **sweet . . . Peter House**: Thomas Gray (1716-71), the author of the famous *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, who was for a time at Peterhouse, Cambridge.

28. **Askew**: Anthony Askew, a doctor (hence *Aesculapian*), and a friend of Dyer's, who died in 1772, when Dyer was only 17.

16. SOME SONNETS OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

1. **Sydney**: Sir Philip Sidney (1554-86), soldier, courtier, scholar, and poet.

5. **Arcadia**: Sidney's pastoral romance (1590).

7. **amatorious**: "amatory"; the allusion is to Milton's *Eikonoklastes*.

11. **Masque . . . Castle**: *Comus*, written to be played before the Earl of Bridgewater at an entertainment at Ludlow Castle in 1634.

12. **Arcades**: a fragment acted before Lady Derby and containing some very complimentary lines concerning her.

18. **a later Sydney**: Algernon Sidney, beheaded in 1683 for alleged complicity in the Ryehouse Plot.

19. **letter . . . match**: a letter which he wrote to Elizabeth strongly protesting against her project of marrying the Duke of Alençon.

24. **heyday of his blood**: "height of youthful passion, youth," from *Hamlet*, III. iv. 69.

26. **conceits**: "fanciful ideas."

32. **circum praecordia frigus**: "chill round the heart," a reminiscence of Vergil: *Georgic*, II. 484.

80. 3. **Tibullus**: a famous Roman love poet (c. 54-18 B.C.).

4. **Author . . . Schoolmistress**: William Shenstone (1714-63), a poet who shows no depth of feeling.

6. **at this rate**: "in this way."

7. **ad Leonoram**: to Leonora, i.e. Eleanora Baroni, an Italian singer whom Milton met on his Continental tour.

11-20. **Angelus . . . habet**: for each man his own winged angel from the heavenly ranks (so, O people, believe) has been assigned. What wonder, Leonora, if a greater glory is thine; for thy voice itself sounds like the presence of God. Either God or indeed some third spirit of the vast heaven (i.e. neither God nor angel), steals with divine power through thy throat; steals with divine power, and easily teaches that mortal hearts may gradually grow accustomed to the immortal strain. If indeed God is all and is immanent in all things, in thee alone He speaks; in all other things He dwells voiceless.

28. **the pale Dian**: Diana, goddess of the moon.

33. **that busy Archer**: Cupid, the child god of love.

81. 8. **baiting place**: "place for refreshment," "inn."

10. **indifferent**: "impartial."

11. **proof**: "tested metal."

prease: "press," "crowd."

19. **move . . . grace**: "do not induce thee to send me thy sleepy favour," i.e. thy favour of sleep.

22. **bewray**: "betray."

25. **how . . . address**: "how I applied my youth."

26. **my Muse . . . plies**: "that I am using the fruits of my studies to write some literary work." *Muse* is the subject, *fruit* the object of *plies*.

27. **Prince**: Queen Elizabeth.

28. **I think . . . redress**: "I hope to reform faults in the government."

38. **would . . . arise**: "wish to make one remark lead to another," i.e. wish to "make conversation."

82. 1. **of . . . flies**: "rumour spreads the news of their opinion."

8. **overpass**: "pass by," "overlook," "ignore."

19-20. because . . . this: because on both my mother's and my father's side I am descended from famous soldiers.

25. cunning: "skill."

30. Mar's livery: "armour," since Mars is the god of war.

35. rule: "control my horse."

37. beat . . . me: "might as well have been beating the air for all the attention I paid to him."

83. 6. Aristotle's wit: "Aristotle's knowledge," *wit* being commonly used in the sense of *knowledge* or *intelligence* when Sidney wrote.

7. Caesar's bleeding fame: an allusion to the murder of Julius Caesar (44 B.C.).

12. boy: a reference to Cupid, son of Venus, the goddess of love.

wanton: "spoilt child."

15. When . . . try: *i.e.* when for neglecting his lessons for the play dear to him, he receives only so slight a punishment (*rod*) as his mother's frown.

16. Star: Stella, the Latin for star.

21. beauty's throne: *i.e.* her face.

22. scarlet judges: her cheeks, flushed with anger; there is an allusion to the scarlet robes of judges.

26. Aganippe: a fountain at the foot of Mount Helicon in Boeotia; it was sacred to the Muses.

27. Tempe: a valley in Northern Thessaly, a favourite haunt of Apollo, the god of music and poetry.

27. vulgar: "common," "undistinguished."

28. lay-man: "uninitiated person, one not admitted into the mysteries of poetry."

30. fury: "ecstasy."

31. wot: "knows."

32. blackest brook of hell: the river Styx in the underworld, by which the gods were wont to swear.

33. pick-purse . . . wit: "plagiarist"; actually, after the custom of the time, many expressions in Sidney's sonnets are unacknowledged translations from French poets.

84. 2. *imp* . . . Fame: "increase the strength of Fame, increase fame," a metaphor from falconry, to *imp* being to graft new feathers on to a bird's wing.

3. young-wise, wise-valiant: "wise although young, and valiant although wise."

4. his sire's revenge: Edward's father, Richard Duke of York, was defeated and killed at Wakefield in 1460.

5-6. And . . . obtain: *i.e.* and, although he had gained his kingdom by war, could so control his army that justice was established in the

kingdom. *Balance* refers to the scales with which Justice is always represented.

7. *Floure-de-luce*: France; the national emblem of the French kings was the fleur-de-luce or lily, which appeared on the British Royal coat-of-arms until the end of the eighteenth century.

8. *hedged*: "confined," "hedged in"; the word qualifies *Floure de-luce*; the whole passage means that France was so hard beset by the English (bloody Lions' paws) that their clever king, Louis XI., was forced to pay Edward a yearly tribute.

11. *for*: "because."

12. *lose . . . love*: an allusion to Edward's unpopular marriage with Elizabeth Woodville.

16. *those fair planets*: Stella's eyes, compared to stars.

21. *Aeol's youth*: the winds, sons of Aeolus, the god of winds.

27. *Parnassus*: a range of mountains north of Delphi, on the coast of the Gulf of Corinth celebrated as one of the chief haunts of Apollo and the Muses; hence, source of poetic inspiration; The highway inspires Sidney because it leads him to Stella.

85. 4. "*jejune*" or "*frigid*": adjectives used by William Hazlitt, a friend of Lamb's, when criticising in his *Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth* (1820), the sonnets in Sidney's pastoral romance *Arcadia*.

15-17. *But they . . . circumstantiated*: Lamb is contrasting Sidney's poems, in which his feelings are linked to the events of his own day and life, with poems, such as many of Shelley's, which deal with pure feeling or abstract ideas and give us no details of time, place, personal appearance, etc.

material: "full of concrete detail."

circumstantiated: "provided with subordinate details."

18. *appropriates . . . them*: "gives each one of them a particular application."

26. *wantonness*: "wilfulness," "irresponsibility."

27. *W. H.*: Hazlitt; see note on l. 4, above. Hazlitt's *Table Talk* (1821) is a series of essays, largely literary; Hazlitt was a fiery republican and prejudiced against kings and all connected with them.

86. 4. *the Critic*: i.e. Hazlitt.

5. *opprobrious . . . him*: Lord Oxford (see p. 87, l. 13), is said to have quarrelled with Sidney and called him a "puppy."

8. *Friend's . . . Astrophel*: a poem by Matthew Roydon. *Passion* means *passion of grief*. *Astrophel*, the name under which Sidney wrote his sonnets, comes from two Greek words meaning lover of a star, i.e. lover of Stella.

9. *Elegies*: i.e. Elegies on Sidney's death; Spenser's elegy was called *Astrophel*.

18. Partheny: Mount Parthenius in Arcadia.

21. sing: "to sing."

22-3. When . . . divine: an allusion to the story of Moses descending from Mount Sinai (Exodus, xxxiv. 29-30).

25. eyne: "eyes."

87. 5. conceit: "thought, imagination"; the word was formerly pronounced *consate* and rhymed with *height*, pronounced *hate*.

10. Lord Brooke: Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (1554-1628), a poet and dramatist who was at school with Sidney, and wrote a life of him.

17. NEWSPAPERS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

14. Dan Stuart: Daniel Stuart (1766-1846), editor of the Tory *Morning Post* from 1788.

15. Exhibition at Somerset House: the Royal Academy, then in New Somerset House, Strand, now in Burlington House, Piccadilly, where there is an annual exhibition of pictures accepted by the Academy.

18. of his own head: "of his own accord."

22-3. We . . . Daniel: i.e. Lamb sometimes wishes that he too had never entered the Exhibition. There is a joking allusion to the pulse diet of the Biblical Daniel.

same . . . with: "same . . . as."

25. Perry: James Perry (1756-1821), editor of the Whig *Morning Chronicle*.

29. head: "source."

31-2. With . . . song: from John Armstrong's poem *The Art of Preserving Health* (1744).

88. 1. Abyssinnian Pilgrim: James Bruce; see l. 18, and note on page 77, l. 10.

6. Middletonian: i.e. created by Sir Hugh Myddleton.

7. scaturient: "bubbling," from the Latin *scaturiens*.

11. Hornsey: a district in North London, then, like the still more northern Bowes Farm (now Bowes Park) and Tottenham, open country.

24. the Gnat: the poem *Culex*, formerly considered an early work by Vergil, author of the great Latin epic the *Aeneid*.

25-6. Duck . . . on: Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*, says of the famous lexicographer (1709-84), that at the age of three he trod on and killed a duck, and that he then composed upon it a four-lined epitaph. The epitaph was really composed by his father.

29. quantum: "sufficiency," from the Latin *quantum sufficit*, "as much as suffices."

34. poignant: "pointed."

89. 1. 2. flower of Cytherea: the rose, sacred to Venus, goddess of Cythera.

2-3. lady . . . waters: the Babylonish woman; see Revelation, xvii. 1 and 4.

7-8. posture-master: "acrobat."

11. "both seem neither": an allusion to Milton's *Paradise Lost*, II., 670, where Death is described as a substance so ghostly that he and his shadow "each seem'd either."

12. Autolycus-like: the roguish pedlar Autolycus in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, when the rustics are expecting some coarse remark makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man!" (IV. iv. 199-200.)

14. conceit arrided: "idea made us smile."

16. Astraea: the goddess of Justice. *Ultima Caelestium terras reliquit*: "last of the immortals she left the earth" (Ovid: *Metamorphoses*, I., 150).

32. "Man . . . evening": from Psalm civ. 23.

35. eight till five: Lamb appears actually to have worked from ten till four, except for occasional over-time.

90. 6. preposterously: "ridiculously early," with a hint of the literal meaning of *preposterous*, "hind-foremost," as in page 10, l. 3.

15. constellated under Aquarius: it was formerly believed that a man's disposition and tastes were affected by the constellation in the ascendant when he was born. *Aquarius*—the constellation so called from a fanciful resemblance to a *water-carrier*.

16. incapable of Bacchus: "unable to drink intoxicants"; Bacchus was the god of wine.

17. Basilian: like Basil Montagu, Lamb's friend, who advocated temperance, and for whom Lamb wrote *Confessions of a Drunkard*.

18. Mount Ague: a pun on his friend's name Montagu, sometimes spelt *Mountague*, and the ague, a disease due to excessive damp.

18. Capulets: the faction which, in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, were the deadly enemies of the Montagues.

21. Bohea: a brand of tea.

24. chappy knuckles: an allusion, suggested by *old hag* and *diabolical*, to the *chappy* (i.e. chapped) *fingers* of the witches in *Macbeth*, I. iii. 44.

28. Facil . . . descending: an allusion to Vergil: *Aeneid*, VI., 126, *Facilis descensus Averno*, "easy is the descent to hell."

31. revocare . . . auras: "to retrace the steps and to come out to the upper air."

33. there . . . work: Lamb is translating (with change of tense) the end of the quotation—*hic labor, hoc opus est*.

34. Egyptian taskmaster: an allusion to the bondage of the Israelites in Egypt (Exodus, i. 11, 13-14); see also page 91, ll. 10-11.

like . . . slavery: a reminiscence of Lamentations, i. 12.

35. fractious . . . out: "unruly workmen ever went on strike."

37. bating: "excepting."

91. 3. mountain . . . Mahomet: an allusion to the story that Mahomet, after in vain ordering a mountain to come to him, said that if the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain.

13. Bel's temple: an allusion to the story of *Bel and the Dragon* in the *Apocrypha*. The dragon lived in the temple of Bel and was worshipped as a god; Daniel proved that it was not a god by feeding it with a mixture of pitch, grease, and hair—treatment which caused it to burst.

18. quondam: "former."

19. Oracle: a paper edited by Dan Stuart's brother Peter.

92. 1. Common Council man: "member of a municipal council."

9. The "True Briton": a Whig paper started in 1793.

10. The "Star": the first London evening paper.

The Traveller: another evening daily, published in the interests of commercial travellers.

21. Parson Este: Rev. Charles D'Este (1753-1829), who also wrote for the *Oracle*.

22. Topham: Edward Topham (1751-1820), journalist and dramatist, founder with Este of *The World* (1787).

23. Boaden: James Boaden (1762-1839), who wrote several lives of actresses, notably one of Mrs. Siddons (see l. 26).

28. prelude: "introductory"; cp. *prelude*.

33. we were transferred: actually Lamb wrote for the *Albion* before he wrote for the *Morning Post*.

29. "Astræan allusion": see p. 89, l. 16, and note.

34-5. Rackstrow's Museum: a natural history museum; see ll. 38-40 below.

93. 5. "Bigod": the persistent borrower described in Lamb's essay on the *Two Races of Men*.

John Fenwick: an obscure writer, who died in 1820.

10. Lovell: Daniel Lovell (d. 1818), editor of the *Statesman*, who was fined and imprisoned but apparently not put in the pillory, for political criticisms: the other details given here—ownership and sale of the *Albion*—are fictitious.

19. demands of the Stamp Office: the Stamp Act, imposing a duty on newspapers, was passed in 1712; the duty at the time of which Lamb is writing was fourpence a half-sheet.

25. **heats**: "enthusiasms."

29-30. **consonant to**: "harmonising with."

in no very undertone: "in a fairly emphatic way."

32. **Whitehall tribunals**: an allusion to the execution of Charles I., suggesting that the reigning king might well meet the same fate.

33. **Mr. Bayes**: a conceited dramatist in Buckingham's *Rehearsal* (1671), who is meant for John Dryden, the poet (1631-1700).

says: in Act I., Sc. i.; the passage is a skit on Dryden's praise of the satirist who could flay his subject politely, making him appear a fool without calling him one.

94. 4. **lucky**: because it broke the connection between Lamb and Fenwick.

5. **J——s M——h**: Sir James Macintosh, author of *Vindiciae Galliciae* (1791), a defence of the French Revolution; he afterwards changed his political views (hence *apostasy*) and became Recorder of Bombay.

7. **nice**: "fastidious"; the epigram compared Macintosh to Judas (Acts of Apostles, i. 18), and said that, though he might hang himself,

"yet much I doubt

If thou hast any bowels to gush out!"

8. **Lord . . . Stanhope**: Charles, the third earl, an eager supporter of the French Revolution, and consequently nicknamed "Citizen" in imitation of the French abolition of titles.

18. BARRENNESS OF THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY IN THE PRODUCTIONS OF MODERN ART.

16. **Hogarth**: William Hogarth (1697-1764), the famous painter of pictures of English morals.

95. 6. **Titian**: the chief of the Venetian school of painters (1477-1576).

8. **Ariadne**: according to Greek mythology, she was the daughter of Minos, king of Crete. She gave to Theseus the clue by which he escaped from her father's Labyrinth; he promised to marry her and she fled with him, only to be deserted in the island of Naxos. Here Bacchus, the god of wine, found her and made her his wife.

14. **Guido**: Guido Reni (1575-1642), an Italian artist renowned for the elegance and grace of his paintings.

38. **Raphael**: the famous painter and sculptor (1483-1520); the reference is to his frescoes in the Vatican, the palace of the Popes at Rome.

96. 1-2. These lines are an allusion to Milton's *Paradise Lost*, IV., 323-4:—

“Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters, Eve.”

29. neoteric: “modern” (painter).

31. gardens . . . Hesperides: see page 49, l. 9, note. Hercules, as one of his labours, had to fetch for Eurystheus the golden apples of the Hesperides.

33-4. Polypheme by Poussin: Nicholas Poussin (1593-1665), a French artist, famous for the delicacy of his landscape backgrounds. Lamb refers to his *Polypheme*. Polyphemus was the one-eyed king of the Cyclopes from whom Ulysses escaped (*Odyssey*, IX.).

36. still-climbing Hercules: from Shakespeare’s *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, IV. iii. 340-1:—

“For valour is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?”

37. Ternary of Recluses: “trio of hermits,” i.e. the three Hesperides. conventual porter: “doorkeeper at a convent.”

38. custos: Latin for *guardian*.

lidless eyes: a reference to Coleridge’s *Ode on the Departing Year*, l. 145; the tree of the Hesperides was guarded by the sleepless dragon Ladon.

97. 1. Hercules aut Diabolus: Latin for “Hercules or the devil.”

4. Ab extra: Latin for “from the outside.”

10. fête champêtre: French for “picnic.”

12. Watteauish: i.e. like the pictures of Antoine Watteau (1684-1721), a French painter famous for his gracefully artificial rural scenes.

14-15. Daughters . . . tree: from Milton’s *Comus*, ll. 983-4.

19. a modern artist: John Martin (1788-1854), whose pictures included a *Fall of Babylon* and *Fall of Nineveh* (see l. 23), as well as *Belshazzar’s Feast*. For the story of Belshazzar, see Daniel, v.

31. late King: George IV.

32. Pavilion: at Brighton.

98. 12. Mr. Farley: Charles Farley, who at this time had the management of the pantomimes at Covent Garden Theatre.

25. Hall of Belus: the palace of Belshazzar, named after a mythical king of Babylon.

37. the spirit . . . up: see Job, iv. 13-16.

99. l. 24. Joseph . . . Egypt: see Genesis, xli. 17-33.

100. 3. “Marriage at Cana”: for this subject see St. John, ii. 1-12.

Veronese: Paul Veronese (1528-88), an Italian painter of the Venetian school.

16. Michael Angelo: the great Italian painter, sculptor, and poet (1475-1564); the reference here is to his fresco *The Last Judgment* in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican.

23. **swallowing-up of Pompeii**: the town of Pompeii was buried by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in 79 A.D.

30. **the senses . . . proprieties**: "the senses are diverted from their proper work."

36-7. "**Sun . . . Ajalon**": the command of Joshua, the son of Nun; see Joshua, x. 12.

39. **greater and lesser light**: "the sun and moon"; see Genesis, i. 16.

101. 5. **synchronic**: "happening at the same time."

9-10. **dart . . . traverse**: a reminiscence of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, I., 567-8.

15-16. **Lazarus . . . grave-clothes**: see St. John, xi. 44; the allusion is to the *Raising of Lazarus* of Sebastiano Luciano (1485-1547) in the collection of John Julius Angerstein (1735-1823), which formed the basis of the National Gallery.

36. **presential**: "present."

37. **Dryad**: "wood-nymph."

102. 2. **Disseat**: "take away."

4. **Naiad**: "nymph of rivers and fountains."

4-5. **Julio Romano**: a pupil of Raphael (1492-1546).

9. **connatural**: "of the same nature as herself"; Milton uses the word in *Paradise Lost*, XI., 528, "connatural dust."

9. **both seemed either**: see note on page 89, line 11.

14. **Ovidian transformations**: the Roman poet, Publius Ovidius Naso (43 B.C.-16 A.D.), wrote fifteen Books of *Metamorphoses* which relate the mythological changes of men and women into other forms.

25. **Cartoons**: Italian *cartone*, drawings on pasteboard, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington.

27-30. These lines refer to an incident mentioned in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, Chapter XXI. Coleridge's friend was a Prussian artist, with whom he was admiring Michael Angelo's statue of Moses; two Frenchmen entered and the Prussian guessed correctly that they would immediately notice the horns and beard of the statue and connect them with the ideas of "a He-goat and a cuckold."

30. **Cornuto**: Italian for "horned man," "deceived husband."

31. **mechanic**: i.e. "having no artistic possibilities"; "merely showing the work of mechanics."

33-4. **The . . . associations**: the modern artist would think of dock-yards and consider that the vulgar associations thus aroused formed an objection to treating the subject.

35. **mote and beam**: "small and large obstacles to clear sight"; from St. Matthew, vii. 3-6.

36. **Civita Vecchia**: an Italian seaport to the north of the mouth of the Tiber.

38. be conservatory of: "save."

103. 2. Patriarch: Noah.

4. Three: Shem, Ham, and Japhet.

5. Demiurgus: a divine workman, creator.

7. Hercules: the legendary strong demi-god of the Greeks.

Vulcanian Three: the Cyclopes who worked in Vulcan's forge under Mount Etna (Mongibello). Vergil mentions these three by name in *Aeneid*, VIII., 425.

13. Othello's colour: the hero of Shakespeare's *Othello* is a Moor, and is represented as black.

14. Sir John Falstaff: Shakespeare's greatest comic creation, the "fat knight" who appears in *1* and *2 Henry IV.* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

20. corporealised: "transformed into a body," "materialised."

23. Quixote: Don Quixote, in Cervantes' romance of that name, who set out as a knight-errant on a wretched horse which he named Rocinante. He was later accompanied by his "squire," the peasant Sancho Panza.

30. Exhibitions: i.e. exhibitions of Academy pictures.

36-7. "strange . . . with": from *The Tempest*, II. ii. 42.

104. 4. Actaeon: see note on page 6, l. 21.

18. "fine frenzies": from Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i. 12. "The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling."

20. Duennas: Spanish for chaperons.

21. monstered: exhibited and laughed at, like a monster at a fair.

26. practise upon the humour: "deceitfully work upon the eccentricity."

28. Goneril: she and Regan are the two cruel daughters in Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

105. 5. to their palates: "to their taste."

11. Author of "Guzman de Alfarache": the Spanish writer Mateo Aleman; this picaresque novel appeared in 1599.

12. prevent him: "get the start of him," "anticipate him."

spurious Second Part: this was brought out in 1614 by a certain Fernández de Avellaneda, just as Cervantes was finishing his own Second Part.

19. REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

106. 15. Domine: "schoolmaster."

16. in his cups: "when drunk."

18. Covers: "places," from the cover of the individual guest's plate.

27. **Moveables . . . quarters:** a punning reference not only to the movable feasts, but to Quarter-Days, when rents become due and people "move" or "shift their quarters."

32. **Twelfth Day:** Epiphany, the twelfth day after Christmas, commemorating the arrival of the Wise Men, the Manifestation (Epiphany) of Christ to the gentiles.

33. **tiffany:** "chiffon"; the word is derived from Low Latin *thifania*, a corruption of Greek *theophania*, meaning "manifestation of a god."

34. **frost-cake:** "iced cake."

Epiphanous: apparently intended to mean "diaphanous"—a pun on *Epiphany*.

107. 9. **Erra Pater:** a famous old Jewish astrologer.

10. **to erect . . . upon:** "on which to draw up a horoscope, or prediction of a man's life, according to the state of the heavens when he was born."

13-14. **He . . . December:** "he had placed the longest day next to the shortest."

siding: "standing next to."

19. **sackcloth:** the sign of mourning.

22. **ling:** a fish, eaten in Lent.

23. **sour . . . hy-po-crit-crit-critical:** properly, intended to apply to those who keep fasts.

25. **great custard:** formerly a traditional dish at the Lord Mayor's Banquet.

29. **Shrove Tuesday:** when cock-fights were usual.

30. **Second of September:** the day after partridge shooting begins. Pheasant-shooting begins on October 1st.

32. **Last of Lent:** Good Friday is meant; see l. 35.

36. **Thirtieth of January:** the anniversary of the execution of Charles I.

39. **calf's head:** it was the custom with extreme Puritans to feast on this day, and a calf's head was provided as a symbol of the King's head.

108. 3. **meagrim:** "sick-headache."

5. **Herodias' daughter:** see St. Matthew, xiv. 6-12.

7. **Restorative:** an allusion to the Restoration.

8. **Twenty-Ninth of May:** Oak-apple day, the anniversary of Charles II.'s birthday and restoration. It was commemorated by the wearing of oak-leaves and acorns in memory of his escape after the battle of Worcester, when he lay hid in an oak-tree.

11. **Twelfth of August:** the birthday of George IV., who supported the Whigs.

12. **Twenty-Third of April:** St. George's Day, upon which the Tories chose to celebrate the King's birthday.

21. *appellant*: i.e. August 12th.

23. *rounded*: "whispered."

25. *bi-geny*: "being born on two days"; a pun on *bigamy* and, like ll. 16-18, an allusion to the scandals connected with George IV.

26. *Candlemas*: February 2nd, the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary.

32. *founder*: i.e. the founder of the feast, the New Year.

109. 5. "New Brooms": an allusion to the old proverb "New brooms sweep clean."

12. *boutefeux*: French for *incendiary*.

18. *mumchance*: "silent."

25. *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*: two proverbially non-existent days.

28. *Canary*: i.e. wine from the Canary Islands.

30. *nonce*: "occasion."

31. *Miserere*: a penitential psalm, from the Latin for the first words of Psalm 51.

32. *mumping*: "whining," in the tone used by beggars or "mumpers."

Old Mortification: Ash Wednesday.

110. 16. *Ember Days*: fasts kept on the first Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent, Whitsunday, September 14th, and December 13th. Lamb puns on *embers* meaning "ashes."

18. *Septuagesima*: the third Sunday before Lent; from Latin *septuagesimus*—seventieth, the day falling roughly 70 days before Easter; hence *Mother of the Days*, owing to her great age (70).

21. *Rogation Day*: Rogation Days are the three days before Ascension Day, when Litanies (rogations, i.e. petitions) were sung for year's crops.

22. *putting the question*: proposing marriage; a pun on Latin *rogatio*, "asking."

34-5. *Eve of St. Christopher*: July 24th. St. Christopher, according to legend, was extremely strong and undertook to carry people across the river by his house; Christ came to him in the likeness of a child, whom he carried across, although the burden grew almost intolerably heavy.

35-6. *in a condition . . . be*: "drunk."

38. *On . . . fly*: sung by Ariel in *The Tempest*, V. 91.

111. 2. *Aves*: *Ave*, Latin for "Hail!" is the first word of the Archangel Gabriel's salutation in St. Luke, i. 28.

Penitentiaries: "penitential psalms."

20. THE WEDDING.

19. inducted . . . affinity: "made one of the family"; an echo of the use of "degree" in the sense of nearness of relationship.

112. 12. Admiral —: Rear-Admiral Burney, whose daughter Sarah married her cousin John Payne about four years before this essay was written.

33. in unparallel subjects: *i.e.* of people who do not hold a similar position in relation to the person loved.

113. 22. déjeûné: a usual form then of the French for "breakfast."

30. candid: a pun on the literal sense of the word, "white."

31. Diana's nymphs: the attendants of Diana, the goddess of hunting and of chastity. Green is obviously a suitable colour for hunters.

39. Iphigenia: daughter of Agamemnon, commander of the Greek army which sailed to attack Troy. She was sacrificed to obtain a suitable wind.

114. 4. shaken hands: "said good-bye to each other," "parted."

12. St. Mildred's in the Poultry: now destroyed; the Poultry turns out of Cheapside.

14. tristful severities: "sad solemnity."

17. Miss T——s: Miss Thomases, daughters of Leigh Thomas, President of the Royal College of Surgeons.

28. Pilpay: or Bidpai, a legendary Brahmin, to whom is attributed a very early collection of Indian fables.

115. 8. botargoes: savouries made of mullet or tunny roe.

14-16. As when . . . next: from Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, V. ii. 24-6.

31. sovereign: "supreme"; "perfectly efficacious."

116. 18. concordia discors: Latin for "discordant harmony," *i.e.* a harmony in discord.

23. Marvel: Andrew Marvell, a Puritan poet (1620-78); the quotation is from *Upon Appleton House*, l. 745 (slightly changed), which also refers to the acquiescence of parents in the wedding of their daughter and their consequent "destiny"—losing her.

21. THE CHILD ANGEL.

117. 3. "Loves of the Angels": a poem by Thomas Moore, published a little before this essay was written. It deals with the union of "the sons of God" and "the daughters of men" (Genesis, vi. 1-2, 5), the "sons of God" being assumed, in accordance with the mediaeval doctrine enshrined in the apocryphal *Book of Enoch*, to be angels.

16. **gossiping**: properly "christening"; *gossip* comes from *Godsib*, "related to God," and originally meant godfather or godmother; here, however, the birth of the child is intended.

22. **winged orders**: the nine orders or grades of angels, viz. seraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominations, principalities, powers, virtues, arch-angels, angels.

27. **unhereditary**: the child was partly human, and had therefore no hereditary right to live in heaven.

28. **inextinguishable . . . visages**: an allusion to Homer's *Iliad*, I., 599, which can be rendered "And inextinguishable laughter arose among the blessed gods."

31. **which . . . below**: apparently a double reminiscence of "whom mortals call the moon" in Shelley's *The Cloud*, and "Honour is the word with men below" in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*.

caudle: warm gruel with spice, sugar, and wine, given to women in childbirth.

118. 5. **the spheres**: an allusion to the idea that the hollow spheres, like the coats of an onion, in which the planets and stars are fixed, make in their revolution a wonderful harmony.

19. **Ge-Urania**: two Greek words meaning *Earth* and *Heavenly*.

23. **reliance**: "dependence."

imbecility: "weakness."

28. **Intuitive Essences**: "beings whose knowledge comes from intuition; i.e. arises from their own consciousness and is not acquired from external sources."

38. **Amphibium**: amphibious creature, creature with two lives, earthly and heavenly.

119. 11. **Tutelar Genius**: "guardian spirit."

13. **Pison**: one of the four streams flowing from the river in Eden (Genesis, ii. 10-11).

14. **Adah**: meaning "happiness." **Nadir**: meaning "lowest point."

16. **correspondency**: because two children were born from the union of the angel Nadir and the mortal woman Adah, one the Child-Angel and the other the child sitting by the grave.

28. **Knew . . . more**: a biblical phrase; cp. Job, vii. 10.

22. OLD CHINA.

120. 11. **lawless**: i.e. not subject to the laws of Nature, perspective, etc.

12-13. **uncircumscribed . . . element**: "not surrounded by earth, air, or water."

27. in a right angle of incidence: "if it followed a correct angle in descending"; i.e. if it did not change its direction.

32. hays: an English country dance.

33. couchant: lying down.

co-extensive: i.e. cow and rabbit occupy equal space on the cup, and therefore appear the same size.

34. Cathay: China.

35. cousin: really Lamb's sister Mary.

121. 1. Hyson: a strong green tea, usually drunk mixed with less potent black tea.

2. speciosa miracula: "beautiful wonders," from Horace's description of Homer's verbal felicities in his *Art of Poetry*, 144.

25. Beaumont and Fletcher: Francis Beaumont (1584-1616) and John Fletcher (1579-1625) were two famous dramatists, who collaborated in many plays.

27. Barker's in Covent Garden: at 19 Russell Street.

31. Islington: the Lambs had recently moved from a house next-door to Barker's to Colebrook Row, Islington.

122. 4. corbeau: "black suit," from the French for "crow."

12. Lionardo: Leonardo da Vinci; the great Florentine artist (1452-1519); Lamb's print was of Leonardo's *Virgin of the Rocks*.

17. Colnaghi's: a famous firm of printsellers in Pall Mall East.

28. Izaak Walton: author of *The Compleat Angler* (1653), a charming treatise on fishing.

33. savorily: "with relish."

Piscator: the angler who, in Walton's book (Part I., Ch. II.), refers to Trout Hall, where "there is usually an angler who proves good company."

123. 3. Battle . . . Calais: plays by George Colman the Younger (1762-1836).

4. Bannister: see note on page 17, l. 18.

Mrs. Bland: better known as Mrs. Jordan (1762-1816), a famous Irish actress.

Children in the Wood: see note on page 67, l. 3.

12. Rosalind in Arden: in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

Viola at the Court of Illyria: in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*.

124. 23-4. lusty brimmers: "cheerful, brimming glasses," quoted from the poem on *The New Year* by Charles Cotton (1630-87), who continued Walton's *Compleat Angler*.

26-7. coming guest: from Pope's translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, XV. 84, *Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest*.

33. poor—hundred pounds a year: Lamb's salary was apparently £675 two years later, when he retired.

36. shake . . . sea: "throw away the extra money"; an allusion to *King Lear*, III. iv. 35:—

"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them."

39. compact: "union," "bond of love."

125. 3. dilations: "expansions," "buoyancy."

5-6. Competence . . . youth: i.e. if the aged have sufficient money, it provides them with an additional period of youth.

24. Croesus: the last king of Lydia (c. 560-548 B.C.), famous for his riches.

25. Jew R——: Baron Rothschild (1777-1836), a son of the founder of the great German house of financiers, who had settled in London.

27. bed-tester: the canopy above the head of a bed.

23a. A DEATH-BED.

126. 1. R. H., Esq., of B——: really H. Crabb Robinson of Bury St. Edmunds, to whom it was originally addressed, written as a letter dated Jan. 20, 1827. Considerable changes, however, were made in the letter before publication, mainly from l. 23 on.

3. N. R.: Randal Norris, sub-treasurer of the Inner Temple.

9. Robert: *Richard* in the original letter.

19. Jemmy: a piece of Lamb's usual mystification. In the original letter he wrote *Charley* here and in line 34.

20. B——: *The Temple*, in the letter.

29. equivocal: "doubtful," i.e. faulty.

32. black-lettered: printed in the old black letter or Gothic type.

Chaucer: Geoffrey Chaucer (d. 1400), the greatest of our mediaeval poets, author of the *Canterbury Tales*.

127. 6. threatened invasion: i.e. the invasion threatened by Napoleon, the *flat bottoms* in l. 5 are the French ships.

11-12. We'll still . . . Gazette: a reference to the fate awaiting the French armies. The song mentioned is *Hearts of Oak*.

16. —shire: *Herts* in the letter.

19. deaf: i.e. deaf to any appeal for help.

24. Members: this answers to the "Benchers" of the letter.

23b. CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

This essay is still sometimes quoted as proof of Lamb's drunken habits. Yet it was Lamb's indignation, when a review in the *Quarterly* for April 1822 spoke of it as "a true tale," that led him to reprint it in the *London Magazine*, of August 1822, adding (in the name of the editor) a prefatory note of expostulation and denial.

128. 1. Dehortations: "dissuasions," "exhortations against."

4-5. But . . . prevailed: a reminiscence of Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, l. 660—

"But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails."

11. indifferent: "unimportant."

19. thy gorge riseth: "you feel sick, nauseated"; a reminiscence of Hamlet's speech when he handles Yorick's skull (V. i. 207).

24. Lazarus: see St. John, xi.

129. 20. weak brother: an allusion to 1 Corinthians, viii. 11, exhorting Christians *strong* in the faith not to eat meat offered to idols if thereby the faith of the "weak brother" be destroyed.

22. agonistic: "wrestling," from the Greek verb meaning *contend*.

35-6. faculties . . . used: a reminiscence of Hamlet's

"He . . . gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused." (IV. iv. 38.)

130. 8. nervous impediment: another allusion to Lamb's stutter.

27. squinting: "looking askance," "spiteful."

29. tickle vain auditors: "amuse foolish listeners."

30. mortgage . . . madness: "obtain nights of mad gaiety at the expense of misery next day."

131. 3. more immediate: "close," "intimate."

18. commute: "change" (one vice for another).

21. white devil: Lamb probably took the expression from the title of John Webster's most famous play (1612), where, however, *white* refers to the beauty of the heroine, not to any comparative innocence.

22. seven . . . himself: an allusion to St. Matthew, xii. 45.

26. small punch: weak punch.

30. secrets of my Tartarus: a reminiscence of "secrets of my prison-house," the words of Hamlet's father's ghost. *Tartarus* is the classical hell.

37. Adams: Parson Adams, the delightful clergyman in Henry Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* (1742).

132. 1. Piscatoribus Sacrum: Latin for "sacred to fishermen."

21. Correggio: Antonio Allegri, called Correggio, (1494-1534) was famous for the elegance and grace of his paintings.

28. imbecility to good: "incapability of anything good."

Sybaritic: "luxurious and effeminate," like the inhabitants of the ancient Greek colony of Sybaris in South Italy.

35-6. The waters . . . me: from Psalm lxix. 2 and cxxiv. 3.

133. 11-12. the body . . . death: from Romans, vii. 24.

15. mantling: "frothing."

16-17. and . . . 'em: this quotation really begins with "clasp," and is from Cyril Tourneur's *Revenger's Tragedy* (c. 1600), III. iv.

134. 16-17. Evil . . . good: an allusion to Satan's words in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, IV., 100, "Evil be thou my good."

135. 6. stumble . . . mountains: from Jeremiah, xiii. 16.

13. conceit of incapacity: "idea that I am incapable of satisfactory work"—Lamb's own obsession before he was pensioned.

24. POPULAR FALLACIES.

136. 10-11. comic . . . justice: "writers of comedies, with their custom of rewarding the good and punishing the wicked characters in their plays."

16. huffing: "blustering."

24. Hickman: Tom Hickman, the gas-man, a famous boxer whose fight with Bill Neate is described in Hazlitt's essay *The Fight*, where his boastful bearing before his defeat is adversely commented upon.

him: Mr. Hickman in Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* (1747-8).

28. Harapha: the giant in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*.

137. 2. Almanzor: the ranting but most martial hero of Dryden's *Conquest of Granada* (1672).

3. Tom Brown: a voluminous writer of the late seventeenth century. The quotation is from his *Table Talk*.

5. palm: the symbol of victory.

6. dimidiate: "half."

33. quirk: "joke, play upon words."

conceit: "idea."

138. 8. humour: "whim, affectation."

9. Mandeville: Bernard de Mandeville, the cynical and immoral author of the *Fable of the Bees* (1705), who in many of his pamphlets satirised the supercilious culture of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

17. politic: "wise," "expedient."

22. glances upon: "misses its mark and hits"; a metaphor from shooting.

33. perverse nature: an allusion to the theological doctrine of original sin, which teaches that men are born with a taint of evil.

homilies: sermons; probably Lamb refers to those officially approved (in the Prayer Book) by the Church of England.

139. 3. implicit sheep: "imitators so implicitly trusting their model."

10-11. **trade . . . vice**: "carry on its business with only its own vices as stock"; a *staple* is strictly a main article of commerce.

20. **reversionary**: "obtained in reversion," a legal term for a right which becomes operative only after the termination of someone else's possession.

25. **impertinent**: "inopportune."

32. **in grain**: "inveterate"; literally "fast-dyed."

140. 7. **éclat**: French for "splendour."

13. **substantial**: "possessing considerable substance, or property."

sponsors: an allusion to the baptismal service.

19. **Guildhall**: where the Lord Mayor's banquet is held on Nov. 9.

30. **metaphor . . . muck**: "gold is muck" was apparently an old proverb even in Elizabeth's reign.

33. **phrase . . . acres**: *i.e.* the common expression *dirty acres*.

141. 5. **metonymy**: "metonymy," properly the use of a word in a transferred sense, *e.g.* "governor" for "father"

19. **Titubus**: a name formed from Latin *titubare*, "to stutter."

20. **Lincoln's Inn**: a turning out of Chancery Lane; one of the Inns of Courts or sets of buildings belonging to the legal societies which alone can admit persons to practise at the bar.

29. **wanted articulation**: "lacked the power of speech."

30. **moved our gall**: "angered us"; from the bitterness of the liquid secreted by the gall-bladder.

142. 9. **aldermanity**: "the state of being an alderman," aldermen being reputed greedy and pompous.

cuckoldry: the misfortune of having an unfaithful wife.

Terentian auditory: audience of plays by the great Latin writer of comedies, Terence (194-159 B.C.).

11. **Senator Urbanus . . . Curruca**: Lamb's attempt to render *alderman* and *cuckold* into Latin.

to boot: "besides."

18. **Hudibras**: the famous satire on Puritanism by Samuel Butler (1612-80).

20. **doggerel**: as in mediaeval hymns—often, however, very fine.

Dennis: John Dennis (1657-1734), a poet and critic now best remembered for Pope's attacks on him in the *Dunciad*.

21-2. "a stick . . . ecclesiastic": from *Hudibras*, I.:—

"And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick."

27. **antic**: "clown."

32. **curious**: "elaborate," "finely wrought."

143. 3. **ringing the round**: a mixed metaphor from ringing a set of bells and firing a round of shot.

7. **ambages**: "winding paths."

17. **Robin Hood's shot**: an unsurpassable shot, Robin Hood being the most famous of archers.

ulterior to: "beyond."

25-6. **Swift's Miscellanies**: the *Miscellanies* to which the other members of the Scriblerus Club, notably Arbuthnot, contributed, as well as Jonathan Swift, the great satirist (1667-1745).

144. 6. **effrontive**: "impudent."

8-9. **few . . . tribe**: "few porters."

14. **Hogarth**: see note on page 94, line 16.

19. **cry up**: "praise."

20. **broken Cremona**: a lady's mantua (loose dress) knocked down a violin made at Cremona, famous for these instruments. Swift thereupon quoted a line from Vergil's *Eclogue*, IX: *Mantua vae miserae nimium vicina Cremonae*, meaning "Mantua, alas! too near to wretched Cremona."

30-1. **Like some . . . up**: Vergil left some metrically incomplete lines in his *Aeneid*, which editors have sometimes attempted to fill up with their own inferior phrases.

35. **politic**: "wise."

145. 3. **Plotinus**: a philosopher (205-70 A.D.) who taught the doctrines of Plato.

26. **kind**: nature.

146. 7. **tout ensemble**: French for "general effect."

10. **Apelles**: Greek painter of the fourth century B.C.; here the reference should be to Zeuxis (fifth century B.C.), who, when commissioned to paint for the temple of Juno at Croton in south Italy a representation of Helen, whose seduction by Paris caused the Trojan war, chose five of the local girls to serve as models.

37. **ordinary**: "plain."

147. 9. **is . . . excusatory**: rather admits that the face is ugly than excuses its ugliness.

11. **took it kindly**: "had it in a mild form which left few marks."

18. **Rosinante**: Rocinante, the wretched steed upon which Don Quixote rode.

21. **Eclipse or Lightfoot**: two famous racehorses of the eighteenth century; the former gave rise to the saying "Eclipse was first and the rest nowhere."

21-2. **no more . . . has a right**: i.e. has no more right.

22. **spavined**: "afflicted with a disease in its hock-joint," "lame."

29. *Mitis*: Latin for *mild*.

148. 1. *Vandykes*: paintings by the great Flemish portrait artist Vandyke (1599-1641).

6. *mortify*: "hurt."

at the expense of: by.

36. *plump corpusculum*: "fat little body"; a reminiscence of the *fat corpusculum* "stuffed with dainties" of *Hey for Honesty* by Thomas Randolph (1605-1635), poet and dramatist.

38. *the toast . . . latter*: a joke on the fact that the word "woodcock" was formerly used to mean "fool," the bird being reputed particularly stupid.

concorporate: "incorporate," an archaic word, used by old theologians in writing of the Lord's Supper.

149. 2. *is . . . unitive*: "unites" (in mystic communion).

4. *restrictive regulations*: i.e. the Game Laws.

7. *goût*: French for *taste*.

150. 24. *conversable lineament*: "feature with which it is possible to live."

31-2. *The . . . poverty*: Lamb is quoting the supposed words of those who believe the proverb.

151. 3-4. "*a babe . . . praise*": from *The First Tooth*, published in Charles and Mary Lamb's *Poetry for Children*.

5-6. *return . . . objurgation*: before *bitter* supply "was" or "resulted in."

11. *impertinencies*: "remarks without a point."

29. *sufficiency*: "satisfactory work and conduct."

152. 1. *wants*: "lacks."

10. *horoscopy . . . calculated*: see note on page 107, l. 12.

14. *fewer sands in our glass*: "less time to live," a metaphor from the hour-glass.

21-2. *neither . . . hasten*: an allusion to Ecclesiastes, ix. 10.

24. *reversions in time future*: "expectations of future time"; a legal metaphor.

26. *bleed . . . ducats*: "spend our moments as if they were precious coins or drops of blood."

27-8. *wardrobe . . . moths*: an expression influenced by memories of Psalm xxix. 12, and St. Matthew, vi. 20.

fretted: "eaten."

36. *inferior*: "lower," "physical."

37. *concoct*: "digest."

153. 1. *sapor*: "taste."

6. latest: "last."

14. Dante's lovers: Paolo and Francesca, who, reading the story of Lancelot and Guinevere, realised their own love. Francesca (*Inferno*, v. 135) says "That day we read no more." Dante is of course Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), author of the *Divine Comedy*.

19. bravery: "nobility," "fineness"; probably from Jeremy Taylor's *Discourse of Friendship*; see note on page 30, l. 11.

154. 28. more delicate correspondencies: "more tender ties," i.e. love-affairs.

38. Athenian Oracle: a republication of parts of the *Athenian Mercury*, a weekly magazine begun in 1689, to answer questions from correspondents. Swift wrote some verses for an issue in February 1692.

39. Pindaric Odes: odes with an elaborate metrical system, like those of Pindar, the famous Greek lyrist (522-442 B.C.). Most so-called Pindaric Odes, however—Swift's among the number—were merely irregular in metrical form.

155. 1. Sir William Temple: diplomatist and author; see note on page 61, l. 19. When a young man, Swift lived in the house of Sir William, as a dependent relative.

7. in the haunch of him: "following him, at his haunches"; a reminiscence of Shakespeare's *2 Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 92.

11. procerity: "height."

22. cast him in: "provide him with."

32. canicular probations: "trials by dog."

35. preposterously . . . bosom: an allusion to Aesop's fable of the countryman who warmed in his bosom a frozen snake, which, upon reviving, bit him.

37. Scylla: a celebrated rock in the Strait of Messina, personified as a monster with dogs about her waist.

156. 1. Merry: Robert Merry (1755-98), a member of the school of minor poets known as the Della Cruscans, noted for ridiculous affectations, which were at first popular.

15-16. golden . . . else: an allusion to Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, I. i. 35; the golden shaft is the arrow shot by Cupid to inspire love; his leaden shafts inspired aversion.

25. Buffa: Italian for female comedian.

27. figurantes: "dancers," "chorus-girls."

36. Signor Delpini: Carlo Antonio Delpini, a theatrical manager of the time.

157. 4. Miss Brunton: an actress, whom he married in the winter of 1791-2.

11. preposterous: "outrageously early," from the literal sense *hindforemost*.

18. **gawds**: "bright trifles."
21. **assist at**: "be present at"; the French sense of the expression.
26. **Persic**: the Persians were sun-worshippers.
35. **get . . . world**: a modification of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, I. ii. 130, "get the start of the majestic world."
36. **image**: *i.e.* sleep.
158. 10. **curiously**: "elaborately."
18. **Imperial . . . dreams**: Nebuchadnezzar; see Daniel, ii. 5.
21. **import . . . nearly**: "concern us more closely."
26. **shut . . . act**: "come to an end too soon," since most plays contained five Acts.
- 33-4. **vain . . . composed**: an allusion to *we are such stuff as dreams are made on*, from Shakespeare's *Tempest*, IV. i. 156.
159. 1. **abstracted media**: "dreams, the link between life and death, a link with no material substance."
22. **long sixes**: candles, weighing six to the pound, and about eight inches long.
- Hail candle-light**: an allusion to Milton's "Hail holy light!" (*Paradise Lost*, III., 1.)
27. **This**: *i.e.* the candle.
36. **Hesiod**: a Greek poet of the eighth or ninth century B.C., who wrote religious and other didactic poetry.
- Ossian**: the reputed author of early Gaelic poems, "translations" of which were published by James Macpherson (1736-96) and by many, then and later, accepted as genuine.
160. 3. **melange**: French for "mixture."
7. **in fresco**: usually *al fresco*, Italian for "in the cool," but used in English to mean "in the open air." Lamb, however, means "in the dark."
12. **Sherris**: Sherry, wine from Jerez, in the south of Spain, less than 100 miles west of Malaga.
16. **olfactories**: "olfactory sense," "sense of smell."
22. **gay . . . beam**: a reminiscence of Milton's *Il Penseroso*, l. 8.
25. **digests**: "reduces to proper order."
28. **Phoebus**: the Greek god of the sun and of poetry.
- 31-2. **Things . . . throes**: quoted from the "Apologetical Dialogue" appended to Ben Jonson's *Poetaster* (1601).
- pinching throes**: "the pangs endured in giving birth to poetry."
35. **turning**: a metaphor from the work of the wood-turner.
- filig**: "finishing." These phrases are taken from Ben Jonson's poem *To the Memory of Shakespeare*.
161. 1. **Morning Hymn in Paradise**: in *Paradise Lost*, V., 153.

2-3. Taylor's . . . sunrise: in the first chapter of Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Dying*.

5. Prose . . . cadences: a parody of *Peace hath her victories* in Milton's *Sonnet to Cromwell*.

6. blessing the doors: an echo of Milton's *Il Penseroso*:—

"Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm."

30. aggrandise a man in his own conceit: "make a man greater in his own opinion."

162. 1. we sing . . . profane: "I address only those initiated into the mysteries of sulkiness"; see line 4 below and *true adept* on page 163, l. 33.

9. mysterious . . . Apocalypse: see Revelation, x. 10.

13. balm and honey: "healing and sweetness"; from Genesis, xliii. 11.

163. 2. sweetness . . . waters: see Exodus, xv. 23-5.

14. half-point of your elevation: "half-way to your full height in the heavens," an astronomical metaphor continuing the idea in *little star*.

16-17. circles . . . infinity: an allusion to the circles formed when stones are dropped into water.

19. chimaeras: see note on page 35, l. 4.

24. Arabia Stony: usually known as *Arabia Petraea*, the northern part of Arabia.

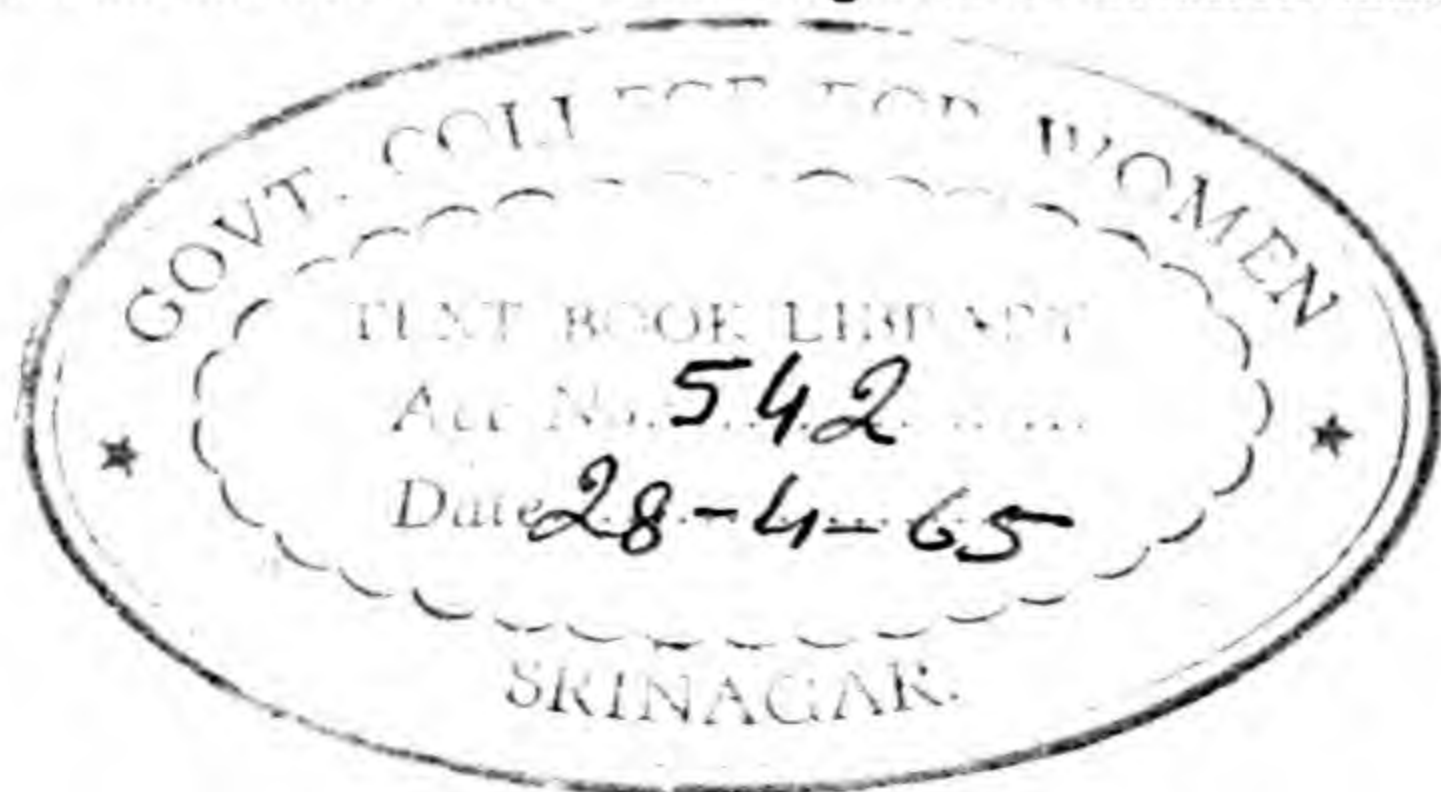
25. conceit: "opinion."

34. benefit forgot: from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, II. vii. 186.

164. 5. was convictive of: "carried conviction of."

9. patient in Argos: the Latin poet Horace in his *Epistles* (II. ii. 128), quoted here, describes a madman "who, delightedly sitting and applauding in an empty theatre, believed himself to be hearing wonderful tragedians."

14-16. Pol . . . error: from the same *Epistle*. "Indeed, friends," he said, "you have killed me, not saved me; for thus pleasure has been wrenched from me and a most charming mental delusion taken away."



APPENDIX.

Essay.	First Published.
1. Blakesmoor in H——shire ...	<i>The London Magazine</i> , Sept. 1824
2. Poor Relations	<i>The London Magazine</i> , May 1823
3. Stage Illusion	<i>The London Magazine</i> , Aug. 1825
4. To the Shade of Elliston ...	<i>Englishman's Magazine</i> , Aug. 1831
5. Ellistoniana	<i>The London Magazine</i> , July 1822
6. Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading	<i>The London Magazine</i> , July 1832
7. The Old Margate Hoy ...	<i>The London Magazine</i> , July 1823
8. The Convalescent	<i>The London Magazine</i> , July 1825
9. Sanity of True Genius... ..	<i>The New Monthly Magazine</i> , May 1826
10. Captain Jackson	<i>The London Magazine</i> , Nov. 1824
11. The Superannuated Man ...	<i>The London Magazine</i> , May 1825
12. The Genteel Style in Writing...	<i>The New Monthly Magazine</i> , March 1826
13. Barbara S——	<i>The London Magazine</i> , April 1825
14. The Tombs in the Abbey ...	<i>The London Magazine</i> , Oct. 1823
15. Amicus Redivivus	<i>The London Magazine</i> , Dec. 1823
16. Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sydney	<i>The London Magazine</i> , Sept. 1823
17. Newspapers Thirty-Five Years Ago	<i>The Englishman's Magazine</i> , Oct. 1831
18. Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in Modern Art ...	<i>The Athenaeum</i> , Jan. and Feb. 1833
19. Rejoicings upon the New Year's Coming of Age	<i>The London Magazine</i> , Jan. 1823
20. The Wedding	<i>The London Magazine</i> , June 1825
21. The Child Angel	<i>The London Magazine</i> , June 1823
22. Old China	<i>The London Magazine</i> , March 1823
23a. A Death-Bed	<i>Hone's Table Book</i> , Vol. I. (1827)
23b. Confessions of a Drunkard ...	<i>The Philanthropist</i> , January 1813
24. Popular Fallacies	<i>The New Monthly Magazine</i> , Jan. to Sept., 1826.